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Frontispiece

684.

BOY SCOUTS BEYOND THE SEAS

"MY WORLD TOUR"

BY

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B.

AUTHOR OF

"SCOUTING FOR BOYS"; "YARNS FOR BOY SCOUTS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE
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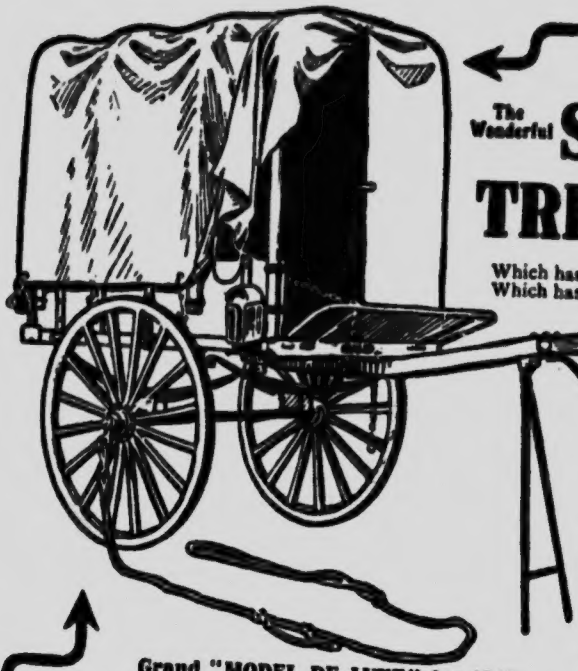
CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	West Indies and Central America	11
II.	America	35
III.	Canada	58
IV.	Japan	86
V.	China	101
VI.	In the Cannibal Islands	117
VII.	Australia and New Zealand	135
VIII.	South Africa	205
IX.	Europe	242

LIST OF PLATES

	FACING PAGE
Presenting King's Flag to the 1st Gympie (Queensland) Troop	*Frontispiece*
An American Boy Scout handing Sir Robert Baden-Powell a Letter of Welcome	35
President Taft reviewing Boy Scouts at the White House, Washington	36
A Mounted Patrol at Johannesburg	36
Japanese Boy Scouts	96
A Sing-sing Dance	129
Overseas Scouts with their Colours	160
Perth (W.A.) Scouts in Camp	184
A Zulu Warrior in full War-paint	224



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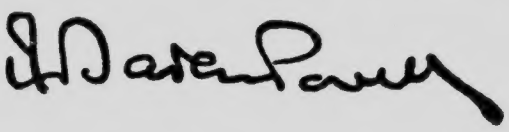
PREFACE

THE present volume is the outcome of my recent tour of inspection among the Boy Scouts, not only in our overseas dominions, but also in the United States, Japan and China, and the following European countries: Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium.

I cannot describe the kindness and cordiality with which I was received by those responsible for the Movement as well as by the general public wherever I went.

In all centres visited, that which particularly struck me was the good spirit which has attracted so many men to devote their time and energies to carrying out the work of organising and training Scouts in all parts of the world. Everywhere, too, the leading representative men have shown a genuine interest and belief in the Movement, and have thus given it a standing in the eyes of the public which has enabled it to accomplish so much in so short a time.

The enthusiasm and loyalty of all working in the Movement was very remarkable and most encouraging, and I am glad to have had the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of those who are working so well in the cause, even though my trip had necessarily to be a hurried one and my visits very short.



BOY SCOUTS BEYOND THE SEAS

MY WORLD TOUR

CHAPTER I

WEST INDIES AND CENTRAL AMERICA

The Atlantic

ONLY four days after leaving the gloomy grey of England in its cold and muddy winter, we reached the Azores, the little group of hilly islands far out in the Atlantic.

St. Michael's, where the ship stops to land some passengers, is quite a big town—said to be the third largest in Portugal. It is an assemblage of pink and yellow houses, stretched along the brown, rocky shore, with a small harbour in front, and steep hills behind, and everywhere long lines of glass-houses in which pine-apples are grown for the London market.

As we drop this island in the bumpy grey sea behind us, we part with Europe, and sail at once into the bluer sunny seas which lead us to the Spanish Main.

As day after day we steam across these endless plains of sea, we begin to think more and more highly of the bravery of those old sea-dogs of the Middle Ages, who, in their lumbering little sailing ships, and with their primitive maps and compasses, were not afraid to

venture far across the seas to seek adventures greater than the home seas offered.

Gales had for them no terrors, their ships were tidy sea-boats, their rigging good, and they themselves had stout hearts and strong hands to work them. But what they had to fear far more was the fine, calm weather, when never a breath of wind disturbed the shining surface of the oily sea. There they would be idly rolling on the long, smooth swell without making a yard of progress from day to day.

GUARD OF HONOUR SOUTHAMPTON

A small Scout was wearing the medal for gallantry. I asked him what he had got it for: he replied, standing very stiffly to attention and looking straight to his front: "For saving a policeman, Sir."

And they did not carry tinned provisions, or stores of meat in freezing chambers, nor engines for condensing and turning salt water into fresh, as we do to-day; they only had a few barrels of pork preserved in brine, and water stowed in casks.

The danger was ever before them that if a breeze should fail to come in time they had the risk of running out of food, and thus of slowly drifting to death through thirst and starvation.

But the glorious dreams of adventure, of riches and loot, and of green islands and blue seas of the Spanish Main, drew them on to face the risks.

Here, out west of the Azores, in the centre of the Atlantic Ocean, is that part of it which is known as the Sargasso Sea. It is the point where all tides and currents seem to cease. It is marked by masses of yellow seaweed floating in bunches for miles and miles. It is hither that deserted, half-foundered ships seem to drift and never to move away again, until they rot and sink into the depths for ever.

As we steamed across this great ocean in our powerful twin-screw liner with its comfortable airy cabins, its great dining-hall and restaurant, its laundry, and its tiled and marble swimming-bath and gymnasium, it seems impossible to bring the past into touch with the present, and yet on the fo'c'sle, half under the awning and half in the blazing sunshine, one sees a group of sailors, lounging and playing cards on the deck, many of them half clad or with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and one could very easily imagine their forefathers looking much the same as buccaneers aboard the sailing craft in the olden days.

Cabin-boys there were in those vessels, cabin-boys who rose to be great sailors; and to-day there are cabin-boys still, and they may rise to be great men if they make up their minds to it.

The Spanish Main

The "Spanish Main" was the Caribbean Sea, which lies between North and South America, where, were it not for the narrow neck of land which joins them (and which is called the Isthmus of Panama), North and South America would be separate continents.

Across the great bay thus formed lie a number of islands, some big, some little. These we know as the West Indies, and in the old times they were much used by the pirates and buccaneers as their lairs and hiding-places.

The countries all around the Caribbean Sea were first seized and occupied by the Spaniards, after the great scout, Christopher Columbus, had discovered them.

These lands were not only wonderful for their fertility in producing all kinds of plants, fruits, and corn, but also they held enormous wealth in gold and silver and precious stones. So when the Spanish ships began to arrive in Europe laden with the richest cargoes from the West,

adventurers from every nation began to appear upon the scene, eager to get some of it.

The British were especially to the fore, probably because at that time (in Henry VIII's reign) many ceased to be Roman Catholics, and so had nothing but hatred for the Spaniards, who were particularly eager about pressing their religion on to other people, whether they liked it or not.

So it was not long before our old sea-dogs, Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and others, were to the fore with their ships in the Spanish Main, eager to check the increasing power of the Spaniards by cutting off their supplies and to gain some of their booty for their own country.

In addition to these, a great many adventurers from all nations got together in the West Indian Islands and made looting expeditions on quick-sailing vessels with which they used to board Spanish galleons and steal their valuable cargoes.

These men stuck at nothing. Murder came quite easy to them. They were known as "buccaneers" and pirates.

A "buccaneer" originally meant a man who used a "buccan," that is, a kind of frame for cooking and smoking meat, and so preserving it for use on long voyages. A large number of people found this a profitable profession in the West Indian Islands, as the Caribbean Sea became a resort for ships; but they also found it still more profitable occasionally to take a turn at ship-looting themselves, so the term "buccaneer" very soon came to mean much the same as pirate.

The aim of our commanders of those days was not quite so high as it would be now, for they combined a good deal of piracy with their patriotism—but it was the way of the world at that time; and it certainly

produced a breed of daring adventurers who gave to our nation the spirit and hardihood which have stuck to us for hundreds of years since, and which, let us hope, will go on among us for generations to come.

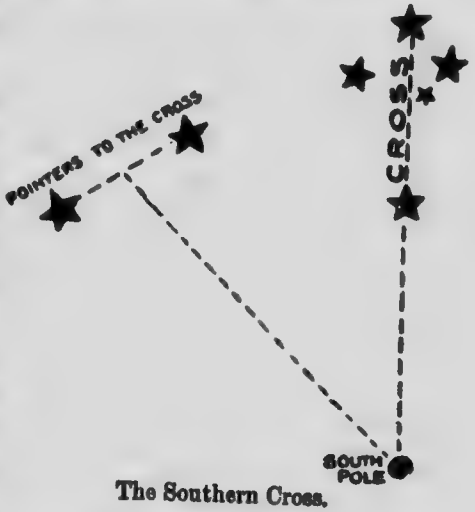
The Southern Cross

Soon after leaving the Azores my early rising (for I am generally up before half-past five) was rewarded by a fine view of the Southern Cross as it appeared above the horizon.

It made me feel back in South Africa again to see the old familiar sign which had guided me on many a night's march.

The constellation looks like this:

The direction of the Southern Pole is not shown by any one star as in the Northern heavens, but is given by two imaginary lines drawn as above until they meet.



The Southern Cross.

Barbados

One fine morning we found ourselves at daybreak off a low, green island. It might have been the Isle of Wight—but it wasn't.

It was Barbados.

The sea, of a marvellous blue, was bursting into white surf on the golden sand. Thick trees and slender palms crowded down to the water's edge and almost concealed the town and its widespread suburbs. Far back inland

rose thickly cultivated hills and downs. All of a bright, light green is the sugar-cane crop, which makes the wealth of the island.

In the bay, besides several cargo steamers, there lay at anchor a number of well-shaped, white-hulled sailing schooners. These run between the different islands with cargo and passengers, and are manned with smart crews of negroes.

One could quite imagine them hoisting at any moment the "Jolly Roger" (skull and crossbones) and taking up the running from hundreds who have gone before them at Barbados as pirates of the Spanish Main. But they are very peaceful, and, though it may not be quite so exciting, they find that honesty pays best in the end.

Barbados is one of the few of the British possessions which was not taken by us from somebody else. It is an island to the eastward, and so nearer to England than the other West Indies.

It was occupied by a private expedition from England in 1605, which was fitted out and sent by Sir Oliver Leigh, of Kent, in a ship called the *Olive Blossome*, and was further peopled by emigrants sent out by the Earl of Carlisle and Sir William Courtier in 1628.

The *Olive Blossome* figures on some of the postage stamps of Barbados.

Barbados is only about as big as the Isle of Wight, but it has a large population—nearly 200,000—mostly negroes. The Isle of Wight has only about 83,000—*not* negroes. These negroes are descendants of natives of West Africa, who were brought over and sold as slaves up till sixty years ago.

The capital is called Bridgeton, but there are more familiar names in the island. The tram runs you out along the coast to "Hastings," and farther on you come to "Worthing" and "Brighton."

One of the luxuries of the island, besides its wealth of bananas, yams, pineapples, and sweet potatoes, is the flying fish. You see shoals of them as you glide along in your ship at sea ; they rise suddenly out of the waves, and with outstretched wings they skim over the water like swallows for fifty yards or more, and then dive neatly into the sea again. They are no bigger than a herring, and taste very like one when you eat them.

A Pirate King

One of the celebrated pirates of the Spanish Main was Bartholomew Sharp.

In 1680 he started with over three hundred desperate and hardy buccaneers ; he crossed the Isthmus of Panama on foot, and seized a number of canoes on the Pacific coast ; he boldly attacked the Spanish fleet, which was lying quite unprepared at Penio, a small island near Panama, and after a most desperate fight managed to capture all the enemy's vessels.

With this fleet Sharp made a number of successful piratical raids on the Pacific coast. After this he disbanded his men, most of whom made their way back to the West Indies with their pockets full of money. This they did by going overland by the Isthmus of Panama ; but Sharp himself kept the best of the Spanish ships, one named the *Most Holy Trinity*, and in this, with a selected crew, he started to sail down the South Pacific coast and to return to the West Indies by going all the way round South America.

This, after many adventures and hardships, he succeeded in doing, but it took his gallant little ship (she was only 400 tons) eighteen months to do it.

The pirates made many attacks on Spanish towns on the way, and gained a good deal of booty. They were a tough and a rough lot, and yet, in spite of their being so

rough, and in spite of their captain being so bold and successful, the crew mutinied against him because he would not hold Divine Service on Sundays! For this reason he was seized and chained up as a prisoner, while another captain was chosen and appointed in his place. This new captain was, however, killed a few days later in a fight.

When, after many weary months of cruising up the Atlantic coast, the *Most Holy Trinity* at length reached her port—Barbados—she found lying there a man-of-war, H.M.S. *Richmond*.

This was not at all what she wanted, so she sheered off, and with all speed made for another concealed anchorage which she knew of in Antigua (pronounced Anteega). Here the booty was divided among the crew, and Captain Sharp took passage for home in a ship just sailing for England; and so he succeeded in doing what few pirates managed, and that was to get home with his money and without being hanged.

Trinidad

The island of Trinidad is of much the same shape and size as Wales. It lies only seven miles off the northern coast of South America. It was first discovered by Christopher Columbus, the great Spanish explorer, on July 31st, 1498, and it became a Spanish colony.

A hundred years later the island was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh in his search for El Dorado—that is, a land of gold which was supposed to exist somewhere in that part of the world. Raleigh made a boat expedition up the mighty Orinoco River, which runs out of the mainland just opposite Trinidad.

He was always hoping to find the gold country, but as day after day of toilsome rowing was accomplished in the heavy heat of that country, and as his provisions

ran short and his men began to die fast from fever and starvation, Raleigh was at length forced to give up his expedition and return to Trinidad. But he did not sulk about or give way to despair; like a true Scout, he said cheerily that he had been learning how to tackle the difficulty in a better way for another time.

In 1594 the Duke of Northumberland fitted out an expedition of two small ships and two boats, and sailed from England to Trinidad, which he safely reached after a voyage of three months—it takes two weeks nowadays!

However, he did not do much good there. He found what he imagined to be gold ore and brought a great deal of it home, only to find that it was quite worthless.

Trinidad remained under the Spanish rule for nearly 300 years. The capital is called the Port of Spain, a beautiful town among green hills at the head of the great gulf or landlocked sea of Paria.

But when there was quarrelling between Spain and Great Britain in 1797, the British fleet, under Abercromby, came sailing in, and attacked the place with 8000 soldiers and sailors. The soldiers were under the command of General Picton, who was afterwards so famous in the war in Spain, and who was killed when gallantly leading a charge at Waterloo. The fort which protected the Port of Spain stands on a wooded hill overlooking the place. It was stormed by the British troops, and captured after a feeble resistance; and so Trinidad came into our hands.

Port of Spain

To reach Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, your ship has to come into the lagoon by one of three or four entrances between wooded islands of steep hills and ravines, and it is all very beautiful, and just the sort of place for a pirate's lair.

It was through these narrow entrances that Lord Nelson sailed with all his fleet in 1805 when he was in pursuit of the French fleet, which had managed to escape from him in Europe. He expected from his information to find them at Trinidad.

Directly he saw that the hoped-for enemy was not there, he turned his ships about and sailed with all speed to Grenada. No French there, but they had been seen at Antigua.

Away he went in full sail, only to find on arrival at Antigua that they had gone back to Europe a few days previously. He never paused, but at once pushed on to overtake them.

Out in the middle of the Atlantic he noticed two or three planks floating in the water. Scout as he was, Nelson recognised these as "signs" or tracks of the French fleet, and pressed on with all the more keenness. When in the end he met them, it was at Trafalgar, off the coast of Spain, and you know what happened there on October 21st.

The capital of the Trinidad of to-day is a bright, clean city of small houses standing in their own little gardens, which seem to have flowers and plants of every kind of brilliant colour, and also good shade trees and tall, graceful palms everywhere.

Among the flowers you see the tiny humming-birds, scarcely larger than a big bumble-bee, gleaming with every colour.

Overhead fly "jim crows," neat, black, cheeky birds, and circling about in the blue sky are great buzzards, with their ugly bare heads, looking out for any offal that may be thrown away.

Trinidad is a warm place, where you have to wear a helmet to prevent sunstroke, but there is always a breeze blowing, which prevents the heat being excessive.

Pitch Lake

About thirty miles from Port of Spain is a lake of pitch. Sir Walter Raleigh used some of it for making his ships water-tight. Nowadays the pitch is dug out and used for making asphalt for roads. The curious thing is that, although over a thousand tons of it are taken away every year, the lake keeps filling itself up again all the time.

It is sufficiently hard to walk upon, and easy to dig; but wherever you dig a hole it will in a few hours have filled itself up again.

Mud Island

At the south end of the island of Trinidad there is a place called Chatham, and in November 1911 the inhabitants were surprised to see an island not far from the shore which had not been there before. At first it was the shape of the upper sketch.

Then came a burst of fire and mud and stones, followed by steady burning for a whole night, during which the island took this shape:

And after the fire had burnt itself out it left a low island of about an acre in extent and only some four feet above high-water mark. It is called by the natives "Ba la Patte," or "Shake-hand," because they do not expect it to remain very long.

Islands of this kind are not uncommon. They are really a lot of mud thrown up by an explosion of gas deep down in the earth.

Every Scout probably knows that the inside of the world is not all hard like the surface land. The earth is not unlike an egg; it has a hard shell or crust all over its outside, but the yolk inside is soft, and in our case red hot. Thus bubbles and gas explosions are common

inside, and these cause occasional eruptions through the crust where it happens to be thin. These come in the shape of volcanoes or earthquakes, and occasionally, as in the case of Trinidad, mud islands, which stay for a few months and then disappear again.

Cartagena

Now we come to Cartagena (pronounced Cartahayna), on the north coast of Colombia, a fine old fortified seaport where much fighting was done in the old days. The town

This map shows the lagoon in which Sir Francis Drake's fleet was anchored when he attacked the Spaniards at Cartagena in 1586.

lies at the head of a lagoon or landlocked bay some ten miles long. To this there are two narrow entrances from the seaward which were strongly fortified, and the town itself has its walls and a castle on a commanding hill at the back.

In spite of its strength, the gallant Captain Drake attacked the place in 1586, when it was held by the Spaniards.

He sailed into the lagoon by the Boca Chica entrance at four o'clock in the afternoon, and anchored his ships at the point marked with the dotted cross on the map.

At nightfall he sent a party under Frobisher to attack the fort on the right of the inner harbour. This attack failed. But Drake had meant it to; it was only made to draw off the attention of the Spaniards while he quietly landed another storming party on the long, narrow strip of beach which Sir Frederick Treves in his book* calls "Drake's Spit."

This party was under command of Carleil, a brave and dashing leader. For about two miles it made its way along the narrow strip of land as silently as possible, though under great difficulty owing to thick bush and mangrove swamp.

But the Spaniards were not altogether fools. They had some cavalry vedettes out watching this spit of land, and directly they saw Carleil's men coming along they galloped back to the town and gave the alarm. The defenders had built a rampart and ditch across the neck of the land, and had manned it with 300 musketeers and some small cannon.

A gap was left in the wall by which their cavalry could come in, and so soon as these had returned with their warning the opening was closed up with tubs filled with earth. And there were two vessels afloat close to the rampart, filled with more soldiers who could bring a flank fire to bear on the attackers. So Carleil's men found themselves in for a very tough and nasty job.

On finding how strongly the enemy were posted ready for them, they might very reasonably have said: "This is not good enough; we will slip quietly back to our ships."

But that was not their way; they were Britishers, and their business was to break down the power of Spain.

* "The Cradle of the Deep," by Sir F. Treves. Smith, Elder. & Co.

So this is what they did, as Sir Frederick Treves describes it:

"As Carleil advanced, the Spaniards poured a torrent of shot upon the narrow way, the British kept silence and never fired. They crawled along the water's edge so as to be out of range until they were close under the wall. Then, at a given signal, they made a rush for the gap through the blizzard of bullets.

"Down went the wine butts like ninepins. A volley was fired in the very face of the horrified defenders of the breach, and with a yell the British fell upon them with pike and cutlass. Carleil, with his own hand, cut down the standard-bearer. The Spaniards, without more ado, turned heel and fled, helter-skelter, for the city. . . .

"The British tore after them like a pack of baying wolves. The flying crowd made an attempt to stand, but were swept down. . . .

"In a moment the market-place was gained, but every street leading from it was blocked with earthworks.

"Over these mounds went the Spaniards, and the buccaneers after them as if it were a hurdle race. Behind each barricade Indians were posted with poisoned arrows, but Drake's men jumped on their backs or their heads as they crouched, and gave them a taste of the long pikes if they had the heart to stand. . . .

"Whenever a stand was made by the garrison the pikes charged, and the breathless Cartagenians, scattered and bleeding, bolted down the dark alleys or hid under carts. In one of these street-fights the Spanish commander was taken by Captain Goring. . . .

"The town was taken, and taken handsomely; the fort that had defied Frobisher was seized and blown up, and after a pleasant stay in Cartagena of six weeks—

during which time Drake entertained the governor and bishop at dinner—that officer departed with 110,000 ducats in his pocket."

The Panama Canal

The great canal which is now being made through the Isthmus of Panama to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean begins on the Atlantic side at a place called Colon, and opens into the Pacific near Panama.

It is in the Republic of Panama, but is entirely managed by the United States Government.

It was started by a French company under De Lesseps, the engineer who made the Suez Canal. But the Suez Canal was a very different business from this. It was merely clearing out sand from a natural depression in flat, level ground till the water flowed in from the sea at both ends. But here in Panama it is another pair of shoes.

There is a great river flowing through the centre of the Isthmus. An isthmus, you know, means a long neck of land joining two greater lands together. This Isthmus of Panama joins North and South America together.

The Isthmus otherwise is covered with hills and forest and swamps, an almost impossible country to get through, and very hot. De Lesseps was not frightened at these difficulties. Like a stout-hearted Scout he attacked the difficulty with a smile on his face.

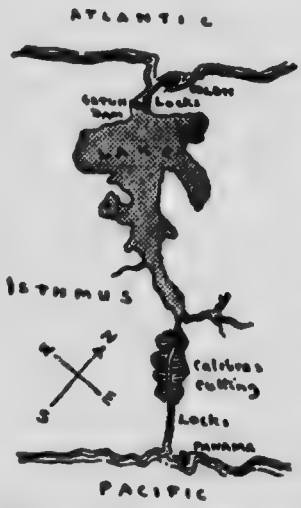
He brought out thousands of men and good machinery. He made accurate maps and plans ; and he started work and he fought his way, inch by inch, against all the difficulties, but in the end he was defeated.

After several years at it, he had to confess himself beaten, and was forced to give up his splendid idea. And why ? Because he had found that the rough country

was not his worst enemy—fever and dysentery were the enemies he had not reckoned on, and that he was not able to conquer. Out of his 12,000 to 15,000 workmen, over 3000 died in the course of a year, and many more were ill and invalided. So the canal was abandoned.

Scouting Methods Employed

Then the Americans came along and took it in hand. Their first step was to attack the disease. They employed some good doctors to go ahead as scouts to risk their own lives in finding out what the enemy was like, where he lurked, and how he was to be defeated—that is, in finding out what the diseases were, and how they were to be stopped. By pluck and patience and careful observation the doctors gradually found it all out.



This map shows you the course of the great canal which is being constructed across the Isthmus of Panama from Colon on the Atlantic coast to Panama on the Pacific.

They found that the mosquito was a great pest there, and that in his sharp little sting he carried the fever-poison and so gave it to everybody he bit. They observed also that the mosquito lays her eggs in water and cannot live far from standing water.

So they had drains cut in every direction to carry off all pools and puddles, and the larger ponds they covered with a floating slime of oil through which the mosquitoes could not swim—and in a short time they cleared off most of the mosquitoes. They also taught the men to look after themselves as the Boy Scouts do, not to overeat themselves with bad or unwholesome food,

how to cook their meals properly, to change damp clothing before it gave them a chill, and so on.

In this way disease has altogether been driven out, and

Men are daily on duty sprinkling oil on drains and stagnant puddles, even punching holes in old meat tins so that they should not hold water. This work is now being done by the Boy Scouts.

Panama is to-day quite a healthy country to those who look after themselves.

The Americans were therefore able to take on 35,000 workmen, who now live there with their wives and families.

The way they are making the canal is to dam up the big central river in the valley through which it flows to the Atlantic. This will make it into a great lake 80 ft. deep and twenty-three miles long. Then they will dig a cutting through the mountains for nine miles towards the Pacific, which will form an outlet to the lake.

The lake will thus be 80 ft. above the sea-level; a set of three locks will therefore be employed to raise ships from the sea up to this height, and the locks will be so big as to take the very largest ships that are likely to be made; that is to say, they will be 1000 ft. long, 110 ft. wide, and 70 ft. deep, having 42 ft. of water in them at their lowest. At present no ships are over 700 ft. long, or 90 ft. wide, or 30 ft. draft.

Through the mountains for nine miles a mighty trough has been cut. It is 500 ft. deep in some places, and 300 ft. wide at the bottom for the whole of its length.

Already since they have been at work on it, beginning in 1904, the Americans have completed three-quarters of their task, and in two years more they reckon that ocean-going ships and men-of-war will be passing through from sea to sea.

What it all Looks Like

When our steamer slid quietly up to the dock at Colon, the first thing we noticed among the crowd awaiting us was a guard of honour of American Boy Scouts. They looked very much like our own Scouts, except that instead of shorts and stockings they wore breeches and canvas

gaiters. But they looked in face and eyes just like any British boys, and they put on something bigger than a Scout's smile when I shook hands with them—it was a big grin of welcome.

There are no fewer than nine troops of them between Colon and Panama.

Colon, like other towns on the canal, at first looks like a town of gigantic meat safes among palm trees, for every house is surrounded and covered in with wire gauze to keep mosquitoes out, and in that way they are fever-proof.

The work at the great locks and dam at Gatun is wonderful, because of the enormous size of everything. The dam, for instance, is one mile and a half long and half a mile thick!

The Calebra Cut, where the trough has been made through the mountains, is also a wonderful sight. Along the bottom are several lines of railway with continual trains of trucks running to and fro, getting the earth and rubbish out as fast as the great steam shovels can dig it, and the hundreds of boring drills can get it blasted.

It is a wonderful sight to see a steam shovel lift a big rock weighing nearly a ton in its "mouth," balancing it very carefully so that it does not fall, while it swings it quietly over to a truck, and then gently lowers it into the train, and shoves it and butts it into its place for travelling comfortably.

For mile after mile these wonderful engines are at work on different levels, digging out the sides and bottom of the future waterway. And high up on the banks, or in the bush on either side, one passes poor old discarded locomotives, cranes, boilers, and trucks, thrown out to rot and rust and become overgrown with jungle, since they are worn out and done for. It is quite sad to see them.

But it helps to show one what an enormous amount of money must have been spent on the work.

Even out to seaward beyond the ends of the canal great dredgers are at work opening up the channel under-water, and huge breakwaters are being built to protect the mouth of the canal against bad weather.

The Death of Francis Drake

Porto Bello was a great pirates' resort, because it was a town to which much of the gold from Peru came to be embarked for Spain in the old days. So it saw a good deal of fighting by the defenders of the gold against the attacks of the buccaneers.

But one great point of interest in it to us Britons is that here the great sea scout Drake died and was buried.

He died and was buried in a manner worthy of such a hero. On January 28th, 1596, his fleet arrived in Porto Bello, and Drake lay sick to death of fever on board his ship. But he would not give in to death. He called for his clothes, and he put on his full uniform and sword. He was going to show his men that he was still full of pluck and spirit—he would "never say die till he was dead." But the deadly weakness overcame him; he could only stagger a pace or two, and then he had to be lifted back on his bed. And there he lay, dressed for action, as his spirit passed away.

They did not take him ashore to be buried, but they gave him a seaman's funeral at sea; and along with him on either side they sank two ships to keep guard over him at the bottom.

So there lies Drake in a sailor's grave, like a Viking of old, with his ships, off the "Beautiful Port"—Porto Bello.

Jamaica

One morning at sunrise we found ourselves steaming over a smooth, blue sea into the port of Kingston, on the island of Jamaica.

Jamaica was first discovered by Columbus, the great Spanish explorer, and was afterwards captured by the British expedition sent out by Cromwell in 1655, under Admiral Penn and General Venables.

Columbus, when asked by King Ferdinand of Spain what Jamaica looked like, crumpled up a piece of paper and laid it on the table, and said it looked like that.

And so it does; ridge after ridge of mountains rises, with their sides all seamed and crumpled with ravines and valleys, up to the highest peak of the Blue Mountains, nearly 8000 ft. above the sea.

The harbour of Kingston is a magnificent lagoon or landlocked bay, cut off from the ocean by a long, narrow spit of land, about fifteen miles long and only 100 yards wide. This is covered with bush and a few palm trees. This spit is called "The Palisades."

Port Royal

At the extreme point of it is a small town called Port Royal. This in the old days was a great headquarters for the sea-rovers and buccaneers. After we took the island, Port Royal became a Naval arsenal for our men-of-war. Lord Nelson spent many years of his service here, making Port Royal his headquarters.

The first building we come to as our steamer glides up to the little settlement, with its red-roofed houses between the palm trees, is a long, low rampart pierced for big guns, with a small house perched upon it. This was where Nelson lived. The little terrace on the rampart is called "Nelson's Quarter-deck," because here he used

to pace up and down, eagerly waiting for the French fleet.

A marble tablet has been set up which says :

In this place dwelt
Horatio Nelson.
Ye who tread his footprints
Remember his glory.

And here also are great long buildings which used to be the sail-lofts for storing the sails of the mighty three-deckers which formed his fleet.

Down on the point are some low-lying modern forts for the protection of the entrance to the lagoon, but one of these has caved in like an apple pie after a Boy Scout has tackled it. In this case it was the great earthquake of 1907 which caused the destruction of even this strongly built work.

Kingston

As our ship rounds the point, we enter into a beautiful inland sea, as smooth as a great lake, with the city of Kingston lying at the foot of the mountains, some five miles from the entrance.

As we approach the quays, we see that the town is chiefly of low houses with verandahs, and dusty white roofs, with lovely green palm trees in the gardens. It is beautifully bright and warm and peaceful. It is hard to believe that only five years ago it was just as calm and peaceful when a sudden heave of the ground took place, which smashed up every house and killed and injured thousands of inhabitants in the space of a few minutes.

As we come alongside the wharf, among the crowd waiting to welcome the ship we see the well-known uniform once more. A guard of honour of Boy Scouts is drawn up to receive me. Two troops of them there are

in Jamaica, but I expect that before long there will be others as well.

Jamaica has been called "the cradle of the British Navy" from the time of Drake and Raleigh, and Rodney, Benbow and Nelson; and I hope that before long Sea Scouts will have started here, for it is a splendid place for boating and swimming, and will furnish many more good seamen for our nation in the future.

A motor run on the island showed one vast groves of banana plants all ripening for the British market. Everywhere the natives are negroes, descendants of the slaves brought here in the old days from West Africa to work on the sugar plantations. Now they are all free men, of course, and are very cheery, friendly people, and very loyal to the King.

Spanish Town, about twelve miles from Kingston, is the old capital of the island, and contains an interesting cathedral and a quaint old central square in which stands a statue of Admiral Lord Rodney.

It was put up as a reminder of his great victory over the French Admiral de Grasse, on April 12, 1782, when he saved Jamaica and the West Indies for Great Britain.

The battle lasted for twelve hours, and the British losses amounted to 1090 seamen killed and wounded, while the French lost 14,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. Two of the handsome guns of the French flagship *Ville de Paris* are mounted in front of Lord Rodney's statue.

Spanish Town is a small town of very picturesque old houses and beautiful gardens, but it is very quiet, hardly a soul to be seen, as the business is now all carried on at Kingston.

There are still a great many ruined walls and houses about, both inside Kingston and out in the country—all reminders of the awful earthquake of a few years ago.

Otherwise the island is most beautiful and attractive and full of the spirit which existed when Marryat wrote his novels about it, such as "Midshipman Easy," and Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log."

Just as one may imagine Port Royal full of swaggering pirates, daring and dangerous, open-handed and reckless, so one can easily imagine the streets of Kingston again filled with dapper midshipmen, rolling jack tars, and puffy admirals, hospitable planters, and beautiful Creoles. It is a delightful place, and I was very, very sorry to leave it.

AN AMERICAN BOY SCOUT HANDING SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL
A LETTER OF WELCOME

To face page 35

CHAPTER II

AMERICA

WHEN we drew up at the quayside of New York under the towering heights of "skyscraper" buildings, it was a biting cold day, with light frozen snow powdered over everything. Such a change from the tropical heat which we had left only three days ago!

On the wharf was a smart little troop of Boy Scouts, with both American and British flags, and they escorted me to my cab after handing me a greeting from the Scouts of America.

The curious thing that struck me was the immense desire of Americans to have photographs. I don't know how many times I had to undergo being photoed that day, but I don't believe it was much under one hundred times!

The Boy Scouts of America

The first real parade of Scouts that I saw was at Boston, when about 1000 paraded in the Drill Hall and gave demonstrations of first-aid, signalling, Sea Scouts' routine, and drill. The British flag was carried out before the assembled Scouts, and was given a general salute by the whole parade. In this way the American boys showed their friendship for their brother Scouts in Britain.

Then I went to Washington—the capital of the United States—and was received by the President, Mr. Taft, who spoke very kindly about the Boy Scouts. He is a great, burly man, cheery and kind-hearted, and he

believes in the Scouts as manly and chivalrous fellows who will make the best of citizens when they grow up.

The Scouts of Washington—and they number about five hundred—paraded before the President and the British Ambassador in America. They gave demonstrations of various kinds, such as signalling, first-aid, and bandaging, but those which attracted most attention were the wireless telegraph and fire-lighting.

The wireless was a small, portable affair, which the Scouts put up in a very few minutes, and messages were soon flying backwards and forwards.

For the fire-lighting the Scouts had no matches ; they got their fire by twirling a pointed stick on a flat piece of wood by means of a bow-string. In this way the pointed stick worked a hole through the board, making a little pile of red-hot dust below ; some dry shreds of cotton were put on to this and blown till flame was produced.

The Stars and Stripes

While at Washington we went to look at the Capitol—a huge, white-domed building which forms the Houses of Parliament of the United States.

In the central hall below the dome there is a series of fine pictures illustrating the history of America. There is the discovery of the country by Columbus. Then, a hundred years later, Capt. John Smith colonising Virginia, and Pocahontas, the Red Indian princess, being baptised as a Christian.

And then came the emigrants from England to New England, and the foundation of the country as a British Colony, 1607 and onwards.

But 150 years later troubles arose. The British colonists in America quarrelled with the old country over some taxes which they had been ordered to pay. Troops were sent to force them. They resisted, and after

PRESIDENT TAFT REVIEWING BOY SCOUTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON
February 3rd, 1912

Major Butt (since drowned in the *Titanic*, after showing conspicuous gallantry) | Aide-de-camp Wroughton | Sir R. Baden-Powell | President Taft | Mr. J. Bryce, British Ambassador

A MOUNTED PATROL AT JOHANNESBURG

(See page 232)

a war they defeated the British troops and formed themselves into an independent republic under their great leader, George Washington. His crest was an eagle, and his coat-of-arms was some stars and some stripes, from which come the American crest of an eagle and the "Stars and Stripes" flag.

There are forty-eight stars on that flag, which stand for the forty-eight States into which America is divided.

Ice-Boating

Detroit lies on a narrow channel which connects the two great lakes Erie and Huron.

When I saw it, this channel, which is a mile across, was covered with floating ice, so closely packed that a man might almost get across by skipping lightly from floe to floe; but the great ferry steamers were running, ploughing their way through it with some difficulty.

The opposite shore belongs to Canada, and the town which there faces Detroit is called Windsor.

Two fine troops of Canadian Boy Scouts came over to join their American brother Scouts in welcoming me, and when they marched in with the British flag flying they were tremendously cheered by the Americans.

A great sport which they have here at Detroit is sailing in ice-boats. These are a sort of toboggan with a mast and sail, with which you sail on the surface of the frozen lake. The speed at which you go is just that of the wind, and may be up to sixty or eighty miles an hour!

Chicago

In the city of Chicago there are 5000 Boy Scouts. That will show you that Chicago is not a small town; it is, in fact, a very big city, having two and a half millions of inhabitants.

Its streets are much like those of any other city so long

as you keep your eyes down, but if you once begin to look upward you will notice that the houses run up to an enormous height, from ten to fifteen storeys being the usual height; and in walking the streets you cannot help feeling as if you were at the bottom of a deep pit or gully.

The city has a magnificent lake-front on Lake Michigan, just like a seaside esplanade on a very big scale. The lake itself looks exactly like the sea, since it is so big and wide that the other shores are entirely out of sight, and, with big steamships cruising about on a shoreless horizon, it might well be taken for the ocean.

The Scouts here are a very smart lot both in appearance and in their work. They gave exhibitions of first-aid work, saving life from drowning, wireless telegraphy, signalling, and fire-lighting without matches. This last was done by a number of boys, and is exceedingly interesting; they make their fire, as you know, by twirling a pointed stick on a piece of flat wood. It makes a very good competition, when a lot of fellows are doing it, as a race to see who can first get a flame.

The American Boy Scouts

We had a fine rally of the Boy Scouts in New York. Some 4000 attended in a big drill-hall, and a smart lot they were.

They gave some very good displays which included bridge-building, first-aid, knot-tying with hawsers, wireless telegraphy, signalling, and drill.

There was rather more drill than we care about in England, and not such interesting displays of pioneer and life-saving work as we get here. But, no doubt, our American brothers will soon go on to these as they gain experience, because they are so much more interesting to the onlookers as well as being more amusing and instructive to the Scouts who carry them out.

The American boy is very like his British cousin to look at; that is, he is a bright, cheery, healthy-looking chap, but he is a little different in some ways. For one thing I think he is sharper than the British boy and knows more for his age, and he has better chances of learning woodcraft than boys have at home.

But at the same time, the Britisher, I think, sticks better to his work and carries out his duties a little more earnestly because he is expected to, and because it is his job.

The best kind of British Scout does his work at a run, whereas the American is apt to do his in a more leisurely fashion, and on parade there is more talking and looking about in America than in England; but I think this is largely because the leaders of patrols in America have not yet taken charge of their Scouts quite so fully as they have done at home, and so this will come right in a very short time.

At any rate, the American Scouts are jolly keen, sharp fellows, and, my word, they can cheer!

The cordial way in which they received me was, indeed, astonishing and delightful. And when I told them that their brother Scouts in Great Britain would gladly welcome any of them in the Old Country, they sent up a cheer of greeting which might have been heard across the Atlantic.

Mixed Troops

An interesting point in the rally of the Scouts in New York was that among the troops on parade was one composed entirely of Chinese boys—and they drilled well and smartly; also one of negro boys; and also one composed half of blind boys, the other half of boys who could see, each of whom acted as leader and comrade to a blind boy. This idea might well be carried out in other places.

Albany

From New York to Albany gives one an interesting run on the railway for miles alongside the great Hudson River, which at this season of the year is frozen over.

It is curious to see the ice harvest going on. Every half-mile or so is a great storehouse into which blocks of ice are being hauled. These are cut by means of ice-ploughs drawn by horses, which cut long, straight furrows followed by cross furrows, dividing the ice into neat squares. These are then split off by men with crowbars, and hooked up and slid along to the factory.

Over some parts of the frozen river, where ice-collecting is not going on, one sees ice-boats sailing about at tremendous speed. These are practically toboggans or sledges with masts and sails to them, and they move with a good breeze faster than any other kind of vehicle used by men.

At Albany we saw more Boy Scouts, and I was interested to hear that one English Boy Scout had come there and gone into a business house. Then it was that he did credit to the Scouts of the Old Country, for his new Scoutmaster soon found that he was different from the local Boy Scouts in one particular point.

The Albany Scouts were good fellows in camp and at woodcraft, manly and able to take care of themselves, but they lacked two things which the English boy had, and they were courtesy and politeness. He afforded them an example in his respect to his seniors, his saluting and calling them "sir," and general politeness, and showed that a Scout should be a gentleman as well as a backwoodsman; and the Albany Scouts have now taken up the idea.

They have some good patrol-leaders there, too.

One of them told me that he was going to take his patrol on a really fine "hike," or what we call a "tramp-

camp," of a hundred miles, but he would not start until every one of them had gained his first-class badge—"he was not going to lead a lot of second-class fellows about the country."

A Boys' Republic

I visited a place that would be of great interest to Scouts, because, in some ways, it is like our Scouts' Farm at Buckhurst Place.

As you know, the Scouts there have their own farmsteads, and manage their own affairs, having a mayor and town council elected from among themselves.

Well, at this place which I visited, at Freeville, in America, there is a village occupied by boys and girls who manage their own affairs entirely, just as if they were a community of grown-up people, and they do it just as well as grown-ups could do it.

Most of the houses in the village are lodging-houses or hotels, some for boys, others for girls. Other buildings are the bakery, the laundry, the carpenter's, blacksmith's, printer's, and grocer's shops, the dairy and farm, the church, gymnasium, court-house, school, hospital, and hostel.

The "republic" is managed by one of the boys as president, and others as the chief justice, treasurer-general, secretary of state, chief of police, and so on.

These make laws and carry them out. If a citizen breaks the law, he is taken before the judge and tried by a jury of boys and girls in a regular court-house, and, if found guilty, he is condemned to a term of imprisonment in the gaol. All this is carried out exactly as it would be in a grown-up community.

The republic has its own money coinage, and every citizen has to pay his board and lodging in the ordinary way.

In order to get money for this he can engage himself

to work in any one of the shops he likes. There he gets regular pay according to his ability as a workman. It just depends on himself what sort of food and lodging he can afford according as he earns little or much pay.

If he chooses to be idle and not earn anything he is "run in" as a vagrant and gets sentenced to hard labour. For this he receives pay, but unless he works hard it is only just sufficient to buy him plain food. The government do not feed him for nothing.

The citizens seem a delightful and happy lot.

I went to a supper party at one of the girls' hotels when they had boys in as their guests, and we had a very cheery party.

Also, they have their football, baseball, and basketball games, and I saw a fine match of basketball in which the republic played against a team from a neighbouring town. It is really a splendid game when well played and on strict rules as was the case here.

It was very interesting to see the boys working in the baker's shop; they turn out most excellent cakes and biscuits as well as bread. And the carpenter's and joiner's shops turn out excellent work for which they earn very good prices.

Altogether, the whole republic is exceedingly well managed and just shows that boys can be as sensible and hardworking as grown-up men if they have the right grit in them.

Niagara under Ice

The Niagara River forms the boundary between America and Canada, and close to Niagara City it makes a sharp bend where there is a big cliff dropping down 160 ft., and the water falls over this in a magnificent cascade about three-quarters of a mile long.

In summer this causes clouds of spray to fly into the air and to fall like rain all around. In winter this spray

goes up, but as it falls it freezes and turns into snow and ice.

The consequence is that great mounds and hillocks of snow form on the rocks at the foot of the falls and keep on growing higher and higher till they become nearly as high as the falls themselves.

Then, wherever there are small trickles of water down the cliffs, the frost turns them into icicles, small at first but increasing day by day as the water continues to run down them till the whole of the cliffs are covered with immense icicles, and the rocks above and around the falls are similarly covered deep with snow and ice from frozen spray.

So you can imagine that the falls themselves are almost hidden in white, in which their green, foaming water makes a pleasing contrast as it pours roaring downwards.

Just at the foot of the falls the water was not frozen over, for it is here a mass of swirling currents; but within a few hundred yards, blocks of floating drift-ice had collected and gradually bound themselves together into a great, rough field of solid snow which stretched across the river for a quarter of a mile from shore to shore. This was called the Ice Bridge.

Immediately below it the river widens out and runs slowly and sluggishly for about a mile between great, high cliffs, which are topped with the huge factories and power works whose machinery is worked by water-sluices from the river above the falls.

Then the cliffs come nearer together, and as the river becomes narrower its current increases till it suddenly rushes down in a mighty torrent of swirling, racing, surging waves, in which nothing could live. These are known as the "Rapids," and they race and romp through the gorge for three-quarters of a mile till the river suddenly

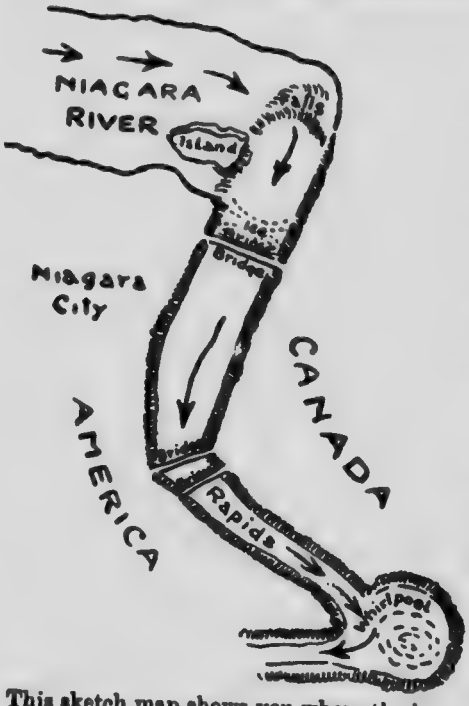
opens into a great circular pool from which it escapes by a side gorge at right angles to its former course.

In this pool—the "Whirlpool," as it is called—the waters slowly slide round and round until they eventually find their way out in the new direction.

The Ice Bridge Tragedy

Only a week before my visit to Niagara a sad tragedy had happened.

Three people, a man and his wife and a boy of seventeen, were walking across the ice bridge when it suddenly began to crack and partly to break up. The man and his wife found themselves on one floe of ice quietly floating away from the main pack, and the boy was on another.



This sketch map shows you where the ice accident took place.

All around them the water was covered with similar floating blocks of ice, grinding and bumping against each other, so that swimming was impossible, and no boat could get to them had one been available. So there they were at the mercy of the current, which here meandered slowly about, but gradually, slowly and surely, carrying them downstream towards those awful rapids a mile away.

People on the banks saw their dangerous position and thousands collected, but not one seemed able to do anything to help them. The course of the river would bring them under two bridges which spanned the river just before the rapids.

For an hour the poor wretches were floating along before they came to this point. On the bridges men had got long ropes (the bridges were 160 ft. above the water) which they lowered so as to hang in the way of the drifting people.

As they came along the boy managed to grasp a rope and willing hands proceeded to haul him up, but when they had got him a certain distance, poor fellow, he could hold on no longer and he fell down into the icy stream and was never seen again.

The man on the other floe also grasped a rope which he tried to fasten round his fainting wife so that she at any rate might be saved; but the tide was rushing them along, his hands were numb, he failed to fasten the rope, it slipped from his hands—and a few seconds later both he and his wife ended their tortures by being sucked under the waters in the heavy swirling rapids.

What a Scout Would Have Done

One of our Canadian Scoutmasters told me that he was travelling in a train shortly after this accident, when some of his fellow-travellers were talking it over. They did not know that he was connected with the Scouts in any way, and one of them said:

"Well, I believe that if any Boy Scouts had been there they would have found some plan for saving those poor people."

The Use of Knots

One thing is to be noticed in this accident, and that is the value of being able to tie knots, as all Scouts can do.

People often think: "What is the good of learning so simple a thing?"

Well, here was a case in which that knowledge might have saved three lives.

When the ropes were lowered from the bridge they should have had a loop or two tied in them for the rescued people to put round them, or to put their legs or arms through. As it was, the ropes had no loops, and the people, not knowing how to tie bow-lines or overhand loops, were unable to save themselves.

Buffalo

This city is on the shores of Lake Erie just where the Niagara River runs out of it, and is so called because in the old hunting days it used to be the haunt of the buffalo. But it doesn't show much sign now of ever having been a wild spot. It is a great manufacturing and commercial city, with fine streets and avenues, and what is most important, of course, a fine lot of Boy Scouts.

They gave a demonstration in a great hall which held over 4000 people, and it was packed full. In their demonstration there was not an item which showed any military drill, but they gave an excellent series of scenes illustrating the Scout Law.

Among other things they showed some very good work with a portable wireless telegraph mounted on a hand-cart. About 90 per cent. of the apparatus was made by the boys themselves. It worked perfectly; and carries messages five miles.

In the practice of first-aid one boy practised a novel way of dragging an insensible person out of a house on fire or away from gas fumes. To do this he tied a handkerchief over his nose and mouth, and then laid the patient on his back, and with another handkerchief tied his two wrists securely together. Then he pushed his

own head through the other boy's arms so that he had them fast round his neck. He then crawled along on all fours dragging the insensible boy with him.

Scouts Who Cannot See

At Louisville the Scouts gave a big demonstration on the occasion of my visit.

Around the hall were stalls showing the work of different troops, and there was a particularly good and interesting series of living pictures, or in some cases waxwork figures by different patrols, illustrating the Scout Law.

One of the most interesting shows was that given by a troop of blind Scouts. A few of them could see just a little, but most of them were totally blind, though their work did not show it in any way.

They did an excellent drill with staves to music played by their own blind band. They pulled a most exciting tug-of-war, and they exhibited a good show of basket-work, carpentering, raised map-making, sewing, and typewriting, all done by themselves.

They showed by their work that they were true Scouts, and although handicapped by being blind, they did not give way to hopelessness, but they pluckily did their best in spite of the difficulties with which they had to contend.

How Poor Boys Became Rich

Pittsburgh is a wonderful place.

A lady who came through it once in a night train said that she now had seen what hell was like, and meant to be very good in future.

Pittsburgh is one of the largest steel and iron factories in the world, and at night, when the great furnaces are sending out their glare on the clouds of smoke and steam, and the chimneys are blowing off blazing gases

into the sky, the whole place looks like the inside of a fiery volcano.

But, apart from its appearance and work, the reason why it should interest Boy Scouts is because in Pittsburgh so very many poor ordinary boys have made their fortunes, and have risen to be great and prosperous men.

You have all heard of Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, who has done so much all over England and Scotland, as well as in America, with his gifts of libraries and rewards to life-saving heroes.

Carnegie began life as quite a poor boy in Scotland, and went to America as a lad, where he worked as a messenger boy.

Senator Oliver, another steel millionaire, was son of a saddler, and he, too, began life as a messenger boy. One day, when he was a great man, Oliver went down to visit his works on a Sunday. A new watchman was on duty who had never seen him before.

The man would not allow him to enter, and when he stuck to it the man threatened to throw him out; he would not be persuaded or bribed. So Mr. Oliver departed, but he wrote to the superintendent of the mill and recommended the man for promotion because he did his duty so well.

William Q. Brown, who has become a millionaire through his coal mines, was a farmer's son. He found some coal in the ground, which he took to digging out and selling by the barrowful to the neighbours.

After a time of hard work, he found he could afford a horse and cart and a helper. His wife kept the accounts. And so he gradually increased his business till he became a rich and powerful man.

T. Mellon, the son of a farmer, became a rich banker. After he had got a beautiful home of his own, Mr. Mellon

had a little thatched cottage built in his park, the exact copy of the one in which his grandfather had lived in Ireland. He had this done to remind his son that his grandfather had been a poor man, but that there was nothing to be ashamed of in that. He said :

"*Thrift, energy, and enterprise are the only things that can make you rich and keep you rich.*"

That is a good motto for every boy to remember and to carry out.

Captain Jacob Vandergrift was at first a cabin-boy on a river steamer. By good work he came in the end to be captain, as many a cabin-boy had done before.

When petroleum oil wells were discovered, he invented a kind of barge for carrying the oil, and finally invented pipes by which it could be laid on to the places where it was to be used. In this way he made a huge fortune.

Henry Frick, accounting clerk in a distillery, foresaw that the coke business was going to be a big thing, borrowed money, and invested in it and made a huge fortune.

Benjamin Jones, another Pittsburgh millionaire, began his career by tramping on foot to Pittsburgh, and worked for a year as receiving clerk in a steamer office in return for his board and lodging.

Mr. Henry Phipps, who is partner with Andrew Carnegie, also began as a poor boy, his father being a cobbler.

Mr. Westinghouse, who invented the brake which is used all over the world for trains, began as a poor man in Pittsburgh.

Russell Boggs, another millionaire there, used to drive a milk cart, selling his father's milk in the streets. His partner, J. W. Marsh, drove a grocer's cart by day, and learnt shorthand at night.

Mr. J. Heinz, who preserves vegetables and fruits, began by selling horseradish on a wheelbarrow.

I was taken over the great Carnegie steelworks by the manager, who was a sort of king of the whole place, but a king who was evidently beloved by his subjects.

Presently he pointed out to me a man perched up in a little seat, where he was working a hydraulic crane, and he said :

"That was my seat for a good many years."

He, like so many other Pittsburgh men, had begun at the bottom as an ordinary labourer, but, by his energy and good work, had raised himself to be the manager of the whole of that vast business.

Cracker Flapjacks

When I inspected the 1500 Boy Scouts at Minneapolis, they gave several new shows in their display. One of them was cooking "flapjacks," or thick pancakes.

They had two small gas fires on the stage, and two Scout cooks went to work at each fire, and mixed their flour, made dough, and cooked the cakes very rapidly.

When cooked, they threw the flapjacks up and caught them again in their frying-pans, then threw them to each other and caught them in their pans, and then threw them out into the audience. Those who were lucky enough to get bits of them pronounced them "bully," which meant jolly good.

Another very good and exciting show—and one which was done at most of the Scout displays that I saw—was fire-lighting without matches.

Another good "stunt" was archery by one troop who had made their own bows and arrows, and they were all good shots at the target—the best of them being equally good when shooting with either the right hand or the left.

The Rockies

From Denver City, on the great prairie upland in the

centre of America, one sees stretched out, like a long bank of lilac-and-white clouds above the plain, the mighty range of the Rocky Mountains.

Denver itself was formerly a great scene of fighting the Red Indians, buffalo hunting, gold prospecting, and expeditions into the mountains after grizzly bears. But now it is a great city with all the most up-to-date modern fittings.

And it has its Boy Scouts, and a fine lot they are, too. Many of them are grandsons of the old trappers, hunters, and scouts, so that they have got scouting in their blood, and plenty of good country round about for practising over.

One of the best shows of their display was, however, a particularly modern one, and that was a wireless telegraph apparatus, made by the Scouts themselves. The parts which they had bough. for it did not cost more than fifteen shillings, all the rest they had made themselves, and it worked quite well.

The railway which takes one from Denver on across America to the Pacific coast seems to enjoy doing odd things just to please the passengers.

For instance, when it leaves Denver in the early morning, it runs south along the front of the Rockies for about three hours, so that you can have a good look at their snowy peaks and steep faces. Then it turns straight into them and runs westward through them by a pass which gets narrower as it gets deeper and deeper.

At last there seems only just room for the single line of railway and the rushing torrent of the Arkansas River, between high cliffs and buttresses of rock over two thousand feet high. In fact, the gorge or canyon is so narrow at one place that the railway has been slung from overhead girders over the stream.

As we went twisting and turning through this wonder-

ful gorge, we kept peering up at the crags high over our heads, and at one place we were rewarded by seeing a number of wild mountain sheep.

All that day and all night, our train went puffing on through gorges and over passes among snow-covered peaks.

The following day we came suddenly on to a grand view of a vast valley spread out below us with its towns, villages, and woods, and then a huge expanse of water, one hundred miles across, known as the Great Salt Lake.

On every side around this valley could be seen ranges of snow-capped mountains in the far distance. Altogether it made a beautiful scene.

Salt Lake City

Salt Lake City is a great place lying near the flat swamp which forms the beginning of the lake and is backed by the Wahsatch Mountains. This is where the Mormons started their country some sixty years ago. They were men whose religion allowed them to marry several wives each, but this has now been put a stop to by law.

In Salt Lake City are some fine public buildings, and the Temple is a very handsome one with several steeples to it; but alongside it is the Tabernacle, a very different-looking affair; it is a huge low building with a curved roof over the whole which makes it look almost like a big airship squatting on the ground. But it can take a very large number of people inside it—something like 12,000.

After leaving Ogden, a few miles west of Salt Lake City, our railway performs one of its pleasing tricks again, for it suddenly turns south and runs out along a pier straight to seaward across the great lake.

For twenty-three miles this pier or causeway runs till at last it reaches the far shore. Of course, the lake is very shallow, but it is strange to find yourself travelling apparently on the sea almost out of sight of the shore in a railway train.

Sierra Nevada

All night again in the train, till in the early morning we find ourselves once more twisting and turning among the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, which is the Spanish for "Snowy Mountains."

And they are snowy.

They are covered with forests of fir trees and all under deep fresh snow. It is all very beautiful, and the railway twists and turns in a marvellous fashion round the great shoulders of the mountains, along the faces of steep precipices where you look down on the tree-tops far below, and on frozen streams right down in the bottom of the valleys.

However, a great deal of the view is shut out from you, for, for thirty-seven miles, the railway runs through a wooden tunnel which is put up to protect the line from the deep snowdrifts which would otherwise block it up.

Windows have been left here and there in the sides of the tunnel, so that passengers can get a glimpse every now and then of the scenery they are passing through.

Disappearance of a City

With the exception of my old friend Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, San Francisco is the most beautifully situated city that I have seen. It stands on a number of hills forming an arm of land which looks in a great bay from the Pacific Ocean.

There is one narrow channel between headlands which connects the bay with the sea, but from the seaward

this channel does not show at all. The coast looks like a solid line of cliffs, so that this entrance, which is known as "The Golden Gate," escaped even the keen eye of that great sea scout Sir Francis Drake, when he came sailing up that way.

He had sailed all that immense distance from England down to South America, round the southern end of it, through the Magellan Straits, and then all the thousands of miles up past Valparaiso and Panama to California. Just close to the Golden Gate is a sheltered little bay, and here Drake landed, and, like a good scout, gave thanks to God, as his first step on landing, for having brought him safely so far.

A monument has been put up to mark the place where this, the first Christian service, was held in this part of the world.

The splendid harbour afforded by the bay soon made it the great port of Western America for ships sailing to the South Sea Islands and to Japan, and what we call the East (though to America it is the west). Thus the town of San Francisco has grown into a huge seaport and city.

It was here that Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer of "Kidnapped" and many another good book of adventure, used to meet with the old sailors of the South Seas and learn their experiences.

In the city, near the docks, there is a little green sloping garden where Stevenson used to sit and talk with the sailors, and a monument has there been set up to him by the Americans, for they admire his writings just as much as we do.

In April, 1906, just seven years ago, this beautiful city was waking up to its day's work, the men preparing to go to their business and the boys and girls to go to school, when suddenly, as one of the inhabitants described it to

me, there came a rumbling roar as of low thunder, the floor of her room seemed to heave up under her feet, and she felt twisted violently half round and back again, which gave her a feeling of sickness.

Then the clattering of falling bricks and groaning of timbers made her realise that it was an earthquake; so she ran to the door and flung it open so that it would not get jammed tight, and she stood in the doorway where the overhead arch would be a protection and less likely than the ceiling to fall in upon her.

A man told me that at the moment of the earthquake he was riding in a tramcar, and though he heard the roar he did not feel much more than the ordinary bumping and slewing of the car.

But suddenly he noticed people running out of their houses into the street.

The person who chiefly caught his attention was a woman in her nightdress, with her hair down her back, followed closely by a man who was half dressed and carrying an open razor in his hand.

The first idea that occurred to my friend was that this man was trying to murder the woman and that the other people were rushing out to prevent him, but the falling of chimneys and of walls of houses soon showed him that an earthquake was in progress.

The earthquake lasted some minutes, shock succeeding shock. Houses in some cases collapsed or fell partly, the roadways and pavements buckled up or split open in places.

Then fires broke out in several places from the breaking of gas-pipes and fusing of wires.

The fire brigades soon got to work, but it was then found that the water-mains were broken underground by the earthquake and no water was forthcoming at the fire-plugs.

A strong wind carried the flames and sparks quickly from one building to the next, and in a short time hundreds of houses were blazing.

Hour after hour went by, the conflagration spreading all the time. Rich and poor, high and low, were in the streets trying to save what they could carry away before the flames should reach them. But very little could be done, and, before the day was out, what had been a beautiful bright city at dawn was a smoking heap of ashes at dusk.

However, directly the disaster was over, the people lost no time in starting to rebuild their homes, and now there is once more a splendid modern city standing, of some 600,000 inhabitants.

Socialists and Scouts

Portland in Oregon is another fine city near the west coast of America. There is a high hill back of the town on which the citizens have most beautiful homes looking out over a wide range of country to great snow-capped mountains in the background.

At Oregon the Socialists came to the meeting which I held for Scouts and schoolboys and protested against our making boys into soldiers. They seemed to think that Scouts were armed with rifles and were learning military drill and playing at being soldiers, and they said they would not allow any boys to become Scouts.

So I explained to them what scouting really was, that it is to make boys into good backwoodsmen and life-savers, and not into soldiers.

The boys themselves did not like the idea of being prevented from enjoying the fun of camp life and scouting, and they crowded round me after the meeting more than they had done anywhere before, asking how they could become Scouts.

A Totem

Seattle was the last town which I visited in America, and I think it was the most charming and beautiful place of all that I went to.

The city stands on a cluster of hills lying between an arm of the sea and a big lake some thirty miles long, beyond which are forests and snow-capped mountains.

The hills on which the city is built have been cut down by turning hoses with strong jets of water on to them. These turned them into mud which was then run off through pipes into low-lying parts of the ground, which are thus filled up. In this way the whole district has been made level enough for building houses and streets.

In the centre of the town there stands an old Indian totem pole. This pole is higher than the biggest telegraph pole, and is elaborately carved with all sorts of curious heads and faces.

This is what an Indian totem pole looks like.

In the old days every Indian chief had his own particular crest just like a patrol has it on its flag. When the chief died his crest was carved upon the family pole, a hollow being made in the head into which his ashes were put after his body had been burnt. Then his son became chief in his place, having another crest of his own, and when he in his turn died his crest was carved on the same pole below that of his father.

Thus a totem pole would give the history of a family for several generations back.

CHAPTER III

CANADA

PASSING out of the United States, northward, we enter on British territory, namely, Canada.

How our Empire Grew

All the vast Overseas Dominions did not come to Great Britain of themselves. They were won by the hard work and the hard fighting of our forefathers.

In SOUTH AFRICA we had to fight the natives for our foothold, which once gained we never let go—and though it has cost us thousands of lives and millions of money, we have got it now.

AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND were got by our sailor-adventurers, like Captain Cook, outstripping all other nations in their plucky navigation of immense, unknown oceans.

INDIA was practically in possession of the French when Clive and Wellesley drove them out, and then in turn had to fight the hordes of fighting natives of the interior; and gradually, foot by foot, by dint of hard fighting we have won that country for our Empire.

EAST AFRICA, UGANDA, and the SUDAN beyond Egypt, and SOMALILAND, have also been fought for and won in quite recent times.

Canada

Most of North America belonged to Great Britain at one time. Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith,

and other pioneers founded colonies in the southern and eastern parts, coming across the ocean in little cockle-shells of ships, some of them only thirty tons, in measurement no bigger than a barge.

Think of the pluck of your forefathers in tackling a voyage like that, which took them some months to carry out, with only a limited supply of food and water. And then, when they got to land with their handful of men, they had to overcome the Indians, and in some cases other European adventurers, before they could call the land their own; and for years they could hold it only by continual fighting with Indians.

Eastern Canada was similarly discovered by Jacques Cartier and a gallant lot of sailor-explorers from France, who set up French colonies along the coast and the St. Lawrence, nearly four hundred years ago. The English were near them to the south, and in Newfoundland, which had been annexed for England by Sir Humphrey Gilbert —the half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh—in Queen Elizabeth's time.

As Britain and France in Europe were continually at war, it was natural that their respective colonies in North America could not be on the best of terms, so that friction and fighting were frequent between them, and both were brave and seasoned fighters, for they both had continually to be fighting the Indians, and thus the struggle between them was a long and tough one.

Sometimes the French won, and sometimes the British.

In the fight at Ticonderoga, 3600 French, after a gallant resistance, beat off the British attack, which had been also carried out with the greatest bravery by the 42nd Black Watch Highlanders.

Six times the attackers tried to carry the fort by storm, and even climbed the parapet, only to be pushed back again with heavy losses, until at last they were

forced to retreat with the loss of 1944 officers and men. Of the Highlanders, nearly all the officers were killed or wounded, and three-quarters of the men.

For its gallantry on this occasion, the regiment received from the King the title which it bears to-day, "The Royal Highlanders."

However, the French were not helped by their people in France, and in the end Nova Scotia was annexed; and finally Wolfe captured Quebec after the famous battle on the Plains of Abraham, just outside the city, in which the generals on both sides—Wolfe on the British and Montcalm on the French—were killed.

And thus Canada became a British possession.

The French-Canadians

But the French-Canadians, deserted by their own countrymen, like the brave and manly fellows they were, accepted their defeat in the best spirit—just like a team which has got the worst of a football match—they did not bear any grudge against their late enemies, but set to work to join with them, as true Canadians, in making their country great and prosperous.

The story should never be forgotten how the young French-Canadian Adam Dollard, with his sixteen brave companions, fought the Iroquois on the Ottawa River, whither they had gone to meet a threatened attack on Montreal.

For seven days they held their little fort against overwhelming numbers of the Redskins, fighting untiringly day and night, until, worn out, wounded and helpless, they were rushed by superior numbers. They never yielded, they fought it out to the very last—never saying die till they were dead. But their sacrifice was worth it.

The Iroquois, with their best men killed and their pride broken, dared go no farther against such plucky settlers,

and gave up all idea of other attacks on them. They retired away back to their own villages, with a wholesome respect for the white men.

And it was not only the French men who were brave, but the women also took their share.

Madeleine de Verchères, a girl of fifteen, with one old man, one soldier, and her two small brothers, defended her father's fortified farm for a week against hostile Iroquois—chiefly by dressing herself in a soldier's helmet and showing her head at different parts of the defences, so that the Indians thought the place must be full of soldiers, and were afraid to make a real attack; and on the eighth day a relief force came and drove off the besiegers.

Thus the French-speaking Canadians not only helped in defeating the Indians, but also took the field shoulder to shoulder with the English-speaking Canadians, for the King, against the Americans.

The British Colonies to the south of Canada had had orders given them by the government at home which were distasteful to them, and they broke out in revolt and refused to be under the home government any longer, and proclaimed their independence.

They tried to get the Canadians to join in their revolt, but this the Canadians were too loyal to do. So later the Americans tried to take Canada.

Then it was that the British troops came to the assistance of Canada, and the French-Canadians also joined with zest in fighting loyally for their new King and country, against the American forces.

The French-Canadians did excellent service for Canada. On one occasion, during the war of 1812–14, about one thousand of them, assisted by a band of Indians, under Colonel de Salaberry, defeated a much superior force of Americans under General Hampton, by scouting round them, hidden in the woods, and sounding bugles and

firing rifles from all points, so that the Americans believed themselves surrounded by a very strong force, and consequently they retreated in the greatest hurry, never stopping till they were some twenty-five miles away from the place.

The gallant General Brock was killed in leading a charge on Queenston Heights, near Niagara, in which battle the Americans were beaten, after a severe tussle. His body was laid for a time in the house of a man named Secord.

This man's wife, Laura Secord, shortly afterwards became one of the heroines of the war, for she overheard some American officers talking about their plan for surprising a British fort at Beaver Dam, twenty miles away.

So, as her husband was lying wounded and unable to get away, she herself made her way through the American outpost line by driving her cow before her as if taking her out to graze.

Then slipping into the woods — in spite of the Indians being everywhere — she cleverly made her way to the British post under command of Lieut. Fitz-Gibbon, and gave him such timely warning that he was able to make an ambuscade with his forty-seven men and a band of Indians, and to catch the American force as it came along. He thus captured five hundred and forty of the enemy.

Finally, in the battle of Lundy's Lane, fought near Niagara by about 3000 British and Canadian troops under Generals Riall and Drummond, 4000 Americans under General Brown were defeated.

It was a desperate fight of seven hours during the night, at the end of which the Americans, having lost over 1000 men, retreated, leaving the Canadians victorious with a loss of 84 killed and 559 wounded.

And that was the end of the war. Canada was served by the bravery of its men and by all working loyally together—French and English-speaking Canadians and British soldiers.

And since then there have been several occasions on which they have taken the field together: in the Red River Expedition in Manitoba, 1870, in the Nile Expedition in Egypt, 1882, and in the late South African War, 1899, in which the Canadian troops particularly distinguished themselves.

To Canada belongs the honour of being the largest Dominion of the British Empire.

Canada is about ten times the size of the parent country, Great Britain; it is larger than Australia; one and a half times the size of India and Burma put together, twice the size of South Africa, and twice the size of East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan together.

So it is a pretty big country; and it contains about a quarter of the territory of the whole Empire.

At the same time, Great Britain has eight times the number of people in it. But Canada, as, indeed, the whole of the Empire, is going ahead fast, and, as the boys grow up to increase the number of men, the British Empire will be a still mightier one than it is now.

If the Canadian boys rise to be men worth their salt, Canada will have the place of honour in that Empire.

To show you how Canada strikes an English boy arriving there I quote the following from diaries written by the Scouts who went with me to that country three years ago.

The party of fifteen Scouts selected to visit Canada embarked with me at Liverpool on board the Canadian-Pacific Company's mail steamer *Empress of Ireland*, on July 29th, 1910.

They were divided into two patrols, the "Beavers"

and the "Wolves," under command of Mr. Eric Walker and Captain Wade.

While on board the Scouts kept watches and learnt navigation for their Sea Scout badges, practised signalling, first-aid, and carried out drill with their trek cart, and played 'boardship games, etc.

A Sea Scout on the watch.

Captain Foster, the commander of the ship, and the officers took the greatest interest in teaching the boys all they could.

The Scouts, for their part, showed themselves to be a particularly smart, efficient, and nice lot of fellows.

Each of them kept a diary of the trip. I myself read them with much interest, and I propose to give a few extracts from them which may amuse others.

The Voyage

" . . . At sea. We only get breakfast, lunch and dinner. I miss my afternoon tea a good bit. (Poor fellow!) It is rather trying to be out of sight of land for so long (second day out), but I am getting used to it.

" . . . At sea. Bad. 'Nuff sed!'

" . . . We were in the Marconi office, and the operators were showing us the working of the system, when one of them noticed that I had a Signaller's

Badge, and told me to run through the alphabet. So I put my fingers on the lever and started.

"One of the onlookers wondered if the signal had been received by anyone, so he put the receiver to his ear, and got an abrupt message from Belle Isle, some hundreds of miles away—a message which meant 'Shut up!'"

In Canada

On August 4th, the ship steamed up the great St. Lawrence River to Quebec, sighting the Montmorency Waterfall as she passed. Quebec is a fine old French-Canadian city, with its citadel standing on a bluff overlooking the St. Lawrence.

Here the Scouts disembarked, and took the train to cross the great continent of Canada.

"... In Quebec fine buildings of stone rub shoulders with one-storey log-cabins.

"... When we got alongside the landing-stage at Quebec we did good turns by carrying people's parcels ashore for them.

"... The train is much bigger than an English train, with an enormous locomotive with a cow-catcher in front and a big bell, which keeps ringing as it goes through a town or station.

"The engine, when it whistles, does not shriek like ours do, but gives a sort of growl like a playful mastiff.

"... On the trains there are no 'guards,' but 'conductors'; and no 'engine-drivers' or 'stokers,' but the 'engineer' and his 'lieutenant.' There is a negro 'porter' to each carriage.

"... The rails are not laid any too straight, and the carriages bound about.

"... The telegraph insulators, instead of being china, as at home, are glass—green, blue, and sometimes red.

" . . . Along the railway were quantities of flowers, chiefly a certain red flower, a sort of 'willow weed,' I think. All the hills and woods were covered with it, and it looked most awfully pretty among the green trees.

" . . . We were much amused by our negro porter. He had been to college, and looks like a highly educated gentleman. Wears gold spectacles, too. He gave us one of his college yells :

'Mary had a little lamb, lamb, lamb!
Ra, Ra, Ra!
Who are you?
The Scouts! Scouts!! Scouts!!!'

" . . . Whenever the train stopped we all got out and discovered some blueberries ; but I don't exactly care for them. At Mattanoa we all jumped out and stodged on raspberries, and were only just in time to catch the train."

On the Prairie

The next step in the tour, after the Scouts had landed at Quebec, was their proceeding by train through the vast wooded province of Ontario, with its innumerable lakes and rivers, across the open prairie and corn-lands of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, to the open downs of Alberta, bordering on the Rocky Mountains.

Here they left the train in which they had spent so many days and nights, and went on to a ranch for a few days and tasted something of the life of ranchmen ; they saw real live cowboys and Indians, and tried their hand at lassoing bronchos and branding steers.

Also, some of them made an expedition to Banff, in the " Rockies," and saw in the forest reserve there several bison, elk, and bears.

Altogether, thanks to the kindness of ranchers, Indians,

and N.-W. Mounted Police, the Scouts had a very good time near Cochrane.

Here are a few more extracts from their diaries, which give some of their experiences and impressions during this part of their trip :

" . . . Running for the train, my watch fell out of my pocket and smashed into a thousand pieces on the pavement. I didn't mind. It never went before—it has gone now !

" . . . Tumbled out about 8.30 a.m. Part of the train caught fire at Whitewood. Saw a 'gopher' (a kind of ground squirrel) on the side of the line. Stopped at Broadview for about twenty minutes. Saw a North-West Mounted Policeman —hat like the Scouts, red jacket, spurs, etc.

"Saw a North-West Mounted Policeman. Scout's hat, red jacket, and spurs. . . . He was jolly decent all round."

" . . . A Canadian boy on the train was very decent, and told us a lot about the sport in this country, and showed us how to trap animals. He was only fifteen, but, judging by English boys, he was more like twenty-three.

" . . . All day travelling over the prairie. Next day, after breakfast, we went in a cart over the prairie.

" . . . On the march we met a Royal N.-W. Mounted

Policeman, who gave us a ride on his horse, which was jolly decent of him all round.

" . . . Three live cowboys came galloping up, wearing 'shaps' (sheepskin riding-overalls), and yelling and firing revolvers. They must spend an awful lot of money on ammunition, for they shoot an awful lot into the air, and cartridges cost more here than in England.

" . . . In the afternoon we went to see the branding of the colts. They let us have a try at throwing the colts and keeping them down. It was very exciting. In the evening the calves were branded. This was more fun, as they had to be wrestled with to throw them.

" . . . Spent the free time in shooting 'prairie dogs.' These are a great pest to the ranchers, and they are very pleased when one is killed. Shot eight in twelve shots.

" . . . An Indian who had ridden over in the morning went against us in a scouting match. He was to get into the ranch and we had to see and stop him. He was, however, seen by Allen.

" . . . One of the Scouts got an unpleasant surprise. He was 'snapping' a noble Red Indian warrior, in a dirty blanket, who was driving some mustangs, when he suddenly found the warrior charging down on him, angrily protesting.

" . . . We were invited to supper by Mr. Lumsden, a farmer near here. He was awfully decent, and gave us the best meal I ever had. He seemed to understand that boys do not care for thin slices of bread and butter, but like a good square meal.

" . . . I spent the morning fishing, and caught thirteen beautiful trout.

" . . . I saw a very big grass snake come from a

hole under a trestle bridge and swim across the stream. It was wonderful to see how fast and gracefully it was able to swim by wriggling about like an eel. It was the first snake I have seen in its native wilds.

" . . . I was surprised at the numbers of insects here. Very large butterflies, peculiar beetles, and many different kinds of grass-hoppers, while the variety of stinging flies was enormous. Every fly seems to sting out here. I am covered with stings.

" . . . Mr. Meiklejohn lent us two ponies, so Grocock and I went on them. The other boys said we were two rather amusing sights as we rode over the field.

"I treated a Red Indian to an ice cream."

" . . . After Mr. Meiklejohn had given us supper, we had a band which was home-made. There were clappers made from horses' ribs, drums made from empty lard-tins, with skin stretched over them, and triangles made from the prongs of old hayforks.

" . . . An old Indian gave us a ride into town, so we treated him to ice-cream.

" . . . We were piled on top of each other in the little cart and driven home. We were pretty stiff when we got there, especially the bottom layer of boys in the cart.

" . . . We gave two Indians dinner, and were absolutely astonished at the amount they put away.

When they left us we gave the old Indian a lot of stores—sugar, tea, corned beef, etc. When he had got as much as he could carry, he told us he liked us very much, so we felt we had created a good impression."

Canoe Travelling in Canada—In a Gale

"For your life sit quite still!"

This was said to me by my canoeman on Gull Lake.

It is one thing to glide smoothly and noiselessly in your birch-bark canoe over the calm surface of one of the lakes, where the woods and sky are reflected on the dead smooth water as if it were a looking-glass, but it is quite another thing to be fought by the storm, with seething, great waves which threaten at one moment to surge in over the end of your boat and at the next to roll it bodily over sideways.

That was what we were going through when Jim, my canoeman, made his remark to me, and a bigger wave than usual was curling and breaking towards us above the heads of the others as if to swamp us.

Jim was in the stern, and Ben was in the bow, while I sat tight in the middle.

They were old hands at the game. Both of them knelt facing forward to use their paddles—that is the regular way to do it. The man in the bow does the navigating, while the one in the stern helps him to steer the boat.

In this case, as the great wave came on, they almost stopped the canoe, and, with a quick turn, made her face the wave and thrust her gently forward to meet it; then, just as she reared up in front, Ben seemed to lean forward with his paddle over the bow and to cut the shock of the water, while somehow the seething monster subsided under us, and we had a wide view for an instant over the stormy surface of the lake, and there, behind us, was the wall of water rushing away to leeward.

But the canoemen did not pause to admire it; they twisted their boat round in a second, and, taking advantage of the rather smooth spell which immediately followed, they rushed the little boat along as if they were in for a race.

Ticklish Work

In this way they gained a good many yards before another curler began to show itself above the rest, bearing down upon our broadside, and when it got close they repeated their manœuvre of slewing the canoe round to meet it.

And that was the way we staggered along for mile after mile. Never were two waves alike; they all wanted slightly different treatment.

Sometimes they were short but steep ones, so that, as our bow went up, our stern went down, and was in danger of getting buried.

At other times a wave that had not been big enough to turn to, or which was not solid enough to lift us, would slop its top in over the gunwale, which was only four inches above the surface, and so added to the water that was swashing about in the bottom of the canoe, and which it was my duty to bale out again with a birch-bark dipper.

We had a lively time that journey, but cold and wet as it was, the work done by these two expert canoemen was so interesting to watch, as they took each wave in a different way, that it did not seem long, and I felt almost sorry when at length they ran her quietly in under the lee of some rocks, and we safely reached the end of our adventurous trip at the other side of the lake.

You who have read that delightful book of Canadian adventure, "Snowshoes and Canoes," by W. H. G. Kingston, will remember that a canoe is built of a light skeleton of keel, ribs, crossbars, and gunwale, made of

strips of cedar-wood, and then covered outside with sheets of the tough, thin bark of the birch tree.

These sheets are stitched together with withes, made by pulling up the long, thin roots of the fir trees and splitting them with a knife.

Withes also make excellent cord for woodsmen.

The joinings of the sheets are then made watertight with "gum," that is, the resin out of spruce trees melted over a fire and poured on.

This boat is very quickly made by an expert woodsman, and is very light and very buoyant on the water, and will carry a lot of weight, only you cannot do much dancing about in it.

In fact, you have to be very careful indeed in getting into it, and you have to sit tight when you are in it, otherwise it is quite willing to capsize with you at any moment.

That is why it is no use starting out to be a backwoodsman unless you can swim.

A "ninny" (that is, a fellow who cannot swim) would not remain a backwoodsman very long, because he would be drowned within a few days.

I remember on one occasion we nearly had to swim for it.

We were paddling gaily across a lake on which were several small islands, and were thinking of nothing in particular, when "bang! push!" and we ran on to a rock which was just below the surface of the water.

We soon shoved off again, but water began to trickle into the bottom of the canoe, and we found that we had dented the birch bark and knocked a small hole in it.

So we paddled for all we were worth to one of the rocky islands close by; here we quickly bundled our baggage and ourselves ashore, and drew the canoe up out of the water and turned her upside down.

Then, with our knives, Ben and I scraped little spare bits of "gum" off the seams of the canoe, while Jim lit a small fire of driftwood.

Ben, after flattening the dent and the hole, put a piece of rag over it (taken from his sore finger!) and, with a brand from the fire, melted the "gum" over the rag, and so stuck it over the hole and made it watertight.

It was all done so quickly and neatly that within ten minutes of our having run on the rock we were once more afloat and on our voyage, with our ship as buoyant and watertight as ever.

A backwoodsman is not stopped by such a trifle as a hole in his boat, he quickly invents a way of mending it—that is what we call resourcefulness.

Portaging

A great part of Canada consists of a network of lakes and streams among dense forests, so that roads are too difficult to make and do not exist.

The only way to get about is with light canoes; with your canoe you can paddle up the rivers and across the lakes, taking your pack of clothing and food, and you then walk through the forest to the next bit of water, carrying your pack and your canoe.

As a rule two, or sometimes three, men travel together, and while one carries the canoe, the others carry the packs through the forests. This part of the travelling is called "portaging," the ground walked over being called a "portage" (pronounced "portarge").

To carry your canoe, you put it on your head like a big hat!

You first of all tie the two paddles, with their handles crossed, to the crossbars of the canoe, then you turn the canoe bottom upwards and lift it on to your head, so

that the two paddles rest on your shoulders. Thus your shoulders take the weight with your head inside the canoe.

The Beaver

When you come across a beavers' "lodge" for the first time, it looks to you a mere pile of mud and drift-wood at the edge of the lake. But if you examine it closely, you will find it is a carefully-built, dome-shaped hut, made of sticks and mud and small logs intermingled.

The entrance to it is a round hole, a foot or so below water-level, so that no stranger can come in except by diving, and there is no need to shut the door to keep out the draught on a cold day.

Then inside there is a sort of bench running round the hut, on which the beavers lie with their tails hanging down, so that if the water should rise in the night their tails will get wet and give them warning that something is amiss.

In the top of the dome a very small hole is left, about the size of your thumb, which is the ventilator, and in the winter the warm air may often be seen coming out of it in the form of a thin wisp of steam in the frosty air.

The logs which form the hut are chiefly poplar and birch rods, which the beaver cuts down and neatly trims with his powerful teeth.

When a family of beavers have built their "lodge" close to the water's edge, they then proceed to dam up the river in order to raise its level, so that their door may be well under water, and they show such skill in choosing the place for the dam and in building it up that a tenderfoot would be inclined to think people were kidding him when they told him that it was made by animals and not by men.

One dam, close to which I was once encamped during my visit, was built on a stream which flowed out of a lake,

the lodge being about 200 yards from it on the lake shore.

The lake itself was nearly three miles long and over one mile wide, yet the dam, as made by the beavers, was big enough to cause the water in the lake to rise about two feet above its former level.

Mr. Beaver is a very shy beast. You hardly ever see him in the daytime; but at night, if you keep still, you will often see him swimming about and bringing logs to repair his house or the dam. He is like an enormous rat—the size of a big dog—with a flat, leather-like tail.

His fur is very valuable, and consequently he is getting rather scarce in many places. And in any case he is very difficult to catch, because he is so clever. Trappers use the most cunning, well-hidden traps, but the beaver seems to understand them quite well; in some cases he has been known to overturn them, so that they shall be useless, and in others he has put a log of wood in to release the spring instead of himself. And when a beaver has been caught by the leg, he has been known to bite off his foot and leave that in the trap rather than be taken alive.

Humping a Pack

The beaver dam at which we camped was at the end of a "portage," that is, where people arrived at the lake-side, having come overland from the next lake, carrying their baggage and canoes. The beavers, squinting out of their house among the reeds, must have seen many "voyageurs," or canoe parties, arrive at the lake-side by the portage.

Generally a canoe party consists of two, or sometimes three, people. For a portage, one takes the canoe and carries it upside down on his head, having tied the two paddles to the thwarts so as to rest on his shoulders.

A canoe weighs about 40 lb., and looks an unhandy

kind of hat to wear when making your way through tangled wood or over rocks and broken ground; but it is wonderful how easily a man carries it who is accustomed to it.

Then the other man or two in the party carries each a load or "pack" containing the food, tent, spare clothing, blankets, and cooking-pots. This load will weigh from 60 lb. to 80 lb.

It feels a lot if you try to lift it and carry it like a portmanteau, but it feels quite light if you carry it in the way that is usual in Canada, and that is on your back with a supporting band pressed round your forehead. This band is called a "hump line," and I strongly recommend every Scout, when he has a big load to carry, to do it with a "hump line."

A New Kind of Hat!

Even your haversack can be carried in this way, if it is heavily loaded, much more easily than if you carried it slung from the shoulders only. Try it for practice.

Put the strap over your forehead, letting the bag rest on your back, and hold the strap with a hand, pulling downwards, one each side of your head, and you will be able to carry a big weight quite easily.

In every camp, as in every town, men are either workers or shirkers. You do not find many shirkers in a Canadian camp! The shirker could not stop there a day—the others would not have him; it is a kind of unwritten law. Every backwoodsman takes his share as the natural thing, and everyone, whether he is the master who pays

for the expedition, or the man who is paid to act as guide—carries his pack just the same as the rest, and he does not try to pick out a light one for himself, or ask other people to carry his load for him. He just humps his own pack.

And that is what every fellow with any grit in him does in his journey through life; he takes his share in the work or difficulties, whether they are heavy or light, and does not try to leave it to others to do his work for him. He "humps his own pack," and knows that he has earned his rest when he sits in comfort by the camp fire at the close of the day.

Hump Your Own Pack.

Following a Trail

Jake and I were following a blazed trail through the woods most of the day. A "trail" means, as a rule, a path, but there wasn't much path to be seen where we went, we were simply following a line through the forest, which he had taken some years before, to get to the next lake, some five miles away.

He had blazed his way by chipping slices of bark off the trees with his axe. This left a light-coloured patch or "blaze" on the side of each tree, and time and weather had worn the colour down to a dirty grey, so they were not so very easy to see; and in many places the underbrush had grown up so as to hide the tree-stems from view. So it was slow work, moving along from blaze to blaze.

Often, too, the trail would turn sharply off in an un-

expected direction, so that, after looking at all the trees ahead of you for a blaze, you would at last find it on one away to your right or left.

Such a turn had probably been made in order to go round a fallen tree or branch, which had since rotted away.

As we went along, Jake kept his axe going to renew the old blazes, and to add new ones on to trees which had not already been blazed, and he repeated the blaze on the back of each tree, so that one could see the trail equally well on the return journey.

Then every bush or branch of underbrush that came in our way was broken down, partly to show the line we had gone, and also to discourage its growth, which would cover the tree-stems and their blazes.

Fig. 1.

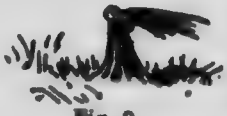


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Three ways of telling other Scouts to "turn to the right."

Some fellows seem to think that there are different ways of bending twigs over to show the trail. Well, this is true in a way, but the most usual system is to break the twig forwards, that is, with the head of it pointing the way in which you are going.

At the same time the Canadian-Indians, as a rule, break it the other way; they pull the twig towards them and make it point backwards—in the direction that they have come.

They say that this makes it easier to find your trail home again, because when you are returning, you see the underside of the leaves, which are usually lighter in colour and easier to notice.

A blaze is made about the height of your shoulder above the foot of the tree, on the face of it, not on the side. The blaze should be about the size of your hand or a little larger, and where a turn is made in the trail you blaze the tree with an ordinary blaze on the face, and a long blaze on the side to which the turn is made. (See Fig. 1.)

When in the open where there is long grass, you tie up a tussock to show your trail. If you turn to a new direction, you make the tied-up tussock bend in that direction. (Fig. 2.)

If you are out where there are neither trees, bushes, nor long grass, but where there are stones, you put one stone on top of a larger one to show the trail. If you make a turn, you put up the two stones, and another alongside them pointing to the new direction. (Fig. 3.)

Montreal Scouts

Two days and nights by train from Montreal, through the endless woods and lakes of Ontario, and then out on the open prairie, and we came to Winnipeg.

This used to be a fortified trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, where the Indian trappers and buffalo hunters used to bring in their skins to sell or to barter for guns and ammunition.

The gateway of the old fort, Fort Garry, still stands, and Colonel Steele, who commands all the military forces in Manitoba, and is Commissioner of the Boy Scouts there, told me that he stood on sentry as a trooper in that gateway nearly forty years ago, when the present Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley came there as a Colonel to see the Governor of the post, Mr. Donald Smith, who is now on the Council of the Boy Scouts, and better known in these days as Lord Strathcona.

But Winnipeg, instead of being a fortified frontier

post, is now a great city, with its electric cars, taxi-cabs —and Boy Scouts. And these Boy Scouts are very smart and workmanlike indeed.

One troop of seventy is a mounted troop, and is the cadet troop of Strathcona's Horse, the regiment which so distinguished itself in the South African War.

Another forty-eight hours in the train across the vast, open corn and cattle prairie brings you to Calgary, where there is, in addition to the ordinary troop of Scouts, also the beginning of a good, hard-riding troop of mounted Scouts.

The North-West Mounted Police

But in getting to Calgary you pass Regina, a big town out on the open prairie. Here are Boy Scouts (and I never saw such fellows for doing good turns, with a broad, good-natured smile on all the time, especially when they were carrying my baggage !), but besides these there are also the headquarters detachment of the Royal North-West Mounted Police.

These, as you know, are the finest force of their kind in the world. Grand, smart-looking men, half soldier, half policeman, able to ride and to shoot and to look after themselves in the Arctic winter or blazing summer.

They have to be equally handy on horseback, or in canoes, or with a dog-sleigh. And as they are scattered about in ones or twos in distant parts of the country to keep order among rough characters in mining districts, or wild Indians, or smugglers, horse thieves, and other "undesirables," they have to be strong and very plucky, and each one to be equal to six ordinary men—and so they are. The result is that when an evil-doer comes under their eye he is a "gone coon."

Their uniform is the cowboy hat of the Scouts, with the red tunic and blue breeches of a dragoon, and brown gauntlets and field boots.

A Vancouver Story

Vancouver City is growing very rapidly, and the citizens are awfully proud of this.

The story is told that, a little while ago, a Vancouver man met a friend in the train and in conversation said:

"Have you been to Vancouver lately?"

"Yes," said the friend, "I was there last week."

"Last week!" said the Vancouver man. "Oh! but my dear fellow, you should see it now."

Well, I had not seen it for a year and a half, and in this time the change was marvellous. New streets and suburbs had sprung up in every direction, and 25,000 new citizens had come to live there.

I saw the Boy Scouts there, and a very smart lot they were, too. I must say I was glad to see the bare knees again, for in America nearly all the Scouts at present wear breeches and canvas gaiters, which don't look half so well as the British bare-kneed system. Now that the Americans know that that is also the kit worn by explorers and big-game hunters and soldiers in Central Africa just as it is in India, they are wanting to change their long breeches for shorts.

A Lumber Camp

While at Vancouver I was able to visit a lumber camp, that is a place in the forest where the woodsmen are cutting timber and getting it out to the sawmills.

Most of the forests have streams or lakes in them, and the timber when it is cut is run down to these and then floated, sometimes for a hundred miles, down to the sawmill. In this particular forest there was not a river handy, so the owner had built a railway to carry the timber down.

We went up on this line for seven miles through beautiful woodland scenery, up and down hill till at length

we reached the "camp." This consisted of a few log houses or "bunk" houses in which the lumbermen lived, and a "mess house" in which they have their meals.

We got there just at dinner-time. The men had all come in from their work. An iron crowbar hanging from a tree was their dinner bell. When this was struck the first time it was the warning to get ready for dinner, and everybody got to work washing himself, brushing his hair, and generally tidying up. You have probably heard of the lumbermen being a pretty rough and tough crowd, but whatever they may be they are at any rate clean.

Then, when the second "bell" rang, they all walked very quietly into the mess house to dinner.

I have often pointed out to Boy Scouts that scouts of the woods always walk so lightly that, even when they come into a house with their heavy boots on, they make very little noise, so that you can tell them at once from a clodhopper who goes stamping about fit to smash the floor.

These lumberers not only walked very quietly, but also there was scarcely a sound while they ate their dinner, because they have a curious rule which does not allow any talking at meals.

The reason for this is that in a busy lumber camp the dinner-hour has to be short. The men are well fed by a cook and his mates, and, to get the food served quickly, everything has to be done in good order. This would be impossible if the men were all racketing about, and shouting and talking, and possibly arguing up to fighting point.

So, instead of a wild rollicking crew that one might expect in a lumber camp, one found a very clean, quiet, well-disciplined lot of men, and fine healthy, active-looking fellows they were.

After a very good dinner of pork and beans, flapjacks,

and pumpkin pie, we went and saw them at their work in the forest.

Here it was that one noticed not only their strength and skill, but more particularly their wonderful activity when skipping from log to log, or dodging falling timber and so on. Their way of felling a tree is first to scoop two little holes with their axes on opposite sides of the trunk, and then stick a couple of planks, about four feet long, into these to form platforms on which they can stand about three feet above the ground.

Next they get to work with their axes, and with alternate strokes they quickly cut out a great wedge from the stem on the side to which they want it to fall. Then they take a big double-handed saw and cut through from the opposite side until the great tree totters and falls.

It is next trimmed of its limbs and branches till it is quite bare, then the end of a long steel rope is brought and hooked securely round one end of it.

A wire, like a loose telegraph wire, is hooked on to a neighbouring tree. Then when all is ready a man jerks this wire a couple of times. Two blasts of a distant steam whistle reply (for the wire is connected with the whistle of a donkey-engine close to the railway), and the next moment the great log begins to move, slowly at first, but faster and faster as it goes along, pushing aside fallen branches and brushwood with irresistible weight, till it fairly rushes through the forest, throwing up stones and dirt, banging into and over other fallen logs, surging up and down, crashing and groaning and squeaking till really you could imagine it was some kind of legless elephant on the rampage, or some gigantic land-salmon that had just been hooked.

At one place I saw such a log butt straight into a tree that was standing glorying in the sunshine. The next thing that tree knew was that it was falling, crashing

to the earth with its branches broken and crushed beneath it—done for!

And it was a pretty sight to see the lumbermen who happened to be close to it skip out of the way, without apparently any wild hurry or rush, just a step or two, as if they knew exactly where it would fall.

Finally, the great log was towed right up to the railway. Here a tree-stem had been set up on end in a socket to act as a crane. A steel rope, rove through the pulleys at the head of it, had a pair of ends to it, each fitted with a sharp hook.

A lumberman pressed a hook into each end of the log, the engine wound up the wire rope, and, as it took the weight of the log, the hooks drove themselves into the wood, and thus held it and lifted it into mid-air, while the crane slung it gently over and on to the truck which was awaiting it on the line.

Scouts who Wash

After the logging camp, our engine ran us through the woods again in a new direction for some miles, till we came to the river running in a deep ravine or canyon, as they call it here.

This river came from the Stave Lake by a waterfall 150 ft. in depth, but this fall had now been "harnessed" by being made to run through four enormous pipes. Each of these pipes had a great turbine engine at the foot of it.

Thus, with no expense or trouble of steam and fuel, the water alone made the engines to go, and these were manufacturing electricity, which was then carried for thirty miles by overhead wires to Vancouver to light the town, and to run the machinery and the tramcars of the city.

The damming of the falls and the erection of all this wonderful machinery right away in the heart of the forest was a splendid piece of engineering, and the men

who did it were just another sample of Scouts living a rough, wild, healthy life in the backwoods.

The manager, in showing me round their camp of log huts, showed me one hut which he said was a very important one, and that was the bath-house, in which the men could get shower-baths when they came in dirty from their work.

He said that all the best men liked to get their bath every day, and unless the camp was fitted with these they did not stay long. So you see they were true Scouts in that way, too, and carried out the daily washing which the Boy Scouts do.

Scouts and Chocolate

Victoria in British Columbia is a great shipping port, and also has the Royal Naval Arsenal of Esquimalt (with the accent on the i); it has a fleet of seal-fishing boats, and it manufactures paint and beer and many other things. But the thing that I liked best about it was the chocolate candy!

Apart from its sweets, Victoria produces a very fine crop of Boy Scouts. Of course, they are not sweet, but, still, I thought them very good, and was mighty glad to see them looking so fit and efficient. And they are going to be more efficient yet, for they are starting Sea Scouts, and I don't suppose any place in the world gives much better chances for sea scouting than does British Columbia.

Both Victoria and Vancouver will, I hope, soon have really good establishments of boats and crews.

There are grand wooded inlets from the sea in which to go cruising. These inlets run for miles inland among the forests and mountains, and many of them have never been properly mapped or explored, so there is a fine opening for the Scouts there.

CHAPTER IV

JAPAN

JAPAN is an island a little bigger than the United Kingdom ; it is 162,000 square miles in size with a population of 49,000,000. The British Isles are 121,000 square miles with 45,000,000 inhabitants.

Just as the sun was setting in a splendid blaze of colour we steamed into the great bay of Yokohama, and high up in the golden haze there appeared to be a great cloud shaped like a pyramid. It was the mountain Fuji, which is the pride of Japan.

One of the compliments paid to a lady in Japan is to say that she has a forehead shaped like Fuji. It certainly looked beautiful as we first saw it.

The narrow entrance to the bay is defended by forts among the pretty wooded knolls on either side and on islets inside, so that it would seem impossible for an enemy's ship to come in. And lurking under the shadow of the hill-sides inside the bay we could see half a dozen huge, grey warships of the Japanese navy.

So that although one knows Japan to be a smiling, peaceful country, our first glimpse of it showed us not only its beauties, but also its strength.

As we steamed across the great bay to the harbour of Yokohama, a small steamer "dressed" with flags came out to meet our ship and to escort us. The Union Jack was flying conspicuously at the top of the mast ; the deck was crowded with Boy Scouts.

So the Scouts of Yokohama had come out to welcome me.

As soon as we anchored they came on board, and they were a fine lot of fellows, smart and keen, nearly all British.

Japan gives them good opportunities for Scout work, especially sea scouting, which I hope will be taken up by the Scouts not only at Yokohama, but also at Tokio and Kobe, where there are also a number of British, American, and European boys.

The Japanese are talking of forming some troops also, and I hope they will. But they already get some of the Scout training in their own schools and homes. They learn that their first duty is to be loyal to their Emperor and country, and to make themselves strong, brave, and manly, so that they can serve their Emperor all the better. And every boy and every man carries out this idea. We know this from their wonderful bravery in their war with Russia.

Jiu-Jitsu

I went and saw a lot of them at their daily practice of fencing with bamboo sticks and practising jiu-jitsu to make themselves strong and active and good-tempered. I say good-tempered, because it is very like boxing, you have to take a good many hard knocks, and take them smiling; if a fellow lost his temper at it everybody would laugh at him and think him a fool.

In jiu-jitsu they learn how to exercise and develop their muscles, how to catch hold of an enemy in many different ways so as to overpower him, how to throw him, and, what is very important, how to fall easily if they get thrown themselves.

Boat Handling

Sea Scouts would be interested, and perhaps amused, to see how the Japanese manage their boats.

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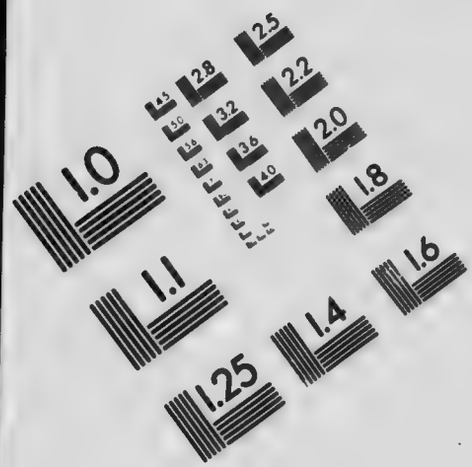

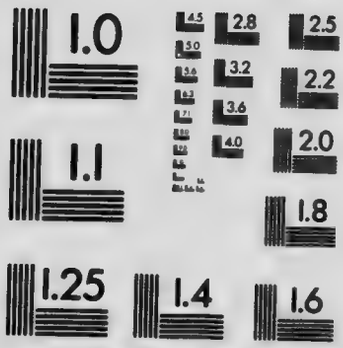

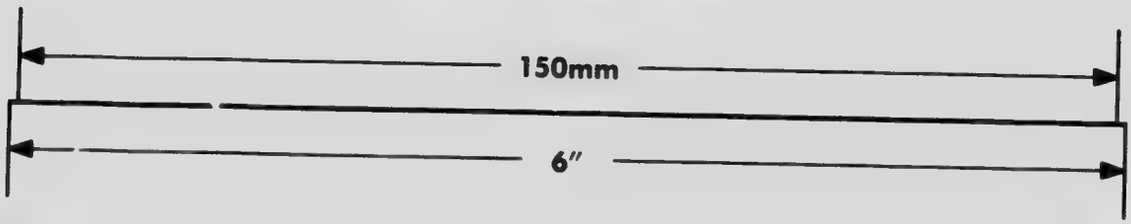

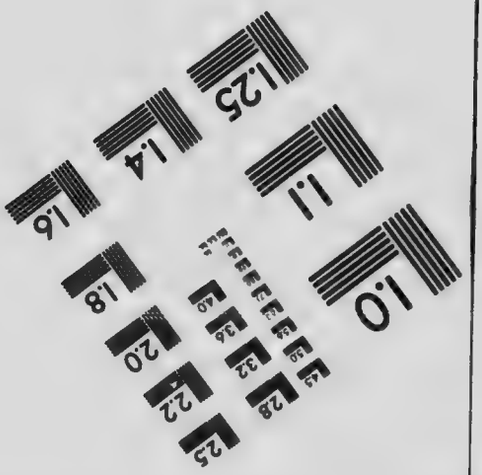

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Most of them scull their boats—even great big boats—with a single oar over the stern instead of putting it through a rowlock or crutch as we do. They have an iron pin sticking up out of the stern about three inches high, and there is a small round hole in the oar by which it fits on to this pin and can then be waggled sufficiently to screw the boat along.

In Northern Japan, where the Ainus live, they row the boat, but they pull the oars alternately, first the right, then the left, not as we do, both sides together. In this way their boat keeps zigzagging all the while as it goes, and takes a longer time to get where it wants to go.

Japanese at Home

I noticed that the Jap boys are very kind to children, they would often stop and play for a minute or two with a kiddy as they passed, or would take a baby about with them tied on their backs (which is the usual way that babies are carried in Japan).

The Japs from boyhood upwards are fond of flowers and of animals and birds. While I was there the cherry trees were all in full bloom, and the people went about the parks in crowds simply to look at them.

During their war with Russia, ladies who visited the wounded Jap soldiers in hospital said that the presents which the men liked the most were a few flowers or a spray of blossoms.

The Japanese houses are all beautifully clean and neat, but I think we should find them a bit cool in winter. They are generally built of lath-and-plaster with tiled roofs, and all the room walls and many of the outer walls are wooden frames with small panes like windows, but covered with thin paper which lets in the light. These frames are neatly fitted in grooves, and are made to slide to and fro.

There are no doors, so if you want to walk into the next room you slide part of the partition wall away.

If your room is too small, you can slide most of the wall away and so make the next room part of it. Or if you want fresh air you slide away the outer wall and so make your room into a kind of verandah. The Japanese often do this, as they love the open air, although it is as cold as in England. They do not have tables or chairs or beds, but they use the floor, which is covered with mats of woven grass.

Temples

I visited many of their beautiful temples, and some of them are perfectly magnificent, and there are any number of them. In one town alone, in Kyoto, there are over 900.

They generally have a very handsome gateway with two awful-looking statues guarding it. Inside there is a large courtyard with handsome stone or bronze lanterns, and then the main temple, a big hall surrounded by a verandah and full of rich ornaments, and an altar with golden images of their gods upon it.

The temple itself is all built of solid timber richly carved, gilded, and lacquered inside and out.

Lacquer is varnish made from the gum from pine trees, coloured and carefully laid on, one coating after another, till it forms a thick, hard, smooth surface like marble. You see at home Japanese trays and saucers made of it, sometimes black, sometimes red, and even these small articles are expensive, so you can imagine the value of some of those temples which are lacquered all over, inside and out.

The roofs of the temples are highly ornamented with overhanging eaves, and have their corners curved upwards and richly coloured and gilded.

The wonderful work put into these temples shows the

Japanese to be very good at handicrafts of every description—carpenters, embroiderers, carvers, painters, and so on. And they all seem to be at work. I never saw an idler or a loafer, nor even a beggar. Even the boys seemed to be at work, leaving it to the small kids to play about the streets.

Chivalry

Then they are a very polite people, and always smile and bow to friends or to strangers who speak to them, and do their best to help them in every way.

This bravery and politeness which they practise is called *Bushido* or chivalry, and it has been handed down, just as our chivalry has, from their knights or *Samurai*, and every Japanese boy knows the doings of their great *Samurai* better than our boys know the doings of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, or of the knights in "Ivanhoe."

And they carry their chivalry into practice, just as the Boy Scouts do every day.

But in one respect the Scouts do better; for it is a strange thing that the Japanese, like all Eastern nations, did not honour their women very much, and in their chivalry, though they are brave and self-sacrificing for their country, they did not show any special politeness or consideration to women as we do. This is being changed now.

Their bravery, of course, is known all the world over, and has made them admired by every nation.

Count Nogi, the great Japanese General

Hara-kiri, the killing of oneself from a sense of duty, is a custom amongst men of the highest rank of the Japanese.

Count Nogi considered that his highest duty was to his

Emperor, and it was to prove this that he put an end to his life when his master, the Emperor, died.

Every Boy Scout will have heard with sorrow of the death of this great Japanese General, because they probably remember the great interest which he took in boys in general, and Boy Scouts in particular.

When he was in England two years ago, he twice reviewed the Scouts and gave a short address to them which was full of sound advice.

He told them how as a boy he had forced himself to do things which at first he was afraid of, or disliked, until he became so accustomed to them that the fear, or dislike, disappeared.

This is what made him able to do the wonderful self-sacrificing things he did later on, and which were, in the end, crowned by his last act of self-sacrifice.

As a boy he practised not only facing dangers, but also trained himself to endure hunger and cold and thirst. This made his will and determination strong, and gave him what we in Britain call "grit."

When he was only seventeen, he got to know his duties as a soldier so well that he was made an instructor, just like a patrol-leader in the Scouts, and from that step he rose rapidly from one to another.

Sacrifices at Port Arthur

In the war between Japan and Russia in 1904, General Nogi commanded the Japanese forces which captured Port Arthur. Here came his first trial.

With his army he attacked this great fortress, and although it looked an almost impossible task to capture it, he and his troops went at it again and again, until, in spite of fearful loss, they succeeded in storming the place, and thereby took 41,000 Russians and 700 guns.

But to gain this triumph the General suffered heavy

personal loss ; his eldest son, Shoten, was killed in one of the earlier battles of the siege. Later the Japanese found it necessary, if they wished to take Port Arthur, to storm a very strong position called "203 metre Hill." On this depended the taking of the whole fortress. It was the key to the position.

The fight was bound to be a bitter one to the death.

A picked force of Japanese was chosen to carry out this desperate duty, and when it had been formed, General Nogi placed his only other son, Hoten, in command, and this son was killed in the attack which followed.

The General also had with him a faithful servant who had accompanied him everywhere and was a close friend. This servant was killed. The General's favourite dog, which always went with him, was also killed.

But Nogi, although he felt the most bitter grief, made no sign, he forced himself to bear his personal losses as a matter of duty, in carrying out his higher duty to his Emperor and to his country ; and right nobly he did it.

His success in war was due to his character. Though brave as a lion he was always gentle and thoughtful for other people. His men and officers obeyed him because of their affection and respect for him rather than from fear of being punished by him.

The Emperor recognised what a splendid man he was, and after the war he put him in charge of his sons, so that they might be taught to have some of his character.

Then came the death of the Emperor.

The Emperor, as you know, is, in the religion of the Japanese, their God as well as their ruler. Nogi was so devoted to his Emperor, that when this great man died the General considered there was nothing more for him to live for. So the first gun of the salute to the dead Emperor was the signal to his faithful soldier to kill himself and follow him.

At the General's side was also his devoted wife, who took the same signal to stab herself and follow her husband. In this way they each carried out their high sense of duty, proving how the power of will and sense of duty are stronger than death.

But it is not only the Japanese who have possessed this wonderful fortitude, for in the wars of Scotland we read of very much the same kind of heroism in the battle at Inverneithie, which took place between the Royalists and Cromwellians.

Here, the Chieftain Sir Hector Maclean of Duart was protected by his foster-father and seven foster-brothers. Each of these in turn dashed forward at a critical point in the battle and offered himself for the protection of Sir Hector, and each in succession was killed in doing so.

It is a grand story of heroism and can be read in Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley" in the Waverley Novels.

The Story of the Forty-seven Ronins

I visited the graves of the forty-seven Ronins at Tokio. Every Japanese boy knows the story of the forty-seven Ronins, so I will tell it to you.

A Japanese nobleman named Takumi-no-Kami was continually being insulted by another noble named Kotsuke-no-Suke.

Takumi kept his temper till one day they met in the palace of the Emperor and Kotsuke again insulted Takumi worse than ever.

This time Takumi gave way to anger, and, drawing his sword, challenged Kotsuke to fight; but Kotsuke, like most bullies, did not like this, and ran for his life, howling for help, with Takumi after him.

Other men interposed and stopped Takumi and held him in arrest, because it was against the law to make any

disturbance in the Emperor's palace, the penalty for doing so being death.

For a nobleman it was too great a disgrace to be executed, and he was therefore allowed instead to kill himself. This was always done with great ceremony and in a certain way; that is, the condemned man had to carry out a fixed programme before a meeting of other nobles, and eventually to cut his stomach open and so to kill himself in their presence. This self-execution is called *hara-kiri*.

So Takumi had to commit *hara-kiri;* but everybody was sorry for him because he was a brave fellow. He was buried in the sacred ground at Takanawa, near Tokio. But his own particular retainers, forty-seven of them, were so fond of him and so angered at his death that they swore to avenge it by killing Kotsuke.

This came to the ears of Kotsuke, and he had the men carefully watched by spies so that he would know directly they started to attack him, and he had strong guards posted all about his house to protect him.

The Cunning of Kowanosoke

The forty-seven had, by the death of their master, become Ronins, that is rovers, or adventurers, without a proper leader. However, they elected as their commander for this plot one who was specially devoted to their late master, named Oishi Kowanosoke. He was very brave and very cunning.

He knew that Kotsuke was keeping a watch on them, so he made every one of the Ronins take up some different trade or occupation and never meet together, so that it looked as if they had given up all idea of revenge, and for himself he pretended to become a drunkard and even turned his wife and children out of doors, so that he got

talked about by the neighbours as having become a drunken beast.

He acted this part so well that one day a man from Satsuma, seeing him lying drunk in the street, was so angry with him that he spat upon him to show his contempt.

The Japanese, being a brave and sober nation, rightly consider that a man who gets drunk is of no use, whether as workman or soldier, and cannot be trusted to behave as a manly fellow.

So when Kotsuke heard, not only through his spies but from other people as well, that Oishi had taken to drinking, he no longer feared him, and therefore gradually discharged his guards. But he kept his castle strongly barred and locked up at night with a guard of armed men at the gate, and three special fighters as his personal bodyguard sleeping in the room next to his bedroom.

At last, when all suspicion was lulled, Oishi secretly called the Ronins together one night in mid-winter.

The forty-seven met at a supper at which they took a solemn oath to avenge their lord that night or to die in the attempt, and that after it was over they would be prepared to commit *hara-kiri*.

Their plan was to break into the house in two parties, one at the front gate, the other at the back.

A few men armed with bows and arrows were to be posted to shoot any of the guards who tried to run to get help. The Ronins were not to kill anyone unnecessarily, and all women and children and old people were to be kindly treated. Whoever found Kotsuke was to sound a whistle as a signal for all to come together and capture him. You see, like Scouts, they made all their plans carefully beforehand.

Then silently in the snow they made their way to Kotsuke's house.

A Desperate Fight

They found the sentry muffled up against the cold and overpowered him, as also all the men of the guard, who were asleep in the guardroom. These they gagged and bound.

Then, as they went on, they found doors locked and barred which had to be broken down, and in this way the remainder of the garrison were awakened and the alarm given.

A desperate stand was made by the defenders, who fought gallantly in doorways and passages to defend their master, and many of the Ronins were badly wounded before they made their way from one room to another.

But the crashing of doors from the rear showed that the second party of Ronins were in the place, and very soon the defenders were driven back and overcome.

When they reached Kotsuke's private rooms they met with the most severe struggle of all, for his bodyguard of the three men fought with desperate bravery, and for a time not only held the attackers, but actually drove them backward for a spell.

But at that moment Oishi came up, and at his rallying words the Ronins made a final rush and overcame their brave opponents.

Then came the search for Kotsuke. He was not in his room and they began to fear he had escaped. But at last after search among the women's rooms he was found hiding in a closet.

The Death of Kotsuke

The whistle was sounded and the Ronins ran together and surrounded him. They all had first to agree that it really was the man they were after.

Then Oishi explained to him the reason for their attack on him, and in the polite way of the Japanese begged his

JAPANESE BOY SCOUTS

To face page 96

forgiveness for their rudeness in disturbing him, but they only came in this way because of their love for their late master, and because they could not live and see the man who had caused his death living happily as if nothing had occurred. They therefore had come to invite him to commit *hara-kiri*, and they were there to see him do it, not at any future time, but now.

But Kotsuke, the bully, had not been man enough to defend himself. So when he whimpered that he could not do it, they took it into their own hands and with a sword sliced his head off.

Then, taking the head with them in a bucket, they marched off in the early dawn to go to the Sengkuji Temple near Yeddo where their lord was buried.

Tired, cold, hungry, and many of them sorely wounded, they plodded along, eager to complete their work of placing the head of his enemy on Takumi's tomb.

When passing one great man's place the owner met them at his gate, and, praising them for their loyalty to their dead chief, he begged them to rest in his house and take food there. They gladly came in to take a little to eat, but they could not wait to clean themselves up or to rest themselves; they wanted to push on and get their duty done.

At length the great gate of the temple inclosure was reached. Inside the inclosure on the side of the hill on which the grave of Takumi stands there is a spring of water in a little garden. Here they washed the head. Then they took it to the priest in charge of the temple and reverently asked to be allowed to place it on Takumi's tomb; and this was done with a solemn service.

The End of the Ronins

Among the papers preserved at the temple is still to

be seen that which the priest wrote acknowledging the receipt of Kotsuke's head.

After it was all over, the forty-seven went down from the hill-side satisfied that they had done their duty and could now die happy.

They went straightway and gave themselves up to the authorities, and asked that they might be allowed to kill themselves instead of being executed—and this was granted.

So the whole forty-seven, from the oldest of seventy-seven down to the youngest of sixteen, all committed *hara-kiri*.

The admiration of their deed was so great that they were honoured as heroes, and they were all buried round their lord whom they had so faithfully served.

But instead of forty-seven graves there are forty-eight, for the man from Satsuma who had spit upon Oishi when he was pretending to be drunk was so ashamed of himself when he heard what was the truth, that he came to the grave of Oishi and apologised to his spirit, and then committed *hara-kiri*.

For this he was given a grave in the same inclosure with the forty-seven Ronins.

I went to visit their graves while I was in Tokio. There was the little spring in the garden beside the footpath where they had washed Kotsuke's head, and higher up on the hill-side was the cemetery of forty-eight granite gravestones ranged in a square round the central one of their master.

Oishi's tomb is specially honoured by having a shed over it.

Each tomb consists of a narrow upright headstone with the name of the dead man upon it. In front of each there is a small block of stone on which admirers burn sticks of incense, and alongside it is a little vase of bamboo in which they can put flowers.

When I was there crowds of Japanese were placing burning incense on each of the graves, and all the vases had flowers in them. This shows that the deeds of the forty-seven are still known to their fellow-countrymen and that their loyalty and bravery are still admired.

In a building belonging to the temple there are kept the portraits of the Ronins in the shape of small statues showing them in their favourite dress—some in armour and all in different attitudes, and fine, strong, brave-looking fellows they were.

Japanese Pluck

I do not tell this story in order to make out that Oishi and his Ronins were right to go and kill their master's enemy, but we cannot judge them by what we should do nowadays, because they were then uncivilised and it all took place a long time ago.

But it is interesting to see that even in those days people thought a lot of men who were manly and loyal to their leader, and who were not afraid to sacrifice themselves, even by the most painful of deaths, in order to do their duty, and the Japanese of to-day look upon them as heroes and admire them for it.

In fact, since I wrote the above for you I read in a Japanese newspaper that a Jap schoolboy recently told his schoolfellows that he was not afraid to commit *hara-kiri*, and proceeded to do it out in the middle of the playground ; he had already dug the knife into his stomach when a teacher rushed forward and saved him just in time.

But it shows you how if you only make up your mind to stand the pain, and even death, it is easy to be brave in doing your duty.

In the war between Russia and Japan it happened on several occasions that Japanese officers and soldiers,

when overcome by bigger numbers of Russians, refused to surrender, and killed themselves rather than be defeated.

They did not kill themselves by the easy method of shooting themselves, but by the painful way of disembowelling themselves with their swords. They did this because it was the more honourable way in which the *Samurai* or Knights of Japan did it.

You will probably remember the case of bravery on the part of Japanese which I gave in "Scouting for Boys." It was this :

In the late war between Japan and Russia some Japanese pioneers had been ordered to blow up the gate of a Russian fort so that the attackers could get in. Most of them were shot down in trying to get to the gate, but a few managed to reach it with their charges of powder.

These had to be "tamped" or jammed against the doors so as to give full force to their explosion.

The men carrying the sandbags with which to do the tamping had been shot. There was no way of getting the required pressure on to the charge, but the gates must be blown down without delay.

So the brave pioneers put the charge against the door and then pressing it there with their chests, lit the match and blew the gates and themselves to pieces. But their plucky self-sacrifice enabled their comrades to get in to win the place for their Emperor.

CHAPTER V

CHINA

Hong Kong

EARLY one fine morning we came steaming to Hong Kong.

Hong Kong, as you probably know, is a British possession. It is an island just off the coast of China.

The island is about the size of the Isle of Wight, but is very mountainous, and the one town upon it, Victoria, is built at the foot of the Peak, partly on land reclaimed from the sea, and partly on the slopes and top of the mountain itself.

The straits dividing it from the mainland are so narrow that you could easily shoot across them with a rifle, so we have taken possession of a bit of the mainland just opposite, called Kowloong, a large part of which is now also a thriving city belonging to the British.

The entrance to Hong Kong is through a narrow strait between green mountains, and of course strongly defended with forts and guns.

The harbour is very pretty, surrounded as it is with mountains, and it is very lively and busy, because it is the great port of this part of the world, a sort of Clapham Junction where the different steamship lines branch off to their several destinations as they come from Europe or America to go to Japan, China, Australia, India, and New Zealand, or South America.

The port is, therefore, full of great steamships of all nations, and between them there is a continual running

to and fro of tugs and steam launches and picturesque Chinese junks, and sampans (boats), while quietly guarding them lie four or five grim, grey men-of-war with the white ensign of Great Britain floating in the breeze.

On shore is a city of fine buildings with deep arcades round them to give coolness in the blazing summer-time.

The busy streets are full of Chinamen who have left their country to become British subjects here, and of British soldiers and sailors, merchants and civilians, at work in their different ways.

The loyalty of Hong Kong is shown in the statues in the public square of our King and Queen, of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, of Queen Victoria (after whom the city is named), and of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

Then, the public gardens, as well as those of the private houses, are beautiful with flowers and trees, which grow so well in this mild and dampish climate.

A mountain railway runs you in a few minutes to the top of the Peak, and here, in the fresh, cool air, you have a magnificent view over the surrounding islands and mainland, and of our wonderful stronghold of the East—Hong Kong.

The Boys' Brigade here are trained and dressed as Scouts, and I was very glad to inspect them at a review which His Excellency the Governor allowed them to hold in the beautiful grounds of Government House. They gave a display of drill and an excellent show of gymnastic work on the parallel bars and vaulting horse.

One little point, too, which I noticed, and which told me a good deal, was that their uniform was particularly clean, their haversacks pipeclayed, and their buckles polished up, so that on parade they looked as smart as paint.

A Dragon Boat Race

One day we went for a trip in a steam yacht to see the neighbouring island to Hong Kong.

This is also part of that possession of ours, although as yet there is only one Briton living on it—the Superintendent of Police—the inhabitants being all Chinese.

We visited a delightful little fishing village with a beautiful natural harbour in a nice sandy bay surrounded by mountains. Here they were having an annual holiday festival, to which thousands of junks and sampans from the neighbouring islands and coast had brought crowds to be present.

The programme included a theatrical performance in a huge thatched theatre built for the occasion, big dinners off roast pig, and a Dragon Boat race.

A Dragon Boat is a very long, narrow boat, almost like a racing eight-oar in England, only much larger, because it has to carry thirty pairs of paddlers instead of eight oarsmen.

The bow of the boat is decorated with a golden dragon's head, and the stern shows his highly-coloured prickly tail.

Near the centre of the boat are a big drum and two men—one of whom is the captain of the boat—who beat on it the time for the paddlers, while another man with a gong helps them.

The junks in the bay were anchored in a dense mass, but a lane had been left between them about half a mile long. This was the race-course.

Our steamer was the starting-place and winning-post. The boats lined up close alongside, their crews all stripped to the waist. At the blast of our steam whistle, away they went, drums booming and paddles swinging in exact time.

The boats literally rushed through the water at a

tremendous pace, amid the cheers and yells of the spectators crowded on the junks. On and on they went, straight for the shore, where a huge blue-clad crowd awaited them, yelling and dancing with excitement.

Both boats ran up on the beach, then at a word every man jumped round in his seat and started to paddle the boat backward up the same course again.

As they came nearer and nearer it was evident that one boat was a little bit behind the other. Then apparently it began to steer badly and inclined across the course in such a way that it looked like running into the other boat, which was gradually forging ahead of it. But this did not cause the men to ease paddling—they went at it with all the greater fury.

Then it became clear that they meant to run down the winning boat.

The drums of both quickened the stroke, both crews were straining their strength to the utmost, the onlookers were yelling with excitement.

Nearer and nearer they got to each other, their paddles got together, and the losing boat's stern (she was going stern foremost, you remember) crashed into the side of her adversary, but without doing anything worse than breaking off her own dragon's tail.

Neither boat slackened its efforts; on and on they struggled, side by side, till after a very exciting race they crossed the line, one boat half a length ahead of the other.

So game had been the struggle that after handing the prize to the winning boat we called up the second to receive a consolation prize.

We found that the collision had been done on purpose; it was the usual thing for the losing boat to try to stop the leading boat's paddles for a few seconds, and then in the confusion to try to push forward and thus regain a few yards. But in this case it did not pay.

The captain of the losing boat then said that he had lost distance when the boats were at the beach ; he complained that a lot of children had got in the way and impeded him.

The truth was, as we afterwards heard, that the boat had rushed into a lot of children and had killed one ; but this was considered such a trifling circumstance that it was scarcely mentioned.

Otherwise it was a splendid race.

This race is a curious means by which the Chinese honour the memory of one of their statesmen who in the old days committed suicide rather than betray his country. It was supposed that he had drowned himself, and boats had put out hastily to try to save him. These Dragon Boats pretend that they are racing to his rescue.

Canton's Floating City

Just after sunrise our great river steamer steamed into the wharf at Canton City. Apart from a few big buildings on the river front, the city is a mass of low, brown-roofed houses, so like the thousands of brown, roofed-in boats along the bank that it is difficult to see where the houses end and the boats begin.

And these boats, although small, are the floating homes of no fewer than 300,000 men, women, and children.

They are punted and sculled by the women and children, the women carrying their babies on their backs all the time. I believe this accounts for the flat faces of the Chinese, because when mother is rowing, if she " catches a crab " or misses the water and falls backward, she is liable to squash the baby on her back.

If you peep into one of these boats you find the cabin beautifully clean and brightly ornamented, however dingy the boat may seem outside.

The small children are tied up like monkeys on a long

string fastened to the roof of the cabin. This enables them to run about, while it prevents them from falling overboard.

I was told that some of them, instead of being tied up, have two empty bottles strapped on to them to act as a lifebuoy if they fall into the river.

The families do all their cooking on board their boats, buying their firewood and fish and vegetables from traders' boats which ply on the river selling their goods.

It is said that a large number of the boat people have never set foot on land, and are very proud of the fact.

When lighting up in the morning a good many of the boats fired rockets. This they do to scare away the devil, especially if one of the family is ill.

Smugglers

An amusing sight to see was the smuggling that was going on on board our ship.

Salt is very heavily taxed here, and the Customs officers were very strict in examining any packages landed by passengers which were heavy and might contain salt.

As the ship was closely surrounded by hundreds of boats, some Customs officers watched also the river side of the vessel. But it was not easy for them to see far among the mass of boats with high cabin heads, and thus they failed to see one very small dug-out which crept in right under the stern of the ship and received bags of salt which were lowered over the side by Chinamen on board the steamer whenever they saw no one was looking.

Sometimes, I believe, they send the salt out of the ship through the ash-shoots.

Among the larger boats are big houseboats which take lodgers, and on week-ends and holidays they often run

up or down the river to get a little change of air and scenery without your having to pack up and leave your home.

Pirates

Then some of these big passenger junks are sent along by a big paddle-wheel at the stern which is worked by about twenty men walking a kind of treadmill.

One which I saw was also armed ; it had cannons all over it. I counted fourteen, but I doubt whether they were all real ones, for they were pretty big, and if they were real and had a supply of real ammunition the junk would be far too heavy to run along with its crazy old paddle-wheel.

But apparently they serve to put fear into the pirates who still haunt some of the many branches of the Canton River, and who are ready to rob any vessels which appear unable to defend themselves.

The Revolution

The steamer on which I came up from Hong Kong to Canton (a distance of ninety miles up the Canton River) had three or four bullet holes in her bulwarks. These were made, not by pirates, but in the fighting in Canton between the Imperial troops and the Revolutionaries.

A number of leading men of the country who had been educated in Europe saw that this great country of China, one of the largest in the world, is behind all the rest in civilisation and prosperity because of the bad management of the Government. So they planned to get rid of it and to surround the boy-Emperor with a better set of advisers.

The Government refused to comply with their suggestion and turned out the troops to fight them. But the people rose and raised more modern troops against the Government and gained the victory.

The old Government was turned out and the new one is trying to set things straight again.

A Wonderful City

The wonderful part of Canton is the city itself. It is inclosed within a great, high wall about seven miles long, and inside it are crowded together over a million and a half of people.

It is the most curious city I was ever in. The streets are all narrow alleys, only eight feet wide. The roofs of the houses almost meet overhead, so that it is easy for people walking on the roofs—which they are fond of doing—to step across the street from one roof to another. The alleys are all paved, and the shops all open into them and are gorgeously decorated with gilt carving inside.

The private houses have front doors, or rather gates made of bars, through which you can see into them, but at first sight I thought we had arrived at the prison.

The narrow streets are crammed with crowds of Chinamen mostly dressed in blue shirts. The women all wear long tunics and wide trousers, with their hair carefully oiled and flattened down and worn in either a knot or hanging in a long plait down the back.

Many of the women have tiny feet, so small that they can scarcely walk ; they hobble stiffly along as if walking on stilts. This is the result of a silly fashion which has gone on for hundreds of years by which girls' feet, while they are yet children, are tightly bound up and crushed and not allowed to grow any bigger. It is supposed to look nice, but I could not see any beauty in it myself.

You might wonder how they manage about carts and taxi-cabs in this wonderful city. Well, they do without them.

If a load has to be carried, it is slung on a pole and

carried on men's shoulders. If you want to drive through the city, you sit in what is called a "chair" and are carried by four men. There is just room for it in the street and for people to pass it singly.

There are, of course, many interesting things to see. In the shops they make and sell beautiful embroideries, delicately carved ivory and sandalwood, jewellery and metal ware. At one place I saw them enamelling silver and gold ornaments with tiny bits of feathers out of jays' and kingfishers' wings.

There are numbers of temples, many of them a thousand years old, and wonderfully de ted with carving. In one of these they have set up one of their saints a small statue of Marco Polo, the great explorer who visited China in the twelfth century. So you see they admire a good scout.

But a great many of the temples have been much knocked about during recent times by the Chinese themselves, and many of their images have been destroyed on account of the revolution—many of them thinking that if they have a new kind of Government it means that they must also have new gods.

But this apparently was only the idea of a few young hooligans, and is not approved of by the larger number of the people; and so in some of the temples the ancient images which were destroyed are now being replaced by terribly brilliant new ones.

Tuck Shops

The cookshops and eating-houses are interesting to see, though "niffy" to smell.

The way you eat your dinner there is to squat on the ground with a little bowl in your left hand and a pair of chopsticks—things like wooden knitting needles—in your right.

With your chopsticks you ladle some rice out of the public dish into your bowl, and then pick out bits of the stew and transfer them between the chopsticks into your mouth. It takes a bit of doing till you have got the knack of it, and every now and then you ladle some of the rice into your mouth.

From watching the Chinese do it I believe it is not only clever handling of the chopsticks that gets the rice there, but also a certain amount of shoving out your lower jaw at the right moment—like an old carp feeding.

The things they eat, too! I don't believe that even a Boy Scout in camp has eaten such wonderful and fearful things.

Years ago I had for dinner a big kind of lizard called an iguana, with his head and tail cut off; he was boiled whole in a big pot, and when he was dished up lying on his back with his little arms and legs sticking up he looked exactly like a baby, and when we ate him he tasted just like one, too!

You know what a baby would taste like, don't you? Very soft chicken flavoured with violet powder—that's what my iguana tasted like.

Well, in a butcher's shop in Canton I saw just such another little carcase lying on its back, and I thought at once: "Is that a very small baby or a big lizard?" Then I noticed that it had a tail, a longish, very thin tail. So I recognised it. It was a dog!

The Chinese think a dog, and especially a puppy, a very particularly nice dish.

Then they have a way of making excellent soup out of the lining of certain kinds of birds' nests boiled down.

I saw in one shop a most gruesome-looking snail, a great brown and white fellow as big as your two fists put together and with a sort of trunk like an elephant's—I don't say as big as an elephant's, but the same sort of

shape on a smaller scale. He was a horrid-looking, slithering sort of beast—but they said he was very good to eat. I didn't try him.

Rats and guinea pigs are also great delicacies—so they say.

Silkworms

Canton produces a lot of silk, and the Chinese can probably give some useful hints to boys who keep silkworms. Their mulberry "trees" are only small twigs and low bushes. They get seven crops of silk in the year.

The silkworm is hatched out of a tiny grey egg by pouring warm water over it. A tiny black worm like a little bit of thread comes out. This they feed on chopped pieces of mulberry leaves. The worm takes twenty-eight days to grow up, during which it takes four long sleeps varying from twenty-four to forty-eight hours—lazy little beggar!—and it casts its skin each time, because it grows too big for it. When fully grown it is about two inches long, an eighth of an inch thick, and whitish yellow in colour.

The worm spins out silk from its mouth to make the cocoon and then turns into a chrysalis inside.

When it is required to make silk, the cocoon is heated over a brazier of charcoal to kill the chrysalis, the cocoon is then boiled to take off the sticky, gummy part of it, and the silk thread is then wound off from it.

Water Clock

A very curious old contrivance is to be seen in Canton in the shape of a clock which regulates its time by water. It was started long before Christ was on earth and has been going ever since. It is very simple and any Scout could make one for himself.

It consists merely of a series of three tubs put on steps, one higher than another, and the water from the upper

one is allowed to flow into the next below at a certain rate and from that into the lowest.

The lowest tub has a lid on it with a slit cut in it, and through this slit stands a brass slide on which the hours are marked. The lower end of this is fixed in a board which floats on the top of the water, and as the water in the urn rises so the slide comes up through the slit and shows each hour in succession.

The man in charge hangs up a board showing the hour outside the tower in which the clock stands, for the information of the public. It is an old-fashioned way of doing it, but it shows the time all the same and doesn't cost much.

The Chinese Proficiency Test

One of the sights of Canton used to be the Examination Buildings. Here every year students came to pass their examination. They were given a certain subject on which to write a poem-essay. They were then shut up in a cell for three days. The one who succeeded best was given by way of a badge of proficiency a great big pole like the mast of a ship to stick up outside his home.

But the extraordinary part of the thing was the number of fellows who went up for the examination. The Examination Buildings included no fewer than 11,000 separate cells for competitors.

The revolution has done away with this; students will in future be expected to pass their examination in more useful subjects.

The City of the Dead

The City of the Dead is a curious place just outside the walls of Canton. It is like a miniature village with small streets of cells, all neatly and cleanly kept, and brightened with flowering plants.

Each cell or room is open to visitors and has a few

seats and a table or altar, and behind this table a second chamber or recess in which stands a coffin.

When a Chinaman dies a very important question arises as to when and where he should be buried. Professional fortune-tellers and priests have to be consulted, and they study the stars in order to find out what would be a good day and which would be the best place.

As all this takes a long time, the body is brought to this City of the Dead to await their decision, the relatives meantime paying rent for the cell.

If the dead man was very rich it often takes years before the priests can find a lucky day for burying him.

One coffin which we saw had been there for over sixty years, so we guessed that the occupant or his relatives must have been very rich indeed!

The coffin is usually a very solid affair, made of massive slabs of wood and polished by hand-rubbing or lacquer.

At a certain time of the year it is the custom for the people all to go and visit the graves of their relatives, and this was going on while we were at Canton.

It was very interesting to see thousands of people going off in excursion junks with flags flying, just as if they were going for a holiday outing. They were on their way to distant cemeteries up the river to offer a few flowers and to burn a few sticks of incense on the graves of their ancestors.

It was pleasing to see that these people do not forget their dead.

Executions

I had often heard of the executions which were so common in Canton, and horrible photographs of them can be bought anywhere. So I asked my guide, a Chinaman who spoke English fairly well, whether executions still went on. He said:

"Oh no, since the revolution all executions have been stopped."

So I asked if he could show me the prison, as I had heard many stories of the enormous prison of Canton and of the awful lives led by the prisoners, and I thought I should like to see for myself how they were now treated under the new form of government.

But my guide, who was evidently a strong supporter of the revolution, said :

"No more prisons now. The new Government he make the prison all same house for soldiers to live in."

"But," I said, "if you have no prisons and no executions, what do you do with criminals? What do you do, for instance, if a man steals something?"

"Oh! shoot him," was the reply.

Then I said :

"What do you do with women? You surely don't execute them?"

"No," he said, "not women; we cut them up in one hundred and eight pieces."

I don't quite know what was the difference that he made between being executed and being shot or cut up. But I soon had proof that he was not altogether untruthful, because we went and saw the execution ground, a very ordinary little back alley where a potter did his work close to the wireless telegraphy station of the Admiralty, an odd contrast of the most up-to-date invention with the most ancient methods of brute power.

The executioner came to see us and called to his little granddaughter to bring his sword. He willingly showed us how he cut off criminals' heads, but when we asked him how many he had executed he was puzzled to say, offhand; it apparently amounted on an average to four or five a week.

Shortly afterwards when I was in the street a party

of half a dozen soldiers came hurrying by with a prisoner walking along among them and a small crowd following.

When I asked what this meant I was told that the man had been convicted of stealing and that the soldiers were going to "shoot him till him dead."

But there was very little excitement over it, not a bit more than you would see in a London street when a pickpocket is "run in" by the police. Human life is very cheap in China.

Prepared for War

But amid all this mass of wild-looking old-world people there was also a certain amount of civilisation. Two or three great river steamers like ours were lying at the wharves.

Above the ramshackle brown-roofed houses there stood the masts of the wireless telegraph over the Chinese Admiralty office.

Tugs were puffing about everywhere among the crowds of boats. A lifeboat was stationed out in midstream with a crew of trained swimmers on board whose duty it is to jump over the moment that a sampan or boat capsizes—as very often happens—and rescue the inhabitants.

A little farther upstream was stationed a smart-looking British gunboat, anchored off the green wooded island of Shameen. This island is the part of Canton in which the Europeans live, and it was just now in a state of defence because of the unsettled state of the Chinese.

When we crossed the bridge leading from the city to Shameen we found a Chinese sentry on one side and a British sentry on the other. There was a bit of a contrast between them.

The Chinese soldier was in a khaki uniform tunic with a kind of canvas waistcoat over it with a dozen pockets all full of ammunition, for head covering he wore an

ordinary straw hat, and though he carried his rifle in one hand he had a fan in the other. He wore knickerbockers, white canvas shoes, and green socks held up with elastic suspenders. He was a very thin little man and looked awfully tired of soldiering.

The sentry on our side of the bridge was a fine, tall, bearded man of the Indian Army, a hill-man from Baluchistan, who looked as if he could eat the Chinaman in two gulps.

There were several forts among the houses and gardens of the Europeans, made of sandbags and fenced round with barbed-wire "entanglements." These were all ready to be manned by the Baluchis, seamen, and armed civilians at any moment.

Ladies and children were there, too, and among them three fine little British boys, who gave me the Scout's salute, although not yet old enough to be Scouts.

It was pleasing to see this little colony of a few hundred whites quite prepared to hold their own against as many hundreds of thousands of Chinese if necessary. It had been quite easy for them to get away by steamer to Hong Kong if they liked to be really safe, but they did not mean to show any white feather nor to leave their homes to be robbed and wrecked, and so they were sticking it out.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

The Philippines

THREE days' steaming from Hong Kong brought us to Manila, the seaport and capital of the Philippine Islands.

These islands are as big as England, Scotland, and Wales put together. They originally belonged to Spain.

They were first discovered in 1521, by that fine old sea scout Magellan, whose story I told you in my description of South America.

He was the first explorer to sail round the world.

With five little ships he set out from Spain and sailed across the Atlantic, and all down the east coast of South America, till he got to the southern end of it, and then he made his way through the very narrow and dangerous straits, still known as Magellan Straits, on to the Pacific Ocean.

Then he boldly set out to sail across this huge unknown ocean, with only a limited supply of provisions and water, and in little sailing vessels which could only make a few miles a day unless there was a strong, favourable wind.

But he and his men, by carrying out the Scouts' motto of "Stick to it" through thick and thin, succeeded at last in reaching the islands which form the western boundary of the Pacific, and landed safely in the Philippines.

Here they made friends with the native inhabitants.

But, unfortunately, the islands were at war among themselves, and when Magellan landed on one of them, called Mactan, the inhabitants, who were hostile to those with whom he had been friendly, rushed down and killed him while he was getting his men back to their boats.

His ship eventually got back home, sailing round Africa to do it, but it was the only one out of his fleet of five that did so, and only eighteen men out of his 250 gallant comrades lived to get back to Spain.

British Scouts of Industry

There seem to be few parts of the world where the Spaniards did not come in the old times, and still fewer where the British have not also been.

Here in the Philippines we find this. The Spaniards occupied the islands for two hundred years, then in 1762 they had war with Great Britain and the British came and attacked them here as elsewhere. The British came over from India, bringing a number of Indian troops with them.

Manila, the capital, was a strongly fortified city and is still to-day inclosed by great grey ramparts and gateways.

The British troops nevertheless attacked, and after breaking the south wall captured the place. Afterwards, in making peace with the Spaniards, they agreed to hand it back to them if they paid the expenses of the expedition. This the Spaniards agreed to do, but from that day to this they never paid up, although they got their colony back.

Thirteen years ago the Spaniards came to war with the Americans, and the American fleet under Admiral Dewey attacked and captured the Philippines by destroying the Spanish fleet which was protecting the

colony at Cavite in Manila Bay. So now it is an American colony.

Under their energetic rule the whole country, which was once known as a sleepy, slow sort of place, is now quickly growing into a rich and busy land. I was glad to see that Britain is taking a big share in making it prosperous.

Most of the ships in the great harbour were flying the red ensign, and there are over three hundred British merchants and others living in Manila.

The natives, Filipinos, as they are called, of whom there are eight millions, are a dark but civilised race, nice, but inclined to be rather lazy, so they don't make as much out of their country as the more energetic white men do.

Filipino ladies wear English dresses with very wide sleeves.

The country people live in curious houses made of bamboo, with thatched walls and roofs, raised three to four feet off the ground. They dress in European style, but the women wear very large puffed-out sleeves of thin gauze.

One of the principal things that they grow here is hemp, from which Manila rope is made. It is really the fibre of a sort of banana tree which will not grow anywhere but in the Philippine Islands. They also grow a lot of sugar and tobacco and cocoanuts.

Cocoanuts are valuable, not so much for their milk on a hot day or for throwing balls at at a fair, as for their use when pounded up and made into oil and grease. In the trade for this purpose they are called "copra."

The British merchants deal in these things and also

bring into the country the machinery and tools, clothing, and stores needed by the inhabitants.

It is by men of business being something of Scouts that they increase their commerce and prosperity. They go to the far-away corners of the earth with their eyes open; they face difficulties and often dangers; they endure bad climates and early disappointments: but by pluckily sticking to it and by looking out for all chances of trade and seizing them; by being energetic instead of lazy, they get on and make their business a success.

Bridge Makers

Bejuco is another thing that is produced in the Philippine Islands.

Do you know what bejuco is? No. Well, nor did I till I went there. It is a plant, a kind of cane that grows on a creeper or vine. Sometimes it has been known to grow to a length of 600 and 700 feet. It is used by the natives for rope, and can be split up and made into fine strong cord.

It is much used for their kind of house building, that is, for tying together the bamboo of which the framework is made.

The Filipinos are wonderfully clever at building bamboo and cane bridges over rivers, very much like what I have seen some Scout troops make. Probably a Philippine Scout could tell you all about them.

Bamboo Music

The Filipinos are very fond of music, and almost every boy would get our Musician's Badge.

There are bands everywhere; even in the big gaol there is a convict band which plays from four to five o'clock daily.

Many of their instruments look odd because they are

made of bamboo instead of brass, but they give out a very good tone.

In one of their churches there is an organ, over a hundred years old, whose pipes are all made of bamboo.

Boy Scouts of the Philippines

But there are also some still more important products in Manila and other neighbouring towns. I think I need scarcely tell you these are Boy Scouts.

A Filipino musician with his bamboo trumpet.

I went there at a bad time of the year, just when owing to the heat a great many of the white population are living at a town, Baguio, away up in the mountains. Still there was a Guard of Honour to receive me at Manila, and I had an interesting chat with some of them.

At a recent fire in Manila, which devastated acres of ground and rendered 3000 people homeless, two patrols of the Manila Scouts reached the fire almost with the firemen, reported to the proper authorities, and worked for hours under very trying conditions, helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performed cheerfully and efficiently all the tasks given to them by the firemen and Scoutmaster.

They were complimented in the public Press, and this kind editorial was written about their work :

" During the recent carnival the services of the boys were requested by the carnival officials, and for a period of ten days they were on duty performing all manner of

services in the carnival ground, directing strangers to hotels, and acting as guides and helpers in a hundred ways."

On the Coral Islands

One day we called at Angaur, a small island of the Pelew group. This with the Carolines and part of New Guinea belongs to Germany. But the Germans only received them from the British about twenty years ago; they had formerly been discovered and charted by British explorers.

I have recently read the story of British adventure in the Pelew Islands in 1783 when a ship named the *Antelope* was wrecked there.

The crew, with the exception of one man, got safely ashore. There was a law in those days that directly a shipwrecked crew got ashore they were all free and equal, the officers were no longer officers. So on this occasion, directly the men got on to dry land, they had a meeting and carried three resolutions; one was to elect their late captain to be their captain once more; the next was that they would start to build a ship in order to escape from the island; and the third was that, to prevent any trouble or crime, all the barrels of rum on board should be broken up and not a drop of it should be drunk.

They thus showed themselves to be a sensible lot of men, and they loyally carried out their plans.

After several months of preparation, they successfully launched their boat and sailed away in her to China.

They brought the King's eldest son with them to England, but he unfortunately died while here, and a monument was erected to his memory in Rotherhithe churchyard—which possibly some sharp-eyed Rotherhithe Scouts may yet discover.

The next day we landed mails at another island, called Jap. This is a telegraph cable centre.

As we approached these places from the seaward, we came across a line of breakers perhaps a mile or more away from the shore. This was where the coral reef stood as a breakwater against the surf.

Directly inside the seething, tumbling foam lay a great calm sheet of brilliant light green water. This was the lagoon of shallow water on coral or sand bottom.

On shore the island was densely wooded with palm and rubber trees of every kind crowded together. The European bungalows stood neat and trim in gardens of hibiscus and other brightly flowering plants, with orchards of pawpaw and bananas, while the natives lived in thatched houses or huts among their melons and sweet potatoes. They seemed a very nice and happy lot of people, as, indeed, they ought to be, living in a beautiful land where it is always summer-time.

They don't need any clothes, so they don't wear any. The men just wear a loin-cloth and a tremendous head of fuzzy hair, generally with an ornamental comb and a flower or two stuck in it. Their brown bodies are often tattooed all over with wonderful patterns.

The women wear a petticoat or kilt made of long grass or fibre, dyed yellow and red.

They are fairly lazy people, but then they have an excuse, because they would not gain much more than they have got by being energetic—fruit and vegetables grow in abundance without requiring much cultivation.

Fish are difficult to catch, it is true; that is because the water is so marvellously clear that they can see nets and lines a long way off; but the men enjoy fishing since it means wading about for hours in the warm water of the lagoon.

They are a nice, cheery, friendly sort of people, and so scoutlike as to have a special house on each island at which they put up any strangers who visit them in their

canoes from other islands. These houses are handsomely decorated inside with painted carvings.

The white people living on these islands are generally magistrates and traders. At Angaur there were about thirty German engineers and workmen working a quarry for phosphates—which are used for manuring fields in Europe.

When I remarked to them what a big work they were doing, they pleased me by saying it was not half so big as some other quarries of the same kind on other islands which were being worked by British engineers and workmen.

These people only get a visit from a mail steamer once in two months, but they seem very happy all the same.

It is said that, when the Americans had captured the Philippine Islands from the Spaniards, one of their men-of-war went round to visit some of their outlying islands. She anchored at one of these, and promptly a boat rowed out to her flying the Spanish flag and bringing a smartly uniformed Spanish officer.

He came on board to welcome the Americans in the name of Spain to his island, but they had to tell him what he had not heard before, that there had been a war between the two countries and that his island was now American, and he himself a prisoner of war. A nasty jar for him!

The Pacific Islanders are pretty good scouts in one way, and that is, they are resourceful—when they haven't got the right thing they make something else do instead.

For instance, they have no iron on their islands, so they make their spears and arrows out of tough hard wood very carefully sharpened. I saw some spears with stone spearheads which were very sharp.

Captain Cook in his log says that in his time also

they used very clever tools for hewing, trimming, and polishing wood, for building houses or canoes. Their axes and adzes were made of sharpened stone, while their chisels were made of bone—generally the arm bone of a man. For rasp or file they used a bit of coral.

Their rigging is made of rattan cane, and their finer cord of split cane. Their fishing lines are as good as European ones, and are made of the fibre of a kind of nettle.

The men have very ornamental wooden combs for combing their hair, and these they stick in their hair as ornaments when not using them. But they also have another use for them. We saw them at dinner one day and they were using their combs as forks!

They mix up their food—fish, yam, and cocoanut milk—in a cocoanut shell, which serves as a bowl to eat out of. They don't sit round in a friendly circle, but each sits by himself, often with his back to his neighbour, and silently eats his food.

When the men have finished they hand their bowls over to the boys who sit round about waiting for them, and then they tuck in at what is left of the food.

They all wash their mouths out and clean their teeth with water after every meal. Also they wash themselves three times a day—on getting up, at midday before dinner, and in the evening before going to bed. I wish our people were half as cleanly.

A New Guinea Pirates' Lair

One morning we awoke to find ourselves steaming along the coast of New Guinea.

From the water's edge to the range of hills above it all was dense green forest; ridge overtopped ridge beyond until the hills began to run into small mountains, but all were still covered with the everlasting forest.

There was never a sign of life or human habitation. At first we saw numbers of small clouds of smoke arising from among the trees, and we thought these must be from village fires, but we presently learnt that they were merely the wisps of morning mist which on the West Coast of Africa are called "The Smokers," and generally mean fever hanging about.

At last among the trees on the shore we saw a little white lighthouse, and our ship turned her nose straight for it. It looked as though she meant to run on to the coral beach, but as she got nearer the trees seemed to open a way for her, and a little creek ran in behind them.

As we turned into this creek, further branch creeks opened up, and we soon found ourselves in a beautiful harbour formed by a number of thickly wooded islands. It was completely hidden from the sea. Such a lair for pirates, just like those we had seen in the Spanish Main.

But there were no pirates here now. On the islands round the harbour were charming bungalows with deep, shady verandahs and beautiful green gardens under waving cocoanut trees. The place not being very big had a name long enough to make up for its want of size —it was called "Friedrich-Wilhelmshaven." It is a German colony. New Guinea is a very big island; part of it belongs to Germany, part to Holland, and the southern portion to Great Britain, and "Fred Bills haven," as we christened it for short, is the chief port for the German section.

The Kanákas

I was particularly interested in New Guinea because it was here that my brother, the Major, nearly came to an end in a scrimmage with natives some years ago.

During our stay we had good opportunity of seeing something of the natives. They are here called Kanákas,

and are quite different from those we had seen two days before at Jap and Angaur.

We made a boat expedition to two or three of the islands near "Fred Bills haven" and visited the native villages on each.

The natives are rather small, well-made brown fellows with cheery, ugly faces. Except for a cloth girdle and a number of bracelets, necklets, and earrings, the men wear no clothes, and the ladies only wear a kind of apron before and behind, and an immense amount of "jewellery" chiefly carved out of oyster-shells.

The boys of the country if they become Boy Scouts have a very simple uniform, since they don't wear anything at all, except the smile!

The houses are all made of bamboo and thatched with plaited palm leaves and built on piles about four feet above the ground. The space underneath is generally occupied by pigs.

Each village is completely hidden from the seaward by the dense forest growth all round it, and with the bright green of the palm and rubber trees, and the red flowers of the hibiscus and poinsettia gleaming in the sun, it looks most beautiful.

Of course it is very warm, for New Guinea is only a few hours' sail south of the Equator, but these people must have a very happy life of it, sitting in the shade all day making their nets and baskets and going out in their canoes to fish in the evenings. The cocoanut trees all around, with the pawpaws and banana plants, produce all the fruit they can want.

How to Build a Dug-out

As these people live entirely on small islands, they, of course, possess an enormous number of canoes. The ordinary canoe only holds about three people.

They are wonderful concerns, and one might easily be made by a Scout for himself. In the first place not a nail or screw is used in the building.

You take a log or trunk of a tree about fifteen feet long and about two feet thick, and, here comes the difficult part, with an adze or a chisel you hollow out this log by making an opening of about eight to ten inches wide all along the top of it to within two feet of each end, and scoop the inside out.

You then trim away the lower side of the two ends to bring them each to a point. Then fix two or three seats at different points along the slit.

How fix them without nails? Well, of course you can

A Kanáka Catamaran or Canoe.

use nails or wooden pegs if you like, but the way the Kanákas do it is to bore holes in both edges of the slit and in the plank that forms the seat, and tie it there with thongs of split cane, which with them takes the place of cord.

Well, there is your boat. But if you set it afloat and get into it, it will roll over and capsize you into the water, which is not exactly what you meant it to do.

So to prevent this the Kanákas make an outrigger by taking two or more poles, about eight feet long, and fastening one end of each across the top of the dug-out so that both project out to one side at a distance of some six feet apart.

To face page 129 A SING-SING DANCE

They then fasten a log to the ends of these so that it serves as a float and a balancer to the dug-out. The log would be about ten feet long and about six inches thick. When fixed in this way it prevents the dug-out rolling over in either direction and makes it perfectly safe.

This kind of outrigged canoe is called a catamaran.

Before building one it is best to build a small model first.

The better-class canoes are made more comfortable by the addition of a plank as a wall along the top of the slit on each side, fixed to it by boring and lashing, and kept in position by occasional crosspieces. The seats are then lashed to the top of this wall or bulwark, which is about a foot high.

A light framework or platform is fixed across the outrigger poles on which to carry luggage, food, babies, and other such odds and ends.

The canoe is paddled by one man sitting in the stern facing the bows, and any other passengers would also paddle in the same way from their seats.

Most of the Kanáka canoes have fine ornaments carved out of wood as figureheads on the bow and stern.

Captain Cook in the log of his voyages among the Pacific Islands describes the native canoes, and they don't seem to have altered in the smallest detail since. He wrote his description in 1772.

A Sing-Sing War Dance

We were lucky in being in New Guinea about the time of the full moon, for this is the time when, at certain seasons of the year, the Papuans and Kanákas carry out their dances. We were able to see three of these.

In one there were about twenty men dressed up to the nines. Not that they had much clothing on, but they had splendid big head-dresses made out of all sorts of

A SING-SING DANCE

To face page 129

feathers, including the magnificent tails of birds of paradise, which live in New Guinea. Their arms, necks, and legs, and in many cases their ears and noses, were decorated with jewellery made from carved oyster-shells and boars' teeth.

A Sing-Sing dancer wears a wonderful head-dress of feathers with a model of a native ship on top.

To add to their appearance they had decorated themselves with branches of croton, which is a kind of laurel with brilliant yellow and red leaves. And every man had a little drum which he held in one hand and beat with the other.

The central man was really fine. He was covered in wreaths and greenery so that you could scarcely see him, and on his head was a model of a native ship done on a pretty big scale with a mast made out of a rattan cane about ten feet high. He danced and made the ship toss about with a wonderful swaying motion of the mast, and the other men all danced round him singing and drumming and swaying their head-dresses with the same wavy motion. They looked fine.

The other dance that we saw was by a similar party of men, but they were most plainly dressed and we thought they would not be so interesting as the first ones, but we then learnt that they were real wild fellows and cannibals, and had come in only three days before from their distant island, where their usual end-up to this dance was to kill

and eat a man. In the present case they had a dog instead! But I think they cast longing eyes on some of us white men who were fat.

The dances were very much like the Boy Scouts' War Dance, and their songs very like the Eengonyama Chorus. The third dance was on another island called New Britain. Here the dancers were dressed very like our Jack-in-the-Green on May Day. It is a curious thing, too, that their dance comes off only once a year, and that is at the beginning of May.

I wonder whether there is any connection between their man in green and ours.

With them the dancer is completely hidden in leaves except his legs, and he wears a kind of extinguisher over his head with a very tall plume at the top of it. The dance is called Duk Duk, and only men of a certain brotherhood are allowed to take part in it.

Only members of a secret brotherhood are allowed to take part in the Duk Duk dance.

The brotherhood is a secret one, and the members wear their dress as a disguise. They have secret signs by which they know each other, like the Scouts.

If any outsider were found to be dressing up like them

he would be killed and probably eaten. What a pity we can't do that to "monkey patrols" who dress like Boy Scouts!

Pidgin-English

The islands of the Pacific spread over a distance twice as big as Europe, and the little dug-out canoes in which the natives do their fishing seldom go far enough to sea to visit other islands.

Nor is it always very safe to pay visits to islands whose owners you don't know, because so many of them are cannibals, and as likely as not, instead of giving you a dinner when you come to call, they'll put you in the pot and use you for the dinner for themselves; they, at any rate, will be glad you came; that is, if you are fat and tender. So visiting is not much in fashion.

From not seeing much of each other, it follows that all these islanders speak different languages; but there is one language which most of them use by which they can understand each other when they do meet, and that is "pidgin-English." It is a curious jargon of English which seems to have grown up of itself, but it is a wonderfully useful one in this part of the world.

For instance, we came over from America to Japan in an American ship of which the crew were Chinamen. The officers gave all their orders in English and the Chinese understood.

In Shanghai and Hong Kong most of the shopkeepers and servants are Chinese. They all talk the same pidgin-English. In the Philippines the natives talk their own language and Spanish, but also pidgin-English.

We came to Australia in a German ship in which the crew and stewards were all Chinese or Japanese. Here again it was curious to hear the German officers talking English to the men.

Then, wherever we landed, in four German colonies,

English or pidgin-English was the language that the Germans had to use in talking to their natives.

And on our ship was a mixture of native passengers, Kanákas, Chinese, Cingalese, and Japanese, all having totally different languages of their own, but all talking together quite comfortably in English—but such English!

Here, for instance, is what they call a cat, "Pussy he belong housey." Then if they say "Pussy he belong bush," that means a hare.

A lady told me that her servant boy had tried to explain to her that he had got what we should call "pins and needles" in his legs. He described it this way: "That leg belongy me he all same make like soda-water."

A Trading Schooner

Ra'oane, the capital of the German colony of New Guinea and Caroline Islands, is a little township lying at the head of a landlocked circular creek which was formerly the crater of a volcano. There are three ancient volcanoes at the back of the town. Two of them, being much alike in shape, were christened "Mother and Daughter" when they were first described and mapped by William Dampier in 1700.

The volcanoes are no longer active, and the hills are now covered with thick green woods, while plantations of palm trees cover the flat ground.

In this beautiful harbour lay two or three trading schooners, one of which was flying the red ensign with the five stars of Australia on it. She had sailed here in thirteen days from Sydney, which showed that she was as fast a craft as she was smart-looking.

There are a good many of these schooners sailing about among the hundreds of islands of the Pacific Ocean, and they trade with them chiefly by exchange of rice, axes, tools, and tobacco, for copra, rubber, and pearl-shell,

One trader showed me a beautiful collection he had of curiosities, such as carved totems, masks, cloth beautifully woven from fibre of trees, ornaments carved out of shells, neatly made spears and arrows, all of which he had picked up when trading at different places.

CHAPTER VII

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

Australia Saved by a Boy

A DAY or two before reaching Australia we passed through a dangerous bit of sea, called the Coral Sea, where, although we were a long way out of sight of land, there were solitary rocks and reefs just level with the top of the water and quite invisible at night except for the waves breaking on them.

It was on one of these reefs, about twenty-four miles from land, that Captain Cook got wrecked in his ship the *Endeavour* in 1778.

She was sailing gaily along when she suddenly ran on to a hidden rock and there stuck fast, rolling and grinding with a rather lumpy sea.

Sails were promptly hauled in, and some heavy but not necessary cargo was got up and thrown overboard in order to lighten her. But still she stuck there, and gradually the rocks began to prise planks off her bottom.

She had, of course, a double skin, so that for a time it was only the outer hull that was thus badly holed; still, the inner skin was also pierced, and the water rose to a considerable depth in her hold in spite of three pumps that were set going to throw it out again.

Six of her guns had to be dropped into the sea, and many other valuable things, till at last with an exceptionally high tide she was floated off the rock.

But everybody was afraid that she would then sink,

as she was far from the land. The men were completely worn out with pumping. They could not keep at it for more than five or six minutes at a time ; also she had not enough boats to take more than half the crew, so it was with most anxious and almost hopeless hearts that they made sail in their water-logged ship for the distant shore.

But one young midshipman, who was evidently a Boy Scout at heart, remembered having been told of a way of stopping a leak which he then and there suggested to the captain.

This was to pass a sail over the bow and lower it with ropes over each side so that it could be hauled along under the bottom of the ship till it came over the hole. Here the suction of the water sucked it hard against the ship's side and so stopped the water rushing in.

The experiment was a complete success, and thanks to this boy having Been Prepared for such an accident, and having kept his head in spite of the danger, at the same time knowing what to do, this ship was saved.

Indeed, Australia was saved to the British nation, because, although Australia had been discovered long before by Spanish and Dutch explorers, Captain Cook was the first to examine it seriously and to annex it in the name of his country. Had he not done it on this occasion, other nations would probably have stepped in and taken it.

How Australia Grew

Before Captain Cook's visit, another great English sea-rover had explored over a thousand miles of Australian coast in 1688, and that was Captain William Dampier ; and he came to it again some ten years later in H.M.S. *Roebuck*.

It was not till seventy years after him that Captain Cook came along from South America through the Pacific

Islands to New Zealand, and then on to the coast of what are now New South Wales and Queensland.

He was soon followed by other British explorers who opened up South and West Australia and Tasmania. They brought a good many live sheep with which were started those sheep farms which have since made the country so rich through its wool and preserved mutton.

At first Australia was thought to be a good place to which to send convicts, instead of keeping them in prisons at home, but soon so many people began to go out there to farm on their own account that the sending out, or transportation, of bad characters was stopped.

It proved such a rich country for farming and for minerals, and so healthy for Europeans, that it went ahead by leaps and bounds, and now within a hundred years it has already got a population of four and a half millions of British people; and it sends to England every year close on forty million pounds' worth of goods.

Australia is made up of six great States—Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania.

The Australians as Soldiers

Australia has its own Army and Navy, in which every boy and man have to serve.

The loyalty of Australians to the Old Country is so great that they have sent strong contingents of soldiers at different times to help us in our wars in other parts of the world.

In 1885 a fine body of men came from New South Wales to take part in the war in the Sudan (Egypt); and in the South African War in 1899–1901 all the Australian States sent fully equipped forces to uphold the flag in South Africa.

A number of them came to our relief in Mafeking, and

the column which I had in the Transvaal after the siege was made up of Australians, Canadians, and South Africans.

And they were a fine lot of fellows; no tenderfoots there! They had lived in the bush and backwoods.

Every man was a true scout; he knew how to find his way by day or night in a strange country; he knew how to hide himself from an enemy, how to read tracks, how to cook his food and look after his horse. Of course he could ride, shoot, and swim; and if one of them got wounded or injured the others were not going to leave him behind, no matter how great the danger might be to themselves.

I remember one party of them getting surrounded by Boers in bad bushy and rocky country, and though it looked like all of them getting shot down—as all their horses were—they stuck it out gallantly and got away with comparatively slight loss in the end.

The boys of Australia are all obliged to serve as cadets, and to learn shooting and drill; and being also generally good scouts and swimmers, they will be as good as their fathers have been for the defence of their own country or for helping our Empire should she ever need it.

Queensland

At daybreak we sighted Australia, a flat-topped bluff rising above the horizon. By breakfast-time we were up to it, a thickly wooded island lying off the wide shallow mouth of the river up which we had to go to reach Brisbane.

A very pretty trip it was as the river wound its way through mangrove swamps and wooded hills with occasional grass farms.

Then we began to pass factories, chiefly great meat-freezing establishments, shipping wharves, and suburbs,

till we were actually steaming through the city itself right up to our landing-stage. But all this took several hours to do.

My first step on landing was to go off under charge of the Scout Council to review the Boy Scouts of Queensland on some bush-covered grounds near the city.

They were a fine lot of boys, all first or second-class Scouts and wearing many proficiency badges; and in their demonstrations they very soon showed me that they were jolly good at their work. First-aid was particularly good, and so were their bridge and hut building.

And they know how to make use of their Scout knowledge when needed. Here is a case that happened only recently.

In a train running on the main line the alarm cord was pulled; brakes were applied, and the train stopped. A poor woman distracted with grief then sent a message down the train to ask whether there was a doctor on board as her baby was in violent convulsions and likely to die.

There was not a doctor on the train, but there was a Boy Scout. I don't think that most Boy Scouts would have known what to do in this case, but fortunately this Scout did.

It shows you how necessary it is to Be Prepared for any possible kind of trouble, and not only for the ordinary ones. Our young Scout ran to the engine and got from the driver a bucket of hot water, and taking the baby he plunged it in and then massaged and rubbed it till it very quickly recovered.

I hope he tried the water first with his hand, otherwise he might have accidentally boiled the baby.

I heard of a nurse who was always very careful to see that the water was the right heat for the baby, and this is how she did it—you might tell the secret to your mother if she does not know it. She put the baby into

the water and if he yelled and turned blue she knew the water was too cold, and if he yelled and turned red it showed the water was too hot! Some nurses are so clever.

A Bushman

High up on the hillside, from among the gum trees, I have been looking out over the woods and plains of Queensland.

An Australian Bushman.

From over the top of the ridge the last rays of the setting sun lit up the tree-tops and upper stems with a rich yellow light, while I was in the deep cool shadows.

After being at sea, and in foreign lands and islands, it was very satisfying to be back on a great continent rich in farms and sunshine, and belonging to our own British race.

Presently there came riding by, on a roughly groomed, but well-bred, wiry-looking horse, a man so bronzed with sun and weather as to look almost a nigger. But a white man he was, free and happy and healthy, with his pack of mongrel dogs around him, living the life of the open bush; and I felt the longing to do the same.

These bushmen are fine, hefty fellows, and, as they showed themselves in the South African War, ready to serve their country at any cost to themselves.

On one occasion last year a lot of townies in Brisbane

were persuaded to go on strike about nothing by a few fellows who had the gift of talking.

The townies listened and believed every word ; instead of doing the manly thing of hearing the other side of the question and making up their own minds for themselves, they let these agitators make up their minds for them. They went on strike, and as the police and military forces were weak, they began to get rowdy.

But the Governor knew his men. He sent word round the country that he wanted a few good loyal men to help him, and the bushmen came pouring in from all parts. They brought all their own food and equipment along with them, and they did not come the roundabout way of the roads, but came straight across country without a moment's delay, and they settled the trouble in very quick time.

Queensland Scouts

In Queensland there are about 2500 Boy Scouts, and besides those in Brisbane I saw some at Ipswich, at Warwick, at Toowoomba, and Stanthorpe.

Here and there, as one journeyed through the country, one met with the huge farm waggons pulled by their teams of sixteen oxen along the rough tracks of the back bush, and the stock-riders swinging along on their hardy horses handling a mob of cattle with their stock-whips as a huntsman moves his pack of hounds at home.

I just envied them and felt that I would gladly come and be one, too, in this great free country (for Queensland is five and a half times the size of Great Britain) in its eternal sunshine and its richness in crops and cattle, fruit and gold.

The only thing that it wants is more men to take up the vacant spaces.

New South Wales—What Sydney is Like

I had long heard of the Sydney Heads. Ever since I was a boy I wanted to see the Sydney Heads; and now I have seen them.

They are two great bluffs or steep cliffs between which lies the entrance to Sydney Harbour.

As you come to them from the seaward, you see a long line of cliffs which have an opening at this point in which there is apparently an ordinary small bay with cliffs all round it. That was what Captain Cook thought of it when he first sailed up the coast of Australia.

He sailed past it, just as Sir Francis Drake sailed past the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay, without knowing that it was the entrance to a great natural harbour.

And, like Drake, Captain Cook landed at another bay close by; this he named Botany Bay because of the wonderful variety of plants which grew there.

At Botany Bay the first British settlement was made, and a convict prison established. But Captain Phillip, who had charge of this, soon discovered the splendid port which lay close by. He found that if you sailed boldly into the bay between the bluffs it ran off into two creeks hidden behind the cliffs, and these creeks ran for some miles inland with many small creeks leading from them among the low wooded hills around, and all of deep clear sea water.

So on this beautiful natural harbour the new settlement was started, and was named Sydney after Lord Sydney, who was at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies in England.

Sydney is now a great city of 600,000 British inhabitants, and is spread over much more ground than most cities of that population, so that, although the business part of it is much like that of any other modern town with its streets and public buildings, the part where people have

their homes is spread about on beautiful wooded hills, or along the shores of endless pretty creeks which make it a delightful place to live in; nowhere crowded and everywhere pretty.

If you started in a boat to row round the harbour and rowed for twenty miles in a day, it would take you a week to get round, and yet you would never be more than six miles away from the centre!

When you walk through the town you are continually surprised by the sight of ships' masts or funnels across the end of the street; you turn off in a different direction and you find the same thing again; creeks and wharves everywhere, and great ocean-going steamers or men-of-war anchored in deep water close up to the houses.

Such is Sydney.

The Scouts of New South Wales

And what a place for scou[illegible]! All around the town and even in it are the wooded hills and thick bush; while the harbour with its islands and creeks and innumerable boats gives the finest field for sea scouting that I have ever seen. Lucky beggars those Sydney boys!

When I went to see them, they did not parade on a flat open lawn and march past like imitation soldiers, but they were camped in the scrub among the rocky hills, each patrol in its own little spot very much hidden from view.

They had rigged up crow's nests of poles from which orders could be signalled to the different tents. Also they had put up a mast for signalling with flags to ships in the harbour in addition to a wireless telegraphy installation with which they could talk with the men-of-war or with their own headquarters in the town.

A Despatch Ride

Perhaps the most striking party among them was a troop of nearly one hundred mounted Scouts from Cootamundra. They were a fine tough-looking lot, mounted on their own ponies; and they had ridden in 250 miles to see me.

Some of them rode ahead of the rest at fast pace, bringing me a letter of welcome, and they covered the 250 miles in 24 hours 19 minutes, riding by night as well as by day. A fine performance even if done by good cavalry.

I have never seen better fellows for making cavalry soldiers than the Cootamundra Troop, unless it was the troop of mounted Boy Scouts attached to Strathcona's Horse at Winnipeg.

A Shark Tragedy

In Sydney Harbour, one of the many little islands is called Shark Island. It is here that the first convict settlement was made, because it did not need very much watching by guards, since it was already guarded by sharks.

If a man were to attempt to swim to the mainland the chances of his getting there were very small, for although the distance was only a short one, the sharks were always ready on the look-out.

A short time ago some men were bathing in a creek far away up at the end of the harbour, when suddenly one of them screamed out:

"Look out, a shark has got me."

The other man who was in the water saw the tail of the fish moving through the water and he swam as hard as he could to the shore.

A third man who was on shore at the time, seeing the danger of his friend, at once plunged in bravely to his

rescue, although not a very good swimmer himself. He succeeded in getting hold of the man, who was then sinking. The second man, who had reached the shore, seeing his difficulty, also went in again at once to his assistance, and between them they frightened the shark away and brought their companion ashore. But he died almost immediately. He had been ripped open by the monster.

Although there are many sharks in the deeper parts of the harbour, they very seldom come into the shallower creeks; and also, although there are plenty of them along the coast of Australia, they don't come in among the breaking waves.

People therefore do a great deal of bathing in the shallow creeks and in the surf on the coast, and almost every Australian boy is a good swimmer; he would be thought a bit of an ass by the others if he were not. They swim a good deal with the dog stroke, especially while learning.

Most Australian boys are also good marksmen with the rifle, and most of them can ride. So they are pretty useful fellows all round.

Tiger the Tracker

While in New South Wales I heard from Mr. Vincent Dowling, an old bush hand, some exciting experiences of life in the bush.

The native blacks, of whom there are only a few thousand left now, are marvellous trackers, and here is an instance which happened not long ago:

A policeman in an up-country township went to arrest a man who was "wanted" there, but he went unarmed, and the man covered him with his revolver at some distance, retreated into some thick bush and made good his escape.

But the policeman at once got his arms, and with a black tracker, of whom the police kept several for tracking cattle thieves, he started in pursuit.

After going over fairly easy ground for ten or twelve miles, they got into a dry, stony district, and here the runaway, knowing that he would be tracked, thought he would get a chance of escaping his pursuers, so he jumped from rock to rock, leaving scarcely anything of a foot-mark to show where he had been.

But a nail scratch here, a grain or two of rock freshly broken there, a few rocks leading at easy bounds from one to the other, gave the tracker his line. Then the tracks led into a thick patch of scrub in which there was a fencers' camp.

Tiger—for that was the tracker's name—at once ran right round the clump examining all footmarks leading out of it, and then reported to the policeman that either the man was still in there or he had gone out wearing another pair of boots.

Then he made a wider circle at a good distance outside the first circle. Here he found footmarks going away from the clump, while the foot-tracks crossed by the inner circle had shown only some tracks walking into the clump.

So Tiger at once guessed that the man had changed his boots in the camp and had then walked out backwards for a short distance in order to deceive any trackers, and, when tired of that, he had turned round and walked in his right direction.

Very soon the fugitive got tired of wearing the strange boots, and, evidently hoping that he had successfully dodged his pursuers, he had thrown them away and put on his own again.

At last they came to a river. This was one hundred miles from where they started. The foot-tracks led

straight down into the water, so it looked as if the man had deliberately walked right in and had swum across.

So Tiger swam across and carefully examined the far bank to see where his man had come out.

He had not come out—as Tiger fully expected.

So back Tiger came and soon found footmarks still left in the mud close to the near bank, which showed that the runaway, instead of swimming across the river, had turned alongside the bank and had walked in the water for a long way downstream; in fact, Tiger followed the tracks for three miles in the water and then they turned up on to a bush path along which a herd of cattle had recently passed.

It was evident that the man had seen this herd going along and thought that if he walked ahead of it the hoof-marks would tread out his own footmarks, and so they did.

But the cattle could not tell which way the man wanted to go, and presently they turned off his line and went down to the river to drink. Tiger had followed them all along, and at the point where the cattle turned the man's footmarks were again to be seen going straight ahead.

Then they found the tracks were getting very fresh, any earth kicked up by them was still damper than the sun-heated grains of the surface, and the edges of the tracks were sharp, not having had time to get dry and rounded off by sun or wind.

So the pair of them went along very cautiously, keeping a sharp look-out. It was lucky they did so, for they suddenly came on the man hiding behind a bush with his pistol aiming at them. But the policeman was quicker than he, and before he could get his aim true the rifle rang out and the outlaw fell dead in his tracks.

Mr. Dowling tells also another story of how his native

tracker followed up the trail of a white man who had got lost in waterless country till they found his dead body lying under a bush where apparently he had died of thirst.

Had the poor fellow ever learnt, as Boy Scouts do, about plants, he would have known that this very bush under which he died had water in it which might have quenched his thirst and so saved him.

It was a "needle-bush." It has long thin yellow roots which, if cut into lengths of about two feet and stood up in a billy-can, let out a lot of watery juice which would keep a man alive for some time.

Also, although he had matches on him, he had not lit a smoke fire, which would probably have attracted the searchers who were out looking for him.

These are things that every Scout should remember.

Farmer Scouts

In New South Wales there is a town called Richmond. Whenever I hear of a Richmond I want to go there because I have already visited so many.

Richmond in Yorkshire; Richmond in Surrey; Richmond in Virginia, America; Richmond in Cape Colony, South Africa; Richmond in Natal, South Africa.

So I went to Richmond, New South Wales, and here I found a most interesting Farm School something like our Scouts' Farm at Buckhurst Place, but on a much finer and bigger scale. Such a good one it is that pupils were there from England and South Africa as well as from all parts of Australia—coming many thousands of miles to get its splendid training.

They learn all the different kinds of farming on the most up-to-date lines, so that they can then go out, three or four of them together in partnership, take up a farm, and work it so as to make it pay.

They learn, of course, all about ploughing and sowing and harvesting their crops, stock rearing, dairying, fruit farming and preserving their fruits, poultry raising, and ostrich breeding.

This, except the last, is very much what they would learn in England, but a farmer, however good he may be at these things, is not likely to succeed in those out-of-the-way farms abroad unless he can also do his own repairs to waggons, ploughs, and harness, make his own horse clothing, shoe his horses, make his own beehives, drive his own motor-thrashing machines or pumps, and do all sorts of jobs which the farmer in this country would never think of touching.

So all these farmer-students go through a regular course of training in workshops very much as our Farm Scouts do at Buckhurst, and they come out real handy men at the finish.

Nor do they forget their duty to their country also, for the few of them who cannot already ride a horse learn it there, and also they all learn how to judge distance, and to shoot, and how to drill, so that in case they should ever have to turn out to defend their farms and homes against an enemy they will be quite able to do so.

Empire Day

Empire Day, May 24th, is a great day in Australia and in New Zealand.

Like the Canadians, the people of these dominions show much more enthusiasm for our great Empire than we do at home. I dare say we are just as loyal and patriotic in the Old Country, but we are more sleepy and we don't show it in the same spirited way that our brothers across the sea do.

The statue of Queen Victoria, which stands in every city, is decorated, the citizens hold meetings at which

addresses are given, the troops and the cadets and Boy Scouts hold big parades, and the school children have a holiday to go and see them.

It is one of the sights which show one more than anything else how mighty is our Empire and how closely bound together with the great bond of loyalty.

To have come all this distance across the seas to the other side of the world, and there to find thousands of miles of British country with British farms and homes and factories and cities, and British people, and boys and children in their thousands just as British as ourselves, but who have never seen Great Britain, then it is that one realises how great is the brotherhood to which we belong, and how we ought, each one of us, to do all in our power to keep that brotherhood together.

"Painting the Town Red"

I was once at an examination where an Irish boy was being questioned. The examiner on hearing his name and birthplace said:

"Oh, you are an Irishman! Now, can you tell me of any great general who was an Irishman?"

The boy instantly replied, as Irishmen do, with another question:

"Can you tell me any great general who was not an Irishman, sir?" Then he gave a list showing that most of our generals, past and present, were Irishmen.

So the examiner said:

"Very good. I suppose now you think that Irishmen are the best men in the world?"

"No," replied the boy, "they are not; but they could be if they liked."

"Why?"

"Because they are fools. They drink too much whisky."

Well, that has been the same fault with others besides Irishmen. Scotsmen, English, and Welsh have all been fools in the same way, and their example has been followed by their brothers oversea. Fortunately they are beginning to realise it, and instead of flinging away their hard-earned money in making fools and beasts of themselves, they are now saving it and making happy homes and prosperous lives for themselves.

Here in Australia it was the regular thing for a man who had been away up-country for months sheep-shearing or fencing to come back into town and to hand over all his wages, sometimes £90 or £100, to the proprietor of a public-house on the understanding that he was to let him get drunk and to keep him drunk until that amount of money had been spent.

And it used to be the same among the cowboys and lumbermen in the West of America and Canada. They used to come in after a spell of work on the prairie or in the backwoods and "paint the town red," as they called it.

Those days are now over. Men are not now such fools; they work hard, but they keep their money when they have made it, and set themselves up in happy homes and start themselves in prosperous lines of business.

There are, of course, a few wasters who still indulge in making beasts of themselves—for that is what it is.

I can sympathise with a man getting drunk in some of our slums in Britain, where he prefers the brightness and warmth of a gin-palace to the squalid misery of the dirty den he has to inhabit. But the man in a sunny country where there is plenty of work and good pay is no better than a beast to go and throw it all away in drunken orgies.

A young fellow generally takes to drink much as he does to smoking—and that is because he is a coward.

He thinks it looks fine and manlike among other boys to show off how he can hang about a bar and smoke and drink and spit and swear. In doing these he thinks he is no end of a fine fellow—when really he is a silly ass!

You can never trust a man who drinks, because in nine cases out of ten he is a coward and won't stick to you in a tight place, and with his brain fuddled and his strength weakened by it he is of no use for any kind of work or position of trust.

A bar-loafer is about as great a rotter as you can find anywhere.

A Shipwreck

No sooner had we passed out between "The Heads" from Sydney Harbour on our voyage to New Zealand than our gallant ship began to "tuck her nose into it" as we faced a big sea and a strong wind against us.

This remained our amusement for the next three days, our ship heaving and shoving into the waves and being washed with spray from stem to stern.

At length, on the fifth day out, we sighted and passed a group of steep, rocky islands called the "Three Kings," a nasty, dangerous place with reefs and outlying rocks all round it. Here, among others, was wrecked the steamship *Elingamite* a few years ago.

A number of the people on board had never been brought up as Scouts and were in no way prepared for a shipwreck; a panic seized them when, in a dense fog, the vessel suddenly crashed on to a rock and began to sink. Many lost their heads and jumped overboard, while others made a rush for the boats and scrambled in in such numbers as to swamp them while they were being launched. Most of these people were drowned.

Those who kept their wits about them and acted coolly under the captain's directions were saved. They got out the ship's rafts and three boats, and putting the

women and children into these they got safely ashore on to the rocks. And here they stayed for three days while one of the boats made its way over to the mainland of New Zealand to get help.

In the meantime, the poor creatures on the rocks

This rough sketch map of New Zealand shows you some of the places I visited.

suffered terrible privations from cold and hunger. A little rain water was found in some hollows in the rocks, and there were a few apples which floated up from the ship as she sank; but there was no regular food and no dry clothes for them.

At last someone (could there have been a Scout there ?) thought of a way of catching fish, and made a fishing-line out of some of the women's stay-laces with hooks made from hairpins and baited with bits of red flannel. In this way they managed to get enough food to keep them alive, though they had to eat it raw as they had no means of making a fire.

Who Discovered New Zealand ?

It is not exactly known who was the first white man to discover and visit New Zealand, but the Maoris have a story that a ship came there before 1740, but they could not say what country it belonged to, nor could anyone else, for the very good reason that the Maoris captured the crew and ate them, every one. Tasman, the great sea scout, sailed along part of the coast, but did not land.

It was not till Captain Cook came in 1768 that any real survey of the island took place. He came in a small sailing ship across these very stormy seas, on two different expeditions, to explore and chart the coasts and to get on friendly terms with the natives.

But at the very time that Captain Cook was there making friends with the Maoris, a party of explorers came from France and tried to gain a footing at the Bay of Islands. For a time they got on pretty well with the natives, but one day there was a quarrel and the whole party were massacred and eaten.

But Captain Cook managed things in a different way and got the name among the natives for absolute fair play and justice and fearlessness.

On more than one occasion he had one of his own seamen flogged for cheating a native ; he insisted on giving fair payment for everything that was taken from the inhabitants. In this way he established a friendship

among them towards the British, so that later on settlers came out from home and were allowed to start the colony which has since grown to be one of the happiest and most promising of our Overseas Dominions.

How New Zealand was Won in a Race

It was not till 1840 that the British Government finally made treaty with the natives, who handed New Zealand over to the British.

A few months later there arrived a French man-of-war to seize the country for France, but finding the British Union Jack already flying at the Bay of Islands, which was at that time the chief port of the northern part of New Zealand, she sailed off to the southern part.

But the British, in order to admit of no mistake, sent off a fast-sailing sloop, the *Britomarte*, which reached Akaron—the port in South Island—just a few hours before the French ship, and had the flag flying ready for her when she came. So New Zealand remained British.

And later on we had to fight against the Maoris, both in 1840–1847 and again in 1860–1870.

The Maoris had always been having wars among themselves, and were therefore fine, brave warriors, and very difficult to overcome, but in the end, when peace came, both sides were all the better friends because each had learnt to admire the other as brave, strong, and determined.

It has been just the same with us in other parts of the world; in India where we fought the Sikhs, in Africa where we fought the Zulus, in Egypt where we fought the Sudanese, in South Africa where we fought the Boers, we have all become the better friends for it.

Why the Maoris hold up the White Flag

The Maoris seemed to like fighting for fighting's sake,

and one man told me a story of how in one fight the British had surrounded a party of the enemy on a hill and they took care to guard each spring and stream so that the natives could not get any water.

After a siege of two days the Maoris sent down a messenger under a white flag to say that perhaps the British were not aware of it, but they were holding the only supplies from which the Maoris could get water; and if they could not have water they could not go on fighting. They seemed to look upon fighting as a kind of game.

On another occasion I was told that in the middle of a battle the Maoris began to run out of ammunition, so they held up a white flag and sent to ask the British whether they could lend them some to go on with!

I won't promise that this is a true story, but it is what I was told. The Maoris have now become civilised and wear European clothes and are fine big people. There are about 45,000 of them, and they are loyal subjects of the King.

New Zealand is shaped like the leg and foot of a man kicking in the air—the football being the island of New Caledonia.

New Zealand is formed of two great islands, the foot is North Island and the leg South Island. The whole dominion is roughly about the size of Great Britain, but it has only one million inhabitants at present instead of the forty-five millions in Great Britain.

Auckland

After our four days of banging through head winds and heavy seas from Australia, it was a relief to find ourselves early one morning steaming along in calm water. We were in the Hauraki Gulf, North Island, at the head of which lies Auckland, the chief port of New Zealand.

As you run up the Gulf, Auckland itself is not visible, because in front of it there rises out of the sea a great conical mountain, an extinct volcano, which completely hides it.

Rounding this, our ship turns sharply into a wide creek which forms the fine harbour of Auckland, full of shipping, tugs, and ferry-boats. The business and industrial part of the city is not so very large, but the suburbs, where people live, extend for miles over the wooded hills on both sides of the water.

On the wharf was drawn up a guard of honour with the Chief Scout of New Zealand, Lieutenant-Colonel Cossgrove, V.D., waiting to receive me. It was my first sight of New Zealand Scouts, and a fine, clean-looking, well-set-up lot they looked; and dressed and looking exactly like their brother Scouts at the opposite side of the world.

The Boys of New Zealand

In the afternoon I attended a review of the Girl Scouts, who are the same as our Girl Guides at home, and doing the same good work of learning first-aid and how to nurse sick and wounded people.

Then there was the parade of the Cadets and the Boy Scouts for inspection by His Excellency Lord Islington, the Governor-General of New Zealand.

In this country every boy has to be a Cadet. From twelve to fourteen, while at school, he is a "Junior Cadet" and wears a smart uniform with blue jersey and shorts with a Scottish cap.

After he leaves the secondary school, or becomes fourteen, he has to join the Senior Cadets. They are dressed in a different uniform of khaki; and when they have learnt musketry and drill they are transferred to the Territorial Army, which is very much like ours at home, only that every man in the country takes his turn of service in it.

In New Zealand they are far better prepared to defend their homes and their wives and children than we are in Britain, and no man shirks his duty like a good many do at home.

I shall not easily forget my first view of the New Zealand boys; it was a fine sight, for 3000 Cadets and 400 Boy Scouts were drawn up in a sort of natural arena in the park on the heights overlooking Auckland, and 10,000 spectators were on the surrounding slopes. With bands playing and Colours flying they made a brave show, and they seemed to be as good as they looked.

Winners of the King's Flag

The Boy Scouts had a very large number of badges of efficiency, and one of the Auckland troops, the 1st Devonport, were the winners of the King's Flag, having twenty-three King's Scouts in their ranks!

That beats anything in England!

And they only won it after a close race with other troops; and the examination was a tough and strict one. Lord Islington presented the King's Flag, with a very encouraging speech, to the winners.

I had afterwards the honour of pinning Silver Crosses on the breasts of three Auckland Scouts for different acts of gallantry in saving life at the risk of their own.

So you see the New Zealand Scouts are not behind others in their efficiency.

And you should hear their "Haka," that is the New Zealand edition of the "Eengonyama" salute!

A leader starts the chant, they all smack their thighs and stamp in time and shout their salutation in Maori words, all exactly together, and the effect is fine. Here are the instructions issued for doing it before me:

Haka—Leader: E rangatira ia. Scouts: Kei te

rahi atu ia. I te Taniwha, I te Taniwha, Hi, Hi. Ha. When the General reaches the point at which the official Scout reception takes place, the command "Staves down" will be given. A leader, or Assistant Scoutmaster, will give the signal for the haka to commence by striking the palms of his hands on the front part of his thighs, at the same time stamping in unison with his left foot. All follow his example, and as soon as he sees and hears that all have picked up the time, he calls out:

"Eh . . . ranga-te-rah . . . ee yah." Then all join in with "Kai tay raahee ah too . . . ee yah." When they come to "ee tay Tan-ee fah" they raise their hands level with their shoulders, palms down, and swing them to the left and right alternately, keeping time to the words thus: "Ee-tay" (hands swing to the left front), "Tan-ee-fah" (swing to right front), "Ee tay" (again to left), "Tan-ee-fah" (again to right), "Hee" (again left,) "Hee" (again right), "H-a-a-a ! ! !" (hands raised over head at full extent of arms, eyes directed towards officer, and tongues protruded towards the opposite side). The foot should keep time to all the movements during the haka. When it is finished, the order "Staves up" will be given, and Scouts will stand at the order.

The Cadets

Among the Cadets I found that the Scouts had made a good name for themselves, especially as nearly all the sergeants and corporals in the Cadets are fellows who have been Scouts.

The officers find that a Scout on joining the Cadets does not have to be taught discipline and obedience to orders, he knows all that, and can be trusted to carry out his duty without anybody watching him to see that he does it. Also he can keep other fellows in order, he

can show them in camp how to cook their food and how to make themselves comfortable, he can signal and can render first-aid, and generally knows how to shoot, to act as guide, or to run or ride with despatches.

Besides being smart and well-set-up in appearance, he has not made himself sickly and nervous with cigarette-sucking; so naturally the officers try to get hold of Scouts to make them non-commissioned officers of the Cadets. Among the Cadets I saw some very fine companies, and among the best was one composed of Maori boys; they are dark red in colour, and big, strongly made, hefty fellows who with their weight and size ought to knock spots off any tug-of-war team of the same age.

In New Zealand every boy has to be a Cadet, or, as we should call it, become a Territorial.

North Island

From Auckland we travelled by train through North Island down to Wellington at its southern end. We went through hills and mountains, among beautiful bits of forest with snowy peaks in the background, then out among open downs and moorland with frequent farms and small townships.

But though the country looked strange, the people were all British, and at many of the stations Boy Scouts were drawn up for my inspection, all looking exactly the same as Scouts at home and talking our tongue,

OVERSEAS SCOUTS WITH THEIR COLOURS

To face page 160

although they are bang at the opposite side of the world.

In among these mountains, though I had not time to go and see them, lie some of the wonders of the world in the shape of great natural fountains of boiling hot water called "geysers," and marvellous rocks and stalactites.

Wellington

It is said that you can tell a Wellington man in any part of the world, because when he approaches a street corner he puts up his hand to hold his hat on. This is from force of habit, because in Wellington there is nearly always a high wind blowing.

Well, it was not blowing when I was there, and I found Wellington a charming town, fine streets and public buildings and wharves on the flat fronting a magnificent bay, while steep hills rise up close behind it on which are the villas and cottages of the citizens with their pretty gardens and shady verandahs and beautiful view.

Here again I attended a parade of Scouts and Cadets (600 Scouts and 2000 Cadets), and I presented to the Scouts the flag of friendship which had been sent out by the Wellington Troop in London.

A Brave Bugler

Near Wellington, at a place called Hutt, a gallant act was done by a boy in the fighting against the Maoris in 1865.

A force of British troops was camped here, and owing to the crafty and plucky nature of the enemy an extra strict watch was kept by the sentries at night lest they should attempt to rush the camp when the men were sleeping.

On this particular night Bugler Allen of the 58th (now the Northampton Regiment) could not rest. I don't

know whether he had the Scout's ability to smell an enemy and could scent him in the breeze, but at any rate he was awake at the dangerous part of the night, that is, just before dawn, when an enemy is most likely to make his attack, and he became an additional watcher with the regular sentries.

Just as light was beginning to come on through the mist of the night, there was a sudden rush and scurry through the long grass, and one of the sentries near the boy was clubbed to the ground before he could utter a sound.

This opened a way for the Maoris to sweep silently into the camp and kill the men in their sleep, but they had not reckoned on the boy. In an instant his bugle went to his lips and the "Alarm" suddenly blared out all over the camp.

A warrior rushed at him with an axe which the boy dodged as it fell, and it cut deep into his arm; but he continued to sound the call to the men till another blow stretched him senseless and dying on the ground. But he had done his duty; he had saved the camp, for the soldiers sleeping on their rifles sprang up and poured a rapid fire into their foes, and drove them off with heavy loss.

Strange Fowls and Fishes

The Wellington Scouts presented me with pieces of eggshell of the Moa which they had found. The Moa was a huge kind of ostrich in former days in New Zealand, and, judging from the size of its bones which are sometimes found, it must have stood over twelve feet high. But it has long since died off.

Bits of its eggs are often found by sharp-eyed Scouts.

Another curious bird which has now disappeared was the Kiwi. He was a smaller bird, covered with hairy kind of feathers, having a long bill but no wings; so he

could not escape from animals like wild dogs, etc., who liked having a bird for supper, and so he died out.

Then there is the Kea. He is a kind of parrot, brown in colour, and having a most unpleasant appetite for kidneys. He will attack a sheep when grazing, sit on his back, tear away the wool, and then dig a hole into the back until he can pick out the kidneys with his strong, curved beak. Of course it is death to the poor sheep and causes his death.

I read of a silly Kea trying the same game on a mule. He had forgotten that a mule is not a sheep. The mule, when he felt the first peck on his back, started kicking. The Kea dug his claws and beak into the mule's back and hung on for all he was worth.

The mule, finding that kicking was no good, suddenly threw himself down and rolled over, and thus squashed the Kea. That Kea was never much good afterwards—at least as a Kea; but his friends had seen his fate and they never tried eating a mule's kidneys again—pretended they did not care for them.

But they stuck to sheep because the poor sheep if he tried rolling would only get on to his back, and there he would stick, unable to right himself, and the Kea could then get at his kidneys through his stomach.

Pelorus Jack

From Wellington you cross the straits between North and South Islands, called Cook's Straits after the gallant captain who first explored them.

In a narrow channel leading from the main straits towards Nelson lives "Pelorus Jack." He is a small whale and for thirty years he has been there. I did not see him as this channel did not come in our route, but many people told me all about him.

When a ship comes steaming through this channel, out

comes Jack, swimming along the surface, till he gets to the bow of the ship, and there he swims, sometimes in front, sometimes alongside, even rubbing and scratching himself against the vessel, till she is through the strait, and he then turns off with a "good-bye" flick of his tail and goes back to his lair to await the next one.

An Act of Parliament has been passed specially to prevent him from being destroyed.

Lyttelton and Christchurch

After steaming up a loch with high hills on either side of it, our steamer landed us on the quay at Lyttelton, a charming little port with its houses tucked away in a ravine in the hills. Here were more Scouts to receive me, and to put me into the train for Christchurch a few miles distant.

The country as we ran through it, with its fields and hedges, farms, woods, and villages, was exactly like England, and so was Christchurch when we got there; just an English country town, and with English people in it. Here again was a splendid parade of over 3000 Cadets and Scouts for me to look at and to talk to.

From Christchurch we ran by train to Dunedin, stopping at many places on the way to see Scouts, Cadets, and Girl Guides drawn up for inspection; all of them efficient and smart and doing good work.

And the country all the way was full of prosperous-looking farms with their cattle and horses and flocks of sheep and large tracts of arable lands with their trim hedges and tall trees.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Gorse and broom grew everywhere—almost too much so; they were originally brought here from home, but

have spread at such a rate as to have become a nuisance, as have also the blackberry and brier-rose brambles.

In fact, most things, whether plants or animals, which have been brought in here, do far better than in the Old Country.

Someone introduced some blackbirds and thrushes to make song birds; there are such a lot of them now that they destroy the fruit crops and have to be got rid of. Trout have increased so much in some of the rivers and lakes that they have eaten down all the feeding weed and are now getting diseased.

Rabbits have become a perfect plague, and have to be poisoned or trapped by the thousand to save the crops and bush.

Stoats were imported to kill them, but these have now increased at such a rate as to be a nuisance in their turn. Even Boy Scouts, having been introduced from the Old Country, have increased and—— Oh, well, I won't talk about them as I don't think they have become a nuisance yet; at any rate I have not heard of people shooting or poisoning them so far.

When you are in Dunedin you might just as well be in Scotland. This beautiful city stands on the shore of a long loch, which reminded me at once of the Clyde on a small scale, with downs and moors and upland farms on either side of it.

Tasmania

I have sailed in a good many fine ships in the course of this journey, but the best one of all of them was the Union steamship *Maunganui*, in which we sailed from New Zealand to Tasmania. She is one of the big fleet of fine steamers belonging to Australia which are employed entirely in running between New Zealand and Australian ports.

It is a three days' voyage, just a thousand miles, from

the Bluff in South New Zealand to Hobart in the south of Tasmania ; and a nice old dusting we got as we came across with a big sea and a head wind against us.

But in the evening of the third day we saw right ahead of us some jagged headlands and needle-rocks outlined against the setting sun, and we knew that the Eagle Hawk point of Tasmania was before us.

Tasmania is to Australia what the Isle of Wight is to England on a rather larger scale.

Australia is twenty-four times the size of the British Isles, and Tasmania is as large as Scotland, while the channel between them is 270 miles wide instead of two.

But Tasmania is, like the Isle of Wight, a beautiful island where Australians like to go for their holidays in the summer.

Hobart is the capital, and you steam up to it for some twenty miles through a magnificent natural harbour of deep water protected on all sides from gales and high seas.

As you pass up this wonderful loch you see an island —well, it is almost an island, that is, a peninsula, connected with the land by a narrow neck with deep water on either side of it.

In the early days of the colony the convicts used to be kept here ; and to give the warders less work to do the neck of land was guarded by a number of savage watch-dogs.

Then the sea on either side was infested with sharks, and they were encouraged to act as guards also by being continually fed with meat and scraps, and occasionally with a live pig so that they should learn not to be afraid of attacking a swimmer.

All this was a little discouraging to prisoners who wanted to escape, and they never tried to.

A Gallant Scout

Up behind Hobart rises Mount Wellington, near the top of which are some great crags and cliffs all of closely packed rock pillars; so the name "organ pipes" which has been given to them describes them very well.

With a mountain so close on one hand, and the wooded heights and creeks of the Derwent River and harbour on the other, there is a grand field for scouting, and the Hobart Scouts and Girl Guides make full use of it.

We had a good rally in the grounds of Government House, where the Governor of Tasmania, Sir Harry Barron, reviewed and addressed the Scouts.

I also had the pleasure of pinning the Silver Cross for gallantry on the breast of Scout Clarke for his splendid act in diving into the river with his clothes on to rescue a man who was seized with cramp while bathing. Although the man clutched him and dragged him under, Clarke stuck to him, ducking him till he could no longer grip him, and then bringing him safely ashore.

The Sort of Country You Get in Tasmania

From Hobart in the south of Tasmania, the railway takes one through the centre of the island to Launceston the northern port, a distance of 120 miles.

The first part of the journey lies along the Derwent River with its prosperous-looking farms, hopfields, and orchards very like those at home in Kent, but backed by thickly wooded ranges of high hills.

Although it was mid-winter the country looked green and sunny, and the weather was not very cold. We did not keep all the time in low ground, for the railway left the Derwent valley and climbed up among the hills to a height of 1200 feet above the sea. Here the farms were largely clearings among hills forest-clad with fine red-gum and hardwood trees.

Instead of cutting the trees down and then having to cart them away and root out their stumps, the favourite way here is merely to cut a ring round the stem, in the bark, and thereby to kill the tree so that it no longer overshadows the ground or draws the good out of it; it thus allows crops to grow.

Launceston Scouts' Displays

Launceston is like a large English market town on the bank of the Tamar River. It had only a small rally of about a hundred Scouts. But they could do things—several of them were good at throwing the lasso; they threw their lariats over other Scouts running about the ground, or caught them by the leg. I was told they are good at "roping" sheep in this way.

They also exhibited a number of model aeroplanes which they had made—and these showed very neat and clever handicraft. They also had a very well-equipped wireless telegraph troop.

The Tasmanian Devil

The Gorge at Launceston is one of the interesting sights of Tasmania. It is a narrow pass between cliffs and rocky hillsides through which flows a fine stream of water. It is about two miles long and is kept as a public park and has beautiful views and wooded scenery.

Another sight in Launceston is the "Tasmanian Devil." He is kept in the Zoological Gardens there.

I expected to see a very startling beast and was quite disappointed when I was shown what at first looked like a litter of small black pigs or dogs! These were the animals known as Tasmanian Devils. They had heads rather like pigs', with dogs' bodies. They were very lively and active, but are said to be very wild and untamable.

Another curious animal is the Wombat, but we only

saw his back. There were several of him there, but, in every case he was curled up asleep; the night is his time for action. He is a very hairy little fellow, like a very small bear.

Then, though we didn't see him, we heard of another animal who is plentiful in the rivers of Tasmania, and that is the Platypus. He is flat-bodied like a mole, only about four times as large; instead of a mole's hands he has webbed feet like a duck's, and instead of a snout he has a duck's beak.

In the woods there are beautiful parrots, parrakeets, and cockatoos of all sorts; but they are not loved by the fruit farmers—they are worse than loafing boys for robbing orchards!

The green parrots are very beautiful birds, more like big swifts as they dart about in small flocks, flashing green and blue in the sunshine, with bright red heads and white throats; and they give a nice little chuckle instead of the usual harsh scream of the parrot tribe.

We saw also a great many wild swans. These are all black with red bills and they are very plentiful all over Tasmania. The pity is that people slaughter them in such a wholesale way that they will die out before long unless they get better protection.

There are still a good many kangaroos and wallabies —a small kind of kangaroo—about the State, but only where they are strictly preserved by the landowners.

Farming

The orchards of Tasmania are some of the finest in the world, and a great many of the best apples which you eat in England come from there.

Sheep and cattle and horses all do well there also, and so do hops and wheat. Then there are some wonderful

mines for gold and for tin; Mount Lyell and Bischoffsheim mines are widely celebrated.

The timber, too, is very good—the carved fittings and doors of the great Town Hall at Melbourne are all of the handsome Tasmanian woods. So Tasmania is a rich, beautiful, and mild country, and it is not surprising to find it full of British colonists of all kinds.

Brady the Bushranger

To get to Australia from Tasmania you embark on a steamer at Launceston and steam for forty miles down the Tamar River and then for 230 miles across the sea. Our ship had the Australian name of *Rotomahana* (which people call for short "The Rotten Banana").

As we steamed down the Tamar we saw splendid-looking fruit farms on the wooded hills on either bank, and very pretty homesteads nestling among the trees.

At one spot a high rocky bluff stood up above the forest. This is called "Brady's Look-out" because in the old days a celebrated bushranger or highway thief of the name used to hide in some caves in the neighbourhood, and from the bluff he could see round in all directions and so escape from pursuers. But they got him in the end.

A Sea Scouting Practice

The sea between Tasmania and the mainland of Australia is called Bass Strait. George Bass, after whom it was named, was a young ship's doctor who came out to Australia in the vessel which brought Captain John Hunter to be Governor in 1795. On the same ship was a midshipman named Matthew Flinders.

These two young seamen were fond of going on boating expeditions while their ship was lying idle in harbour. In this way they set an example which is probably being

followed by the Sea Scouts of Sydney of to-day in exploring the creeks and channels of Sydney Harbour.

They had a little boat which they called the *Tom Thumb*, and they not only explored the harbour, but they gaily sailed out on to the ocean and explored other inlets along the coast, including Botany Bay.

They made maps of these, giving the outline of the shore, and then with a lead line, marked off in fathoms and half and quarter fathoms (a fathom is six feet), they found the depth of water every here and there, and marked it on the correct spot in their map, and thus made a chart of it.

Of course the low-water depth only was shown, because the captain of a vessel only wants to know what is the lowest water that he will find in an anchorage or channel.

As Bass and Flinders proved, this kind of work is very interesting, and it may be of great value to other people.

They were very nearly lost in a storm one day, and had to run before a terrific gale in continual danger of being swamped, and it was more by good luck than management that they at last ran between some rocks into a sheltered bay where they were able to land and dry themselves, for everything in the boat was soaked. They had even to spread their gunpowder out on the rocks, in the sun, in the hope of getting it dry again.

Just then a number of natives came down on them, but fortunately they were pretty friendly, and Flinders soon made them still more so, because among other things which, as a handy sailor, he could do, was—he could cut hair.

These Australian blacks have long, bushy hair which they have no means of cutting, and when Flinders produced a pair of scissors and snipped off some of their locks they were hugely delighted and became most kind and friendly.

On one occasion Bass went by himself on an expedition along the coast to the southward, and then it was that he discovered that Tasmania was not, as had always been supposed, a part of the mainland, but that it was an island and divided from it by a wide strip of sea, and this accordingly received the name of Bass Strait.

How Australia Nearly Became French

When it became more generally known that Tasmania was separate from Australia, the French had an idea of coming and seizing it for France, but an officer with some soldiers and a number of convicts from Sydney were sent there to occupy it, and they established themselves near the great harbour in the south. When settlers came later and made a town near them, it was called Hobart, after Lord Hobart, the Secretary of State in England for the Colonies.

But this was not the only attempt of the French to make Australia theirs.

Flinders spent a long time exploring and charting the Australian coasts in a small ship called the *Investigator*.

When he had completed his charts and notes he took ship for England in order to take them home and get them properly drawn up and printed, but on the way he was taken prisoner by the French, with whom we were then at war, and was kept for seven long years at Mauritius.

His charts were stolen from him when he was first captured, and when at last he was released and allowed to go home, he found that they had been printed and published in France, but with French names put in in place of the English ones, and the country which he had called Australia (South Land) was there named "Napoleon's Land."

However, when the French came to see this land of

Napoleon, they found the Union Jack flying over it, so they left it alone.

Melbourne

Melbourne lies on the flat, about five miles from the sea, with which it is connected by the little river Yarra. It is the finest city in Australia, and has very wide streets and handsome public buildings, and might very well be any great city in the Old Country.

The houses, the people, and the Boy Scouts all look and talk and do very much the same as those in Britain.

One small difference is noticeable: instead of the ordinary horsed cabs or carriages, the Australians have covered waggonettes for hire on the cab-stands. And there are also cart-stands on which light waggons are always ready to be hired for any job for which you may need a cart.

Collins Street is the great thoroughfare of the city, and a very fine one it is. For anyone not to know Collins Street means that he has never been in Australia.

The Scouts of Victoria

In the big grass paddock in the park belonging to Government House at Melbourne, a great crowd assembled to see the rally of the Victorian Boy Scouts; and they made a fine show.

There were nearly a thousand Scouts on parade; but as Victoria is as large as England and Scotland together it was impossible for more than half the Scouts of the State to get there, although some of the distant troops sent a patrol to represent them.

The Scouts were a fine lot of lads and generally showed a great number of proficiency badges, and there were a good number of King's Scouts. Two kilted troops with their pipers made a grand show, and there was a patrol from a cripple troop.

After the inspection by the Governor, Sir John Fuller, the different troops gave demonstrations; and these were excellent.

Fire-brigade work by the "Scotties" was particularly smart, very good tent-pitching and fire-lighting, gymnasts, cycle ambulances; shocking accidents were treated by First-Aid Scouts, a rope bridge was rigged and crossed by His Excellency, and signalling was smartly carried out.

There was a very fine log-cutting competition by Scout axemen at Melbourne. I brought the winner's log home as a sample to be kept at Headquarters.

Then there was a very fine log-cutting competition by Scout axemen, the best I have seen. The winner cut his log so neatly that I brought it home as a sample to be kept at Headquarters.

Another log I brought away with me was a present from one of the troops. It was a piece of the trunk of a tree about four feet long. It did not look very interesting till one found that the upper side of it lifted off, and the log had been hollowed out to form a box, which was packed full of splendid apples—enough to last me all the way home!

One Melbourne Scout, Scout Allen, played the drum

better than I have ever heard it played anywhere. He has won three gold medals for it and well deserves them.

At Madame Melba's

The country round Melbourne is very hilly, well-wooded, and covered with pretty farms and fruit orchards. I felt as if I should like to stop there and never come back to work in the Boy Scouts' office.

We motored over good roads through miles and miles of this beautiful country. And it was very good to feel that all the people we saw working in the fields, playing about the school houses, or looking out of cottage doors, were all our own blood and race—Britishers. And they were very enthusiastic ones at that, for somehow they had got wind of our coming (I was motoring with Sir John Fuller, the Governor of Victoria), and the Union Jack was flying (and not upside down as you so often see it in England) at almost every farm and cottage to greet His Excellency.

I suppose every Scout has heard of Madame Melba, the great singer. She is an Australian lady and took her name from Melbourne. And in the course of our drive we came to her beautiful little home.

It is a long, low house with a flat roof which forms a terrace shaded over with a trelliswork on which grape vines grow. Here she can sit and enjoy the view over park-like paddocks and forest-clad hills all round.

It was in these delightful surroundings we found the lady who has sung before emperors, and whose voice has charmed thousands in almost every city of the world. And what do you think she was doing?

She was just digging weeds in her garden and enjoying it.

She is also fond of boys—especially Boy Scouts.

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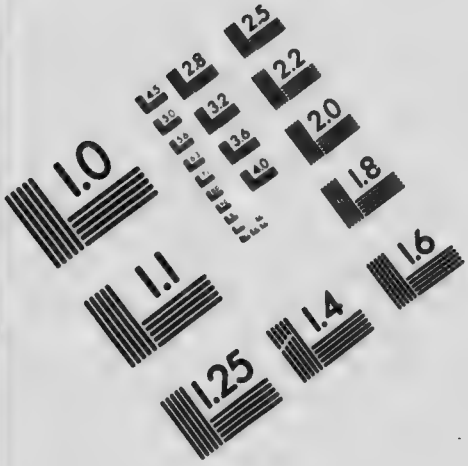

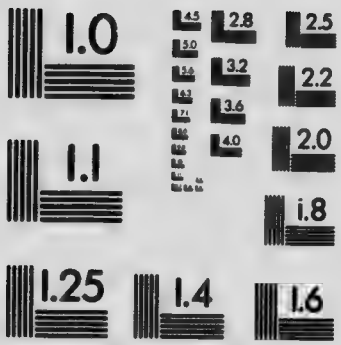

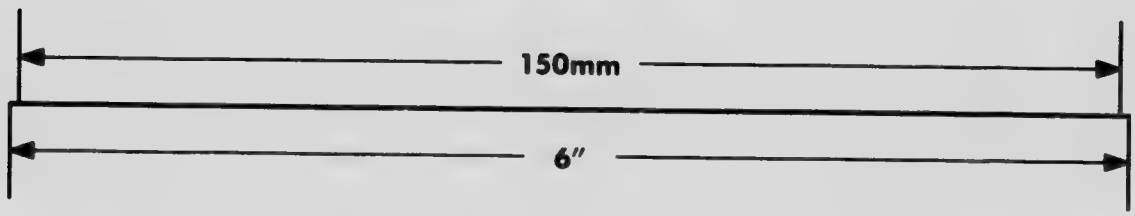

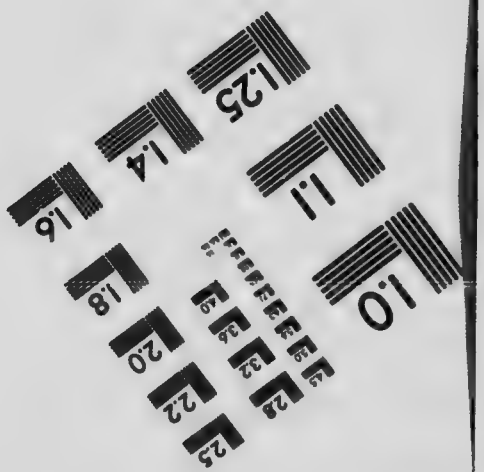

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"Melba's Own" Scouts

At the door of Madame Melba's house, when we arrived, was drawn up a smart guard of honour of Boy Scouts, the 1st Camberwell (Melba's Own) Troop. They had a number of King's Scouts and All-Round Scouts, and a very smart-looking young drummer among them. In passing him I told him he would have to practise a lot if he wanted to beat Scout Allen of the Malvern (Melbourne) Troop, whom I had heard a day or two previously; but when the guard of honour marched away the Camberwell drummer rattled his sticks in a way that showed me he was not so very far behind Allen in that line.

The badge of this troop is a sprig of wattle, the Australian tree which has a pretty little, sweet-smelling, yellow flower.

The troop handed to me a flag embroidered with this emblem which they wanted me to take home and present to their brother Scouts of the 1st Camberwell Troop in London, a duty which I carried out with pleasure on my return.

On an Australian Farm

I am awakened in the early dawn by the beautiful gobbling call of the Australian magpie outside my open window. It is a sweet sound, but a fearful one to imitate. The next time I see a patrol of "Magpies" among the Scouts I shall get them to give the cry so that I may see how to do it.

As the first rays of the sun streak up over the downs a violent scream of laughter comes from the gable of the roof. It is a laughing jackass, a funny-looking bird with a puffy-looking head and a mischievous sharp beak.

Then out on the lawn there hops a very smart little robin—very like our bird at home, but with some white feathers in his tail and a breast of exceedingly brilliant red.

Sheep-Wigging

I have often had a "wigging," and when my host asked me to come and see a "wigging" I thought for the moment I was going to hear him abuse one of the farm hands. Not a bit of it.

We came to some pens—what we should call "folds" in England—where a number of shepherds were at work among the sheep. They were "wigging" them.

The wool of a sheep at this season of the year, that is in June, the Australian winter, gets so thick that it closes over the animal's eyes to such an extent that he cannot see where he is going. So the shepherd comes along and "wigs" him, that is, he clips the wool away from one side of the sheep's face so that he can see with one eye at any rate. The man does this with a pair of shears, and loses no time in doing it.

The Paddocks

We were on a farm or "run" of fifty thousand acres —a five-hundred-acre farm is not a small one in Britain, while a fifty-thousand-acre run in Australia is nothing out of the way.

The great open grass downs are divided off into "paddocks" of two hundred acres or so. They are fenced with solid posts and rails, and those along the boundaries are further completed with wire netting to keep the rabbits out. Rabbits, as I have told you before, have in some parts become a perfect plague and eat down everything.

The paddocks have each a row of trees and bushes planted to serve as a shelter to the sheep against the cold south wind.

Now here is a puzzle for a boy who is not a Farm Scout. These trees are planted near to the leeward side of the paddock—why?

You might have thought it would be better to plant the trees to the windward side.

The reason is, that though the sheep feed up towards the wind as a rule, they give way to it when it is strong and cold; and they drift, as it were, to leeward—in this way they get behind the shelter of the trees without knowing it. They have not the sense to go and seek such shelter themselves.

On such a huge farm, as you may imagine, the shepherds do not walk, they are all horsemen, and fine, hardy fellows they look as they go cantering across the downs with their sheep-dogs and their rabbiting greyhounds trailing after them.

On this run there is about a sheep to the acre—that is, there are fifty thousand sheep, all of the best merino breed. Each produces a crop of wool every year which may bring in from seven to eight shillings.

Counting Sheep

A very useful practice for Boy Scouts to learn is that of counting sheep.

It sounds an easy thing to do, so it may be when you have learnt, but it's not quite so easy as it looks.

Sheep have to be counted very often on a run, and a boy who shows himself good at it comes to the fore at once with the boss or manager.

The counter stands in a gateway and sends his dog to round up the sheep and to keep them moving through the gate while he counts.

The sheep don't dribble through one at a time—it would take you a month of Sundays to count them if they did; but two or three go timidly through, then there is a rush of a dozen together, then a few single ones scamper by followed by a whole mob pressing and squeezing together and so on. A beginner cannot count

fast enough and soon gets confused, but after a little practice you begin to know about how many sheep are in a bunch by the size of it and you will be able to count by eights and tens at a time.

One shepherd told me that he taught himself to count sheep by practising with a bottle full of peas. He used to let these trickle out while he counted them. At every hundred he undid a button of his waistcoat and began a fresh hundred.

At first he let the peas trickle very slowly, but when he got good at it he was able to let them run at a good pace, so that an onlooker would think it impossible to keep count. But if the onlooker stopped him at any moment and then added up the peas himself he would find that he had counted them correctly.

So when he came to count sheep he was able to do it quite well, and did not get chaffed by the old hands for making false counts as most tenderfoots do.

Shearing

The wool-shed is the great centre of work in October on a sheep run. The sheep are brought in from the distant paddocks, penned, and brought in to be sheared.

The shearing is done by men who go round from farm to farm for the purpose, and of course they are pretty clever at it.

On a big run about twenty or twenty-five shearers will be employed for some weeks, as well as an equal number of "rouseabouts," who are boys or less skilled men who collect the wool as it is cut off.

The shearing is done with clipping machines run by an engine. The wool has different values according to the part of the sheep from which it is taken, as well as according to its length and texture.

So the shearer has to be careful to take off the wool on

the belly separately from that on the back as well as from that on the legs and neck. And the "rouseabouts" have to be careful to take the different sorts of wool to the different collecting bins. The wool is then packed in bales by being squeezed down in hydraulic presses and stitched in canvas covers for transport to Europe.

Kangaroos

On one farm we saw a number of kangaroos and wallabies. A wallaby is a small kind of kangaroo about the size of a big dog, and dark grey-brown. Like the kangaroo he gets about by hopping on his hind-legs and tail—and he can go at a tremendous pace, galloping like a greyhound with long rapid bounds and his body leaning forward, but his short little arms never touch the ground.

The kangaroo is a bigger animal, and you know what he looks like from his portrait on the patrol-flag of a Kangaroo patrol, but he does not shout "Cooee"—that is the call of the Australian native.

Kangaroos and wallabies, and their imitators the kangaroo rats, are marsupials—that is, they have a pouch in their skin in front of the stomach where they carry their young ones while they are still too small to get about quickly.

It is a funny sight to see the young ones when they are playing about in the open suddenly take alarm, and hop in a great hurry to their mother and take a flying leap at her chest and disappear into the bag.

A Greedy Emu

A boy is said to have the "digestion of an ostrich" because he can eat most things and not feel a pain after it; but I rather think an emu would defeat him in that line. Here is a list of trifles which, according to a news-

paper account, were found inside a dead emu's stomach —and his death was not caused by them either!

In the stomach were found four pennies and five halfpennies, nine 2½-in. nails, five marbles, one pump connection, one umbrella ferrule, one key, one medal, one watch wheel (2½ in. in diameter), two studs, three buttons, one safety-pin, two staples, three washers, and twenty-four pieces of broken china, while a large pin was found embedded in the liver.

The emu was only young, and was a fine specimen. He had evidently lost no time in starting a museum inside him.

The Boundary Rider

One of the important men on a sheep station in Australia is the boundary rider. He has to go daily round the fences of the "run" or farm to see that they are in good order so that the sheep do not escape.

In close country a "run" may consist of 10,000 to 18,000 acres, while in the "backblocks" it may be double that size. This, of course, means hundreds of miles of fencing. So a rider has to go long distances every day to enable him to get all round in a week.

It is a very healthy open-air life, and the rider generally takes his gun and a few half-bred greyhounds with him, and he gets lots of fun hunting down the foxes, which are very destructive to lambs, and in getting rabbits.

Sundowners

Sometimes, too, he has more difficult work with "sundowners." These are men whom we should call tramps in England. Some years ago they used to go round from one farm or "station" to another looking for work, and the farmer was often glad to take a man

on for a few days, especially at busy times, such as sheep-shearing, fruit-picking, or harvesting.

In any case, whether he wanted the man's services or not, he generally gave him food and lodging for the night, because distances are great and the man had generally done a good day's walk to reach the station; in fact, he got the name "sundowner" because he generally arrived at a station about sundown.

After a time the loafer began to find that sundowning was a nice, easy way of getting a living, so he took it up, too, without any idea of doing any work in return for his food. So now the sundowner is becoming a pest to farmers.

Very often there will be a dozen or more of these tramps to be housed and fed, and never less than two or three. So on most stations there is a shed for them and a regular ration of mutton and flour is served out to them to cook for themselves.

On a station near where I was staying the owner had done up the shed and had put in windows and doors and a floor, and had altogether made it into a rather comfortable little house.

One evening he was sent for by his foreman as a party of sundowners were there and were threatening him. When the owner arrived he found nine big, hulking fellows with one very angry one at their head, so he asked what was the matter.

The leader held out the ration which he had just received of a piece of mutton and a tin of flour, and he asked the owner if he was not ashamed to give men such food. He and his mates, he said, did expect that with a house like that, which had windows and floor to it, they should have had something better than mere meat and flour offered to them—and they thought at least some coffee, sugar, milk, and butter should be added to it!

It seems a laughable thing that a loafer, who had not the slightest intention of doing a stroke of work in return, should have the cheek to ask this, but he did, and they got their food because, you see, the owner if he did not give in would probably find his fences broken down or his grass set fire to.

But in this case the owner took care next day to remove the windows and floors from the rest-house so that new-comers should not expect so much luxury in the way of food.

The Australian Bight

The gale is howling through the rigging as I write this, and our ship is rolling and lurching along as the great leaden seas come surging and toppling towards her; and they part with a swishing roar as she splits her way through them. But every now and then they score by catching her heavily under the bow, or when with a crash they hurl a great dash of spray across her decks.

We have just crossed the Australian Bight, a bay nine hundred miles across, on our way from Adelaide to Fremantle on the west coast of Australia.

When you remember that it takes as long to do this voyage as that from Southampton to Gibraltar, you begin to see how great are the distances in Australia.

And it is always rough and stormy here. When we crossed from Sydney to New Zealand our little ship was running with water all over the decks, and came in late by twenty hours owing to the bad weather.

When we came back from New Zealand to Hobart in Tasmania again we met with gales and heavy seas. Now here we are again, once more delayed by storms and stress of weather.

It makes one wonder all the more how those navigators of old came sailing here in their small ships with little food or water, minus charts, and with hostile, man-

eating savages on land. Even in Captain Cook's time, 1768, they must have been most gallant men, but far more so in Tasman's time some eighty years before.

Upon the shore no railway yet is made to bring Perth, the capital of West Australia, into touch with Adelaide in South Australia, although it is all planned; so meantime one is obliged to go by sea across the "Bight," which looks on the map as if a giant had taken another kind of "bite" out of the southern part of Australia.

Perth

All night we heave and roll, but just at dawn the ship steadies herself, we are in calm water, steaming into the harbour of Fremantle, the port of Perth.

A long mole, within which lie two lines of wharves, makes the harbour, backed by a widespread, low-lying town.

From here the train runs one in half an hour through suburb townships up to Perth.

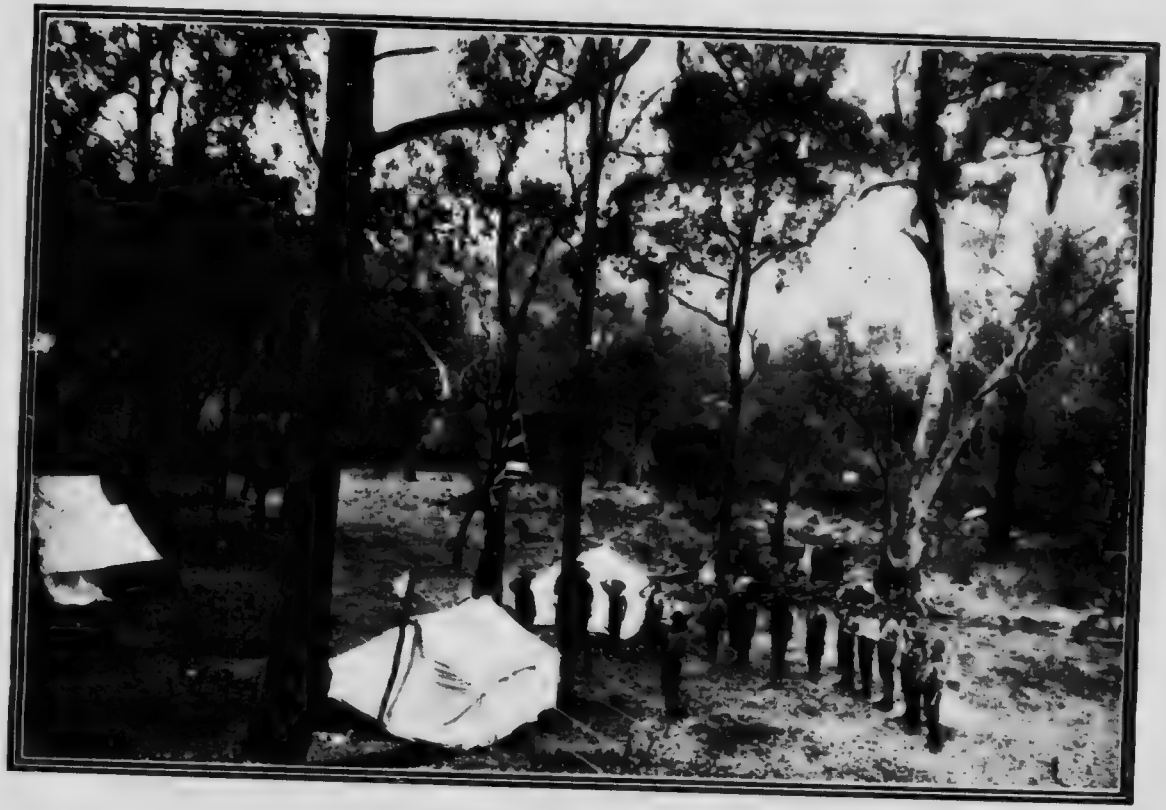
Perth lies on the Swan River, which here opens out to a wide lake with wooded shores. King's Park runs down to the water's edge on one front, and the Zoological Gardens are opposite the town.

It is the Zoo that interests us now, because in the Zoo are to be found—in addition to the monkeys, bears, and lions—the Boy Scouts of Western Australia. They have their camp there.

West Australian Scouts

Though not very strong in numbers they are very good at work. At the rally the troops marched in carrying with them the materials for their different displays.

One troop celebrated for its tramping camps brought all its cooking equipment with it; but more than that it brought its dinner ready cooked in the shape of a pig roasted whole on an iron spit, and a "damper" about



PERTH (W.A.) SCOUTS IN CAMP

To face page 184

four feet across, such as would damp the appetite of the hungriest Scout who ever lived.

There were bridge-builders, wireless telegraphists, ambulance troop with hospital tent all ready and equipped, axemen, thatched-hut builders, signallers, and horsemen. A tent-pitching competition by patrols was very smartly carried out.

Altogether there was lots to see, and the public learnt a good deal about Boy Scouts which they did not know before.

Life-Savers

Then I had the special pleasure of decorating two Scouts for life-saving.

One, Scout McKenzie, had gone to the rescue of a man who had plunged into water out of his depth and was in danger of drowning.

The other, Scout Sibley, a very small Scout of twelve, had, when walking on the pier, seen a lady bather in distress and calling for help. There was no one anywhere near, so the Scout at once dived in to her rescue. He reached her, and swimming on his back he held her up and towed her to the shore. But it was a long way, and he had to stop and float occasionally to rest himself, but he got there in the end.

If it had not been for his pluck and promptitude, the lady would have been drowned. So he received our Silver Medal.

From Perth to Perth

I also had the pleasure of handing to the 1st Perth Troop a challenge flag for general efficiency sent out to them by the Perth Scouts in Scotland.

And they were a very smart lot and well earned the championship. The Scottish Scouts may well feel proud of their brother Scouts in Western Australia.

A Camp Fire

In the evening we had in camp the biggest camp fire I have ever seen, and one of the best camp concerts that I have heard by Boy Scouts. So, you see, they can do things in Australia.

The Calling of Animals

When mentioning Australian Scouts previously I said how much I liked the call of their magpie, but that I found it a jolly difficult one to imitate.

At the rally of the Perth Scouts I saw a Magpie Patrol among them, and so I asked them to give their cry. They did, and it was splendidly done, and sounded exactly like a number of those birds singing their chuckling call.

The head of the Zoological Gardens, who had allowed the Scouts to have their camp as well as their rally there, said that he was astonished at the good knowledge the Scouts had about animals, as to their habits and what part of the world they came from; and, he added, they very soon learnt not only to know the different calls of birds and beasts in the Zoo by listening to them at night, but also to imitate them so well that they could call up most of the animals and get them to respond.

I know I tried it on myself in the Zoo at Adelaide by giving the howl of a wolf. The wolves at once began to yowl in reply, and then the dingoes (wild dogs) and jackals all joined in, and this started the eagles and vultures screaming and flapping about their cages. You never heard such a din.

By using calls in this way stalkers can get wild animals to come near to their hiding-places, and they can thus watch their doings and draw or photograph them.

You can easily practise it at home by lowing like a cow to get calves to come up and lick your hand, or you

can get up quite a conversation with a dog by growling and whining, either of which can be made good-tempered and playful or quarrelsome to get the same sort of return from the dog.

A boy who is good at it can get a thrush or a pigeon or almost any bird to answer and often to come to him by making its call.

Gold Diggings

Western Australia is best known for its gold mines.

About sixty years ago a farmer named Hargraves lived near Bathurst in New South Wales. He had been gold digging in America, and it struck him that some of the soil in New South Wales was very like that of the Californian gold country. So he started out into the Blue Mountains near Sydney to see if he could find gold.

The way you do this is to take a tin basin, like a shallow wash-hand basin, put a little earth into it and half fill it with water and gently swill it round, gradually pouring off the surface mud until only the heavier stuff remains.

Gold, being the heaviest of all, remains to the last, so that when you have washed all the mud out of the pan the few grains of yellow stuff still remaining are the gold dust.

But it takes a great deal of work and time and patience before you can collect enough "dust" to be of much use.

When Hargraves found his first grains of gold dust he shouted joyfully to his boy:

"I will be a baronet, you will be a knight, and the old horse shall be stuffed and set up in a glass case!"

His discovery of gold brought crowds of people to the spot, all hoping to make their fortunes.

Farmers, shopkeepers, old men and boys, all crowded to the spot, any way that they could. This is what is called a "gold-rush."

But where one man succeeds at the diggings a hundred will fail. Gold doesn't lie about in every foot of ground. You have often to search for weeks and weeks panning mud hour after hour, day by day, without finding anything.

And all the time you have to buy food somewhere and you have to cook it for yourself and make your hut or shelter, and see that your things are not stolen or that someone does not steal your hole or "claim" as it is called.

A great number of the diggers could not do all this for themselves and soon got tired of the life and went back home, poorer, sadder, and wiser men.

Goldfields soon started in other places when once it was found that there was gold in Australia.

Ballarat, in Victoria, was another good centre. I was there during my tour. A few diggers started finding gold there in 1851.

At that time a farmer who lived close by said it was such a lonely spot that he did not think he could go on living there. But to-day Ballarat is a fine town with 100,000 inhabitants, and though the gold is not so plentiful, some mines are still at work with great steam machinery, and shafts going thousands of feet underground, which is rather different from the early days when each man worked for himself or with a chum in a little hole of his own making.

There was a good deal of disorder among diggers, too, at that time, for some of them used to gamble or exchange their gold for drink; others would waylay diggers going home at night with their day's bag and "hold them up," threatening to shoot them if they did not hand it over.

At one time the diggers at Ballarat broke out in open rebellion against the police and refused to pay the gold

licence fees. They armed themselves and made a little fort, but soldiers were sent up, and they attacked the place and put an end to the trouble after a fight which lasted twenty minutes.

Unfortunately some twenty men were killed, including Captain Wise, who commanded the soldiers. The leader of the rebellion, Mr. Lalor, got away badly wounded in the shoulder; he had to have his arm amputated. But he was a fine fellow and much liked by everybody; so although there was a reward of £400 for his capture nobody thought of giving him away. Nor was he ever arrested. Later on he became a member of Parliament in Victoria and in the end became Speaker of the House of Parliament in Melbourne.

In Ballarat there is a fine statue to his memory, and on the spot where the stockade stood a memorial has been put up in the shape of a small stone castle with four guns in it.

A stone in one of the streets of Ballarat marks the spot where gold was first found at those diggings in 1851.

Western Australia also has great goldfields which came to be discovered more recently.

At Coolgardie, far out in the desert lands, gold was discovered in 1893. A "rush" followed. More goldfields were opened up, and the population of the State at once began to increase at an enormous rate, and these fields are the biggest in Australia as yet.

The Ballarat Scouts

Of course Ballarat has its troop of Scouts, and a very workmanlike lot they are. And I hope that although it is an inland town, we shall, before long, hear of the Ballarat Sea Scouts, for they have a splendid lake alongside their park where they can do any amount of boating and sailing and fishing.

I should like to be a Ballarat boy myself, because, besides the good scouting country all round, and the lake for boating, even their school work is pleasant, for in connection with the high school they have a farm where the pupils learn ploughing, dairying, fruit-growing, bee-keeping, building, and carpentering—just as our Scouts do at Buckhurst Place.

Bushrangers

The lawless characters who flocked to the goldfields among the more honest workers were very numerous. Their idea was to "jump" or steal other diggers' claims when these looked promising, or to threaten or "stick up" successful diggers with their revolvers and make them hand over their takings.

Several of them then found it more profitable to go in for being highwaymen, or, as they called it in Australia, bushrangers.

There were a good many of these going about at one time, most of them men who had served their time or made their escape from the great convict stations at Sydney and Hobart. They were desperate characters and were helped rather than otherwise by the inhabitants, who were in terror of them.

The convicts used to have a terrible life of it when sent out from England to do their penal servitude in Tasmania or Australia.

Packed into small sailing ships which took months to get there, they were kept under most severe and sometimes cruel discipline to insure against their breaking out.

The more severe their treatment, the more desperate they became, so that it was constant war between the prisoners and warders, and a convict willingly risked his life when he could find a chance to escape.

One prisoner in Tasmania, named Howe, escaped from the convict prison and took to the bush. Here he joined some other "bad hats," and they took to robbing farms and stealing cattle. He became such a terror to the country that the Government offered a reward of £100 to anyone who would capture him or kill him.

Another convict, named Worral, who was a well-behaved man, volunteered to get him. So he was allowed to go with two other men, and they tracked Howe into his hiding-place in the bush, and there they had a desperate fight with him. But in the end Howe was shot and fell.

Worral, without much compunction, immediately cut off his head and took it back to the Governor to prove that he had accomplished his task. He was rewarded by being released from gaol and sent home with the £100 in his pocket.

After the gold diggings opened up there were numbers of bushrangers in Australia, men who used to live by stealing cattle and food and waylaying coaches carrying the gold from the mines.

Perhaps the best hated of the fellows was one Morgan, and he was a good example of what the others were like. Very brave so long as he was drunk or the only man with a gun in his hand, but a cur at other times.

He came into a farmhouse one day with a pistol in each hand, and ordered the startled woman to give him brandy. Then when he had had it he began to fire at anybody he could see. He wounded three men. Then one of them asked him to let him go for a doctor, which he agreed to, but no sooner was the man on his horse than Morgan shot him dead.

Another time he came just in the same way to a farm, and after ordering everybody into the parlour, under the muzzle of his pistol, he made the farmer's wife sit down and play the piano to him. He had allowed her to

leave one of her children in the neighbouring room because it was very ill.

Presently the child began to cry, so one of the girls said she would go and comfort it. But the moment she was out of the room she slipped out by a back door into the bush and ran as fast as she could to another farm near by and gave them the news that Morgan was there. Then, without waiting, she bravely got back again to the sick child, and when she had recovered her breath she came back into the parlour as if nothing had happened.

The bushranger made them give him food, but meantime, without his knowing it, the farm had been quietly surrounded, and when at last he came out, intending, as he told the farmer, to take the best horse in the stable, he suddenly found a gun levelled at him, and the next moment he fell mortally wounded, cursing the firer for "shooting him down like a dog."

But it was about all that he deserved.

I used when a boy to read about these bushrangers and to think them great heroes, but since I have come to learn what they really were my admiration has gone out. They were a cowardly lot, and only scored because they were armed and murderous fellows in a peaceful land where farmers went unarmed and lived in a friendly way among their neighbours.

And for this reason there were very few police, and they were more for show than for active fighting work. So for a time the bushrangers had it all their own way in a vast country where they could easily hide themselves.

The last of the bushrangers were the Kelly gang in Victoria some thirty years ago.

Ned Kelly and his brother and two other men went about robbing farms and stealing cattle, they murdered several policemen, and entered two villages and robbed the banks.

This went on for many months, till at last a proper hunt was organised and they were caught in a village where they had got most of the inhabitants into the hotel under threat of death if they tried to escape. Some police arrived by train and attacked them. The imprisoned villagers in escaping from the hotel came under fire of both sides. The attackers, unable to get the desperadoes to come out, set fire to the place.

Ned Kelly, the leader, came out, but he was dressed in armour which he had had made out of ploughshares to cover his head and body; but a shot struck him in the legs and brought him down and he was captured.

Ned Kelly, the famous bush-ranger, in his suit of armour made of ploughshares.

The others were shot in the house and were found dead.

Kelly was afterwards tried in Melbourne and sentenced to death.

He boasted that he would make a speech from the scaffold, but when the time came boasting had gone and he died a felon's death.

His sister held a grand mourning reception that afternoon, open to the public, and she made her appearance on a music-hall stage the same night to receive their sympathy. But she did not get as much as she had hoped for. Such theatrical nonsense finally put an end to any admiration that anyone might have felt for the bush-rangers.

Drought

One of the greatest difficulties which the farmer has

to face in Australia is a drought, that is, a season when the usual rain does not come. Everything gets parched by the sun. The grass and crops wither up, there is neither food nor drink for the cattle and sheep.

Fortunately such a catastrophe comes only very rarely. Still, when I was in Victoria and New South Wales, a drought was going on, and farmers were getting into despair. Month after month had gone by without a single drop of rain.

It was now the lambing season, and the poor ewes were weak with hunger and could give no milk. The only thing to do was for the shepherds to go round knocking the young lambs on the head—while the sheep that were weakest were killed and skinned so that something could at any rate be got for their pelts.

Everything was looking very black indeed for the farmers, when one day, while I was there, the sky also began to look black, and at last the longed-for rain came down.

For hours it rained. The parched ground sucked it in, the rivulets and streams began to flow again, and the marvellous thing occurred of the grass springing up in a single night.

The paddocks, which the day before had been brown, desolate wastes, were next morning bright and green with grass. In a few days the danger was past, the sheep had lots to eat and drink, and the corn and other crops were in a most promising state.

Fortunately the danger of drought is getting less and less as the years go by, for rivers are dammed and water tanks and irrigation established, so that in a few years' time the havoc done by a dry season will be a thing of the past in the more settled districts.

Although we all know that Australia is made up of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia,

and Western Australia, it is not yet understood at home that a new State has sprung up and is likely to develop in the Northern Territory—that is, the north central part of Australia.

Until a few years ago it was considered a hot, dry desert. But bold explorers had tries at it, some got across, others died of starvation and thirst; but, like true Scouts, the explorers stuck to it until they had found out the water springs or had made wells.

Now, what was once desert is becoming dotted with farms and sheep stations; wells have been sunk at convenient distances and roads made, and very shortly a railway will open up the centre of the country from Adelaide in the south to Port Darwin on the north coast.

In 1845, Mr. Leichardt, a German botanist, set out from Brisbane to cut across the back country of Queensland to reach Port Essington in the north-east of Australia. Everybody told him it was a hopeless job and tried to persuade him not to go, but he started and marched and struggled on, through most difficult country and among dangerous natives, suffering heat and hunger and thirst.

For two years this brave and cheerful man struggled on—and he got there in the end. Then he took a sailing vessel and got back to Sydney, where he startled his friends by suddenly turning up. They had long ago given him up as dead, and when he put his head in at the window they went out at the door thinking they had seen a ghost.

When, however, he had reassured them, they took him down to the theatre in Pitt Street, where at that moment a solemn anthem was being sung in honour of the dead explorer!

Poor fellow! He went off later on another exploring

expedition with seven white men and two natives, and a number of carts, oxen, and sheep; and nothing was ever heard of any of them again. They went into the desert, and not a sign was afterwards found to show which way they had gone or what became of them.

In 1860 an expedition under Burke and Wills set forth from Melbourne to cross the centre of the continent northward. They took camels with them in order to get over the thirst land, and a number of men and a large outfit.

But soon they found that travelling with so large a number meant going very slowly. So Burke and Wills with two other men and the strongest camels pushed on into the desert.

Week after week they stuck to it, till after three months they at last came in sight of the sea on the north.

But they were running out of supplies, there were no settlements there, so they had to start back as fast as they were able. Their hardships were terrible; Gray, one of the men, died; they had to kill their camels one after another for food. At last they struggled into the camp-ground where their expedition had been told to await them, only to find a note on a tree to say that they had gone back home on the day before. Fortunately they had left some food for them in case they came. This they took, and pushed on to try to reach Melbourne—but got lost.

Played out, they still struggled on, till Wills fell out to die. Soon after Burke also died, and King, the only survivor, was luckily found by some friendly natives just as he was at his last gasp. They nursed him and brought him round, and a search party shortly after rescued him, and buried the bodies of his brave companions.

A fine statue now stands in Melbourne to the memory of Burke and Wills.

In 1862, John McDowell Stuart, very shortly after the death of Burke and Wills, succeeded in crossing the central country from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria in the north. He did this without the loss of a single man or animal. He died in 1866.

At one time some men who were jealous of him spread a report that he had never got to the sea coast. But lately a tree was found with his initials cut deeply into it. Later a tree was reported by the natives near Point Stuart as having some strange marks on its bark. A party which went to examine it found it marked with his initials as he had said, "J. M. D. S."

In 1840, Edward Eyre started out from Adelaide with one white man and three natives to walk to Perth round the Australian Bight and to explore the country between those two points. They soon found the bush inland so difficult to get through, and the country so waterless, that they could not get along.

Then two of the natives mutinied and murdered Eyre's white companion and then deserted him.

So Eyre pressed on with his one native to help him. He kept along the coast, pushing on under the greatest privations of heat and cold, thirst and hunger.

At length, when he was almost done, a whaling ship was sighted at sea. Eyre made signals to her and was fortunate enough to catch her attention, and to get some food from her.

Thus helped, he continued his journey, and at length, after four and a half months of continued hardship and tramping, he reached Albany, in the south-west corner of Australia, more dead than alive.

By his journey he had proved that there is not a single river running into the sea for the whole of that

distance, and that the country was not possible for travellers. And that is why Western Australia is still cut off from the Eastern States so far as land-travelling goes.

Another more modern Australian explorer is Sir John

Edward Eyre and the one native who survived the journey of exploration in 1840. They were almost in a state of collapse when a ship was sighted.

Forrest, of Western Australia. He has undergone hardship and adventure in crossing from west to east. He is fortunately alive and well to tell the tale, and is now on the Council of the Boy Scouts in Perth, taking an active interest in them.

But the work of these explorers shows the same Scout

point in every case, and that is that they would never give in under a difficulty; they faced it and pushed on, and even when things looked hopeless, and man after man went down, when starvation and death stared them in the face, they still "stuck to it," and "would not say die till dead"; and consequently there was generally one of them who managed to pull through and to give the results of their self-sacrifice to the world for the guidance of others.

The Australian Blacks

Before the British came to Australia, over a hundred years ago, the country was inhabited by black natives, but as these were a cowardly, murderous lot, and very idle even when they were friendly, they gradually fell back before the whites. And now they are to be found chiefly in the Northern Territory, and in the north part of Western Australia, very few being left in the more inhabited States. There are some 50,000 of them altogether.

They are not quite like any other negroes, as they have a great deal of hair, and their foreheads are low and come very forward over the eyes, so that they are even plainer than the African nigger, and he is no beauty.

Yet, although they are quite different in appearance and language, and separated by thousands of miles of ocean, they still have some habits and customs like those of savages in other countries.

Like the Bushmen, the lowest type of native in Africa, some of them live in a sort of nest without having the sense to build themselves huts—they are almost like monkeys, and yet in both countries they draw very good pictures on the rocks with coloured chalks and charcoal.

In both countries they signal to each other by using

smoke fires like those described in "Scouting for Boys."

For weapons they use assegais, spears, and shields, boomerangs, clubs, and hatchets, very much like other fighting tribes—except that the boomerang is almost entirely Australian, unless you count the camel-stick, which the Sudanese also use as a throwing weapon.

Then, like all wild tribes, they are wonderful trackers, and can follow up a trail which is quite invisible to the untrained eye.

They are particularly clever at making network of the very finest description—they even make mosquito nets for themselves. They make their twine and string out of the fur of short-haired animals like rats.

Their chief garment for themselves in the wild state is a rope worn round the waist, and this rope is made out of hair, too, only it is human hair!

I had one given me as a particularly pleasing reminder of them!

Also the blacks are fond of carving curious rough patterns on wood. It is wonderful how they do these when they have no steel or metal knives—they do it with sharpened flints, or knives made out of broken glass bottles. Like all backwoodsmen, they are never at a loss if they haven't got the exact thing—they make something else do.

Then, like most tribes in the Pacific, the men have a sacred piece of ground near the village or camp which is "taboo," that is, no woman is to come on to it; if she does she will be killed.

They have often a slab of wood, sometimes a foot or two long, sometimes six or eight feet, marked with spots and stripes, but not in any regular order or pattern. Nobody seems to know the meaning of it, and the natives

will not tell ; but no woman or boy is allowed to see these bits of wood under pain of death.

A "Corrobborree"

The boys, before they are allowed to take their place as men in the tribe, are put through tests as to their powers of tracking, and finding their way, and of standing pain and hardship. If they pass these tests the men do not give them a first-class Scout's badge as we do, but they allow them to be men of the tribe ; but on the other hand, if they fail to pass they kill them or maim them.

I wonder how tenderfoots would like it if we altered our rules in the Scouts and did the same !

They have a grand ceremonial when admitting the boys to manhood. It is called a "Corrobborree." They paint their faces white, and dance a war dance with songs not unlike the Scouts' dance and chorus.

And that is just what natives do in almost every part of Africa, in America, and in the Pacific Islands.

A Bull-Roarer

A curious thing used by the Australian natives, as well as by some of the Pacific Islanders, is a bull-roarer —that is, a flat, leaf-shaped bit of wood about eight inches long by two and a half at the widest part. It has a loop of string at one end by which it is swung violently round and round till it hums out a loud, dull roar.

A Bull-Roarer.

A Scout's Secret Letter

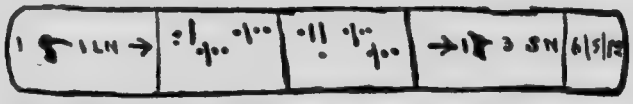
Although the blacks cannot write, I have got one of their letters. It is a little bit of stick about five inches

long; on one side is the following design carved with a knife:

A letter written on a stick.

This letter was written by a man who, with several others, had gone on a journey, and finding a traveller who was going back to his tribe, he gave him the letter to take as it would tell them that he and his three companions after crossing several ranges of hills were all well.

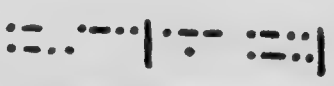
Here is a similar sort of letter which one Scout might send to a friend in another troop, the arrowheads show-



"From Patrol-leader of Curlews, No. 1 London Troop, to Patrol-leader of Peewits, 3rd Southampton, May 6th, 1912. All well."

ing whom it was from and to whom sent. It could be scratched on a slip of wood or bone just as well as drawn on paper.

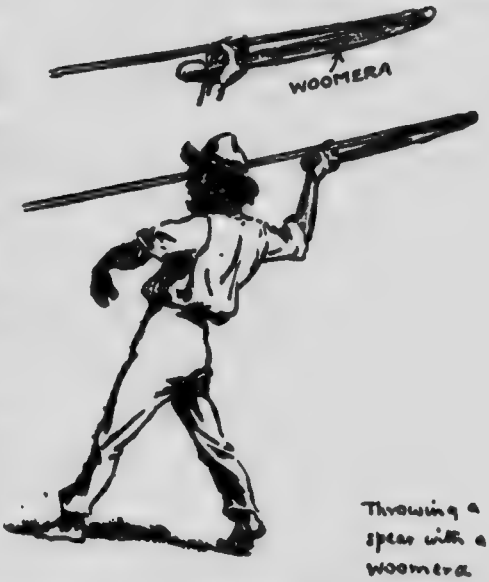
But as a good many people can read Morse, it makes it a bit more difficult for a stranger to make out if you close up the letters like this and read first the top line letter and next the letter below, then back to the top line, so on. The above message would therefore be written thus:



"All well" in the Morse code.

The Woomera

The Australian black is a great hand at throwing his spear. The spear is generally made of a thin shaft of hard, heavy wood, about six feet long. The head is either the shaft itself sharpened and hardened in the fire, or a piece of flint or glass finely chipped till it is sharp and pointed, and glued to the shaft so that when it enters an enemy it breaks off and remains in the wound.



Throwing a spear with a woomera

The spear is thrown by means of a woomera. This is a flat strip of wood about two feet long, tapering to a handle at one end, while at the other end it has a small spike pointing towards the handle.

The butt end of the spear has a little round dent made in it, and the spike fits into this and the shaft lies along the woomera, being held there between the forefinger and thumb of the thrower while he grasps the woomera with the other fingers.

The Boomerang or Kylie

This is a thin strip of wood made in a curve like a new moon, or even with an angle in it. The Australian throws it into the air and it goes spinning along in a wide circle, looking almost like a bird flying, till it comes quietly back and falls at the feet of the thrower.

I watched a black throwing the boomerang during my tour, and he made it fly very high over some trees in a left-handed circle till it came back over his head, but then it changed its course and circled to the right behind him, and returned to him, thus describing a figure of eight in its course, flying, I should think, at least a hundred yards in all.

The war boomerang is not made to return ; the thrower sends it flying low, close above the ground, very often timed to strike the ground close in front of his enemy, and then to bound up underneath his shield, just exactly as a bowler at cricket places his ball to bound just in front of the batsman and to get under his bat and into the wicket.

The returning boomerang is more used as a toy for displays at competitions, but it is also employed for killing birds, returning to the owner if it misses.

CHAPTER VIII

SOUTH AFRICA

In the Roaring Forties

ANY boy who has read stories of adventures by sea in the sailing-ship days knows the "Roaring Forties"; they are the latitudes in which the westerly gales send the ships going on their way from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, about the fortieth degree of latitude in the Southern Hemisphere.

Coming the other way as we did, from Australia for South Africa, our ship steered north a bit, and we soon ran out of the cold and boisterous sea into the calmer and sunnier waters of the thirtieth parallel; and running along this for some days we found ourselves, after a delightful voyage, off Durban one fine sunny morning.

Several things combined to make our voyage pleasant, for in addition to fine weather, we had a splendid ship, the *Themistocles*. We had a very happy and cheery lot of fellow-passengers, and we also had a large contingent of bluejackets and marines belonging to H.M. ships on the Australian station, and a very nice scoutlike crowd they were—smart, well-disciplined, and cheery handymen.

Among other things (which Scouts ought to be able to do) they made their own clothes. They cut out the cloth according to patterns made of paper, and then neatly sewed them together, sometimes by machine, sometimes by hand. One of them, as you see from the sketch overleaf, had a parrot to advise him.

Capetown

People are always asking me which is the finer harbour, Rio Janeiro or Sydney, and I generally answer "Table Bay." For I think that though Rio is the most beautiful and Sydney the prettiest, Capetown with its open sweep of Table Bay and the mighty mountain above it strikes one as the finest.

A sailor making his own clothes—he has a parrot to advise him!

On the next page is a sketch of the place as seen on entering the bay. Though I have lived there for three years, and have visited it again and again, I am never tired of seeing it, and don't mind how soon I go back again!

Table Mountain

Behind the city of Capetown rises a great granite wall or mountain some 4000 feet in height, quite flat along the top—and this is Table Mountain.

On the left of it as seen from Table Bay there stands a peak as if broken off from it by some giant's hand; this is called the Devil's Peak, and there's a story to it.

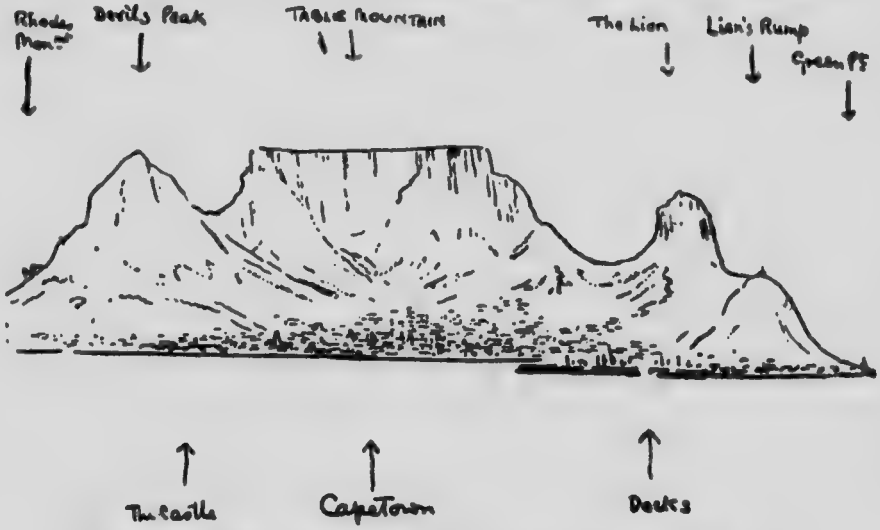
Sometimes upon the clearest day a little wisp of cloud will be seen hanging on the top of Table Mountain, and this will grow and grow till soon it covers all the top with a long, flat sheet of white, which stays for hours, always

to be followed later on by violent wind and storm from the south-east.

This cloud is called "the tablecloth." Sometimes it gets more loose and covers all the mountain up in clouds.

How the British took the Cape

The mountain on the right is called the Lion, since it is just the shape of a lion lying down. On the "Lion's



This rough sketch gives you an idea of what Capetown looks like as you enter Table Bay. Table Mountain forms a very prominent feature of the background.

Rump" is the signal station from which all ships are signalled as they come in sight.

It was here that the British first hoisted the flag and proclaimed the whole country to be under our King. That was in 1652, when the fine old salt Captain Shilling, and Humphrey FitzHerbert, brought their fleet of six ships into Table Bay on the way to India.

The fleet belonged to the East India Company, which was afterwards to become so great in India. But

though the Cape thus became a British possession, and was thenceforward regularly visited by British ships, we did not colonise it.

Twenty years after Shilling came a fleet belonging to the Dutch East India Company under the gallant old Dutchman Van Riebeck.

He paid no attention to the place having been called British, but started to make a Dutch settlement.

For twelve years, with a few colonists, he struggled against bad harvests and thieving natives, till he succeeded in making a thriving little colony of it. He was followed by the Van der Stels, father and son, who continued his good work, and also spread their boundaries farther afield inland.

The thriving district of Stellenbosch was started by Van der Stel. The old castle now in the centre of the city (and where I had my home for a long time) was built by Van der Stel.

A good many English had meanwhile come to the Cape and taken to farming and trading there.

Then the French, who had occupied Mauritius, came and tried to take the Cape; but the British, who were then allies of the Dutch in Europe, sent an expedition against them.

But there was disagreement between the Cape Dutch, some being in favour of the French and others against, and when the British fleet and troops arrived at Simon's Bay they found themselves opposed by the people they had come to help—acting with the French.

So the British had to fight their way to Capetown, having a battle at Muizenberg and another at Wynberg, places which are now happy suburbs of Capetown.

And once more the British flag was hoisted there.

In 1800, however, under the Peace of Amiens, we gave the Cape back to the Dutch. But it was only for a few

years, for in 1806 there was war again, and a strong British fleet under Admiral Popham, with the grand old Highlander Sir David Bain, in command of the troops, sailed in and attacked the Dutch under Janssen and took Capetown once more.

Even while the terms of peace were being signed, the English were already making friends with their late opponents. A band had struck up the National Anthem, but the General at once stopped it as he did not want to hurt the feelings of the Dutch by any show of triumph. Such of them as wished to go he sent home to Holland with their arms and belongings, treating them as brave and valiant men, not as defeated foes.

Within four years Britons and Boers were fighting side by side against the Kaffirs as close friends and allies.

The Eastern Province

I visited Port Elizabeth and the neighbouring port of East London on the east coast of South Africa to see the Boy Scouts at each.

They were promising-looking troops.

And they have proved themselves tough fellows like their fathers before them.

I am sure their brother Scouts in every part of the Empire will be proud of them. A small town called Alice comes within the Port Elizabeth district, and this is what the Alice Scouts did:

Gallant Work by Boy Scouts

A farmer, Mr. Julius Schmidt, was driving home from market with his family in a pair-horsed cart. When fording the river near his home, one of the horses slipped and fell. The cart was overturned and the whole party were washed by the rush of the stream into deep water.

Mrs. Schmidt, with her baby, managed to struggle to

the bank, but could see no sign of her husband or the other child. The poor woman could do nothing till a neighbouring farmer happened to come along and found her almost distracted. He immediately got help and the river was searched as far as possible before dark, but it was not till next morning that the body of the child was found.

Then search parties worked the river looking for Mr. Schmidt, but without success. Eventually a request was sent that the Boy Scouts might come and help.

A detachment of twelve Scouts under their patrol-leader came out to the spot, and after doing splendid work in the cold water for many hours they succeeded in recovering the body.

The Kaffir Wars

I have already alluded to the "tough forefathers" of the Scouts of this part of Africa. Here is a short account of how they proved their toughness:

The natives of the south-eastern part of South Africa were for a great many years a thorn in the side of both Boer and British farmers; they used to make raids on the farmers' cattle, often murdering the whites in most cold-blooded and wholesale manner.

This brought the farmers and troops together against them in 1811 under Colonel Graham.

At Slachters Nek, the Boer Stockenstrom and fourteen of his men were treacherously murdered by the natives during a parley in which the whites were trying to make peace with them. This, of course, drew down heavy punishment on them.

The natives of these parts are called Kaffirs, which name was originally given to them by Arab traders, who applied it to anyone who was not a believer in their Mohammedan religion, and the name has stuck to them ever since, even to their country being called Kaffraria.

In 1819 the Kaffirs made a big attack on the British settlement of Grahamstown, but the place was well defended by the 38th Regiment, ably assisted by a Hottentot hunter, Boezai, and a hundred of his men.

The fighting was heavy, and the Kaffirs attacked with the greatest boldness; but in the end they were driven back into headlong flight, leaving some 2000 of their numbers dead on the field.

They were followed up into their own country by a strong force of British troops and Burghers working together. The latter were under Andres Stockenstrom, the son of the commandant who had been murdered eight years before. The natives were thus completely cowed; their chief was made a prisoner and taken to Robben Island, and the country resumed its peaceful pursuits once more.

Port Elizabeth

Large numbers of emigrants began to come out from England to people the land, and farming became popular and paying. Large tracts of wild country were brought under cultivation, and the new-comers were helped to make a good start by the acting Governor, Sir Rufane Donkin.

Algoa Bay was where they landed, and a town soon sprang up, and Sir Rufane Donkin busied himself very much in its making.

One reason for his great activity was that he had recently lost his young wife, who had died in India, and he sought relief from his trouble in doing extra hard work. So it was that as the town grew up and began to need a name, he called it Port Elizabeth after his dead wife—for that was her name.

A few years later, when the country was becoming settled, and a large number of happy homesteads were to be seen in every part of it, a sudden and horrible rush of

blood-thirsty Kaffirs again took place ; the peaceful homes were broken into, the farmers, their wives and children, were brutally murdered, their flocks and herds driven off, and their homes were left in heaps of smouldering ruins.

The Gallantry of Harry Smith

Help was urgently asked for from the Cape. Colonel Harry Smith was in command there, and he lost no time in making his way to the scene of action to direct operations. He rode on horseback the whole of the way, changing to a fresh horse wherever he could, and in this way managed to do the six hundred miles from Capetown to Grahamstown in six days—a wonderful ride. But he was a gallant man, full of keenness to do his duty quickly and well, without any thought of the difficulty or danger to himself.

He, like Sir Rufane, also had a wife to whom he was devoted ; and the way in which he met and married her was like a romance.

He was at the storming of Badajos in the war against the French in Spain, when the British attacked the place and succeeded in taking it after tremendous losses—over 3000 killed. He found a Spanish girl in the town in terrible distress, her parents killed and home in ruins.

Moved by her beauty and distress he took her under his protection and married her ; and there never was a happier marriage.

The town of Harrismith in the Orange Free State was called after him, and the next town in Natal was called Ladysmith after her.

A Thankless Job

So Colonel Harry Smith with his accustomed activity carried out a very rapid campaign against the Kaffirs in their own country, coming upon them with unexpected

speed, here one day, there the next, till he fairly broke up and subdued them.

His force marched 218 miles in seven days on one occasion. He gave the enemy no peace until he had finally dispersed them and had shot their chief Hintga, recovered 3000 of the stolen cattle, and had brought back a thousand fugitives. By his prompt work the country was quickly settled again.

But do you suppose the people at home were satisfied? Not a bit of it. Although he was beloved by the colonists and even by the natives, the Government in England thought he had been too hard upon the rebels, and so they ordered him to leave South Africa, where he had done so well, and to return home.

A Plot that Failed

This was not the last of all the Kaffir troubles. Another outbreak was attempted.

The chief, finding he could not get his people willingly to face the white soldiers, got a witch to prophesy that if everybody killed their cattle, more cattle than ever would spring up in their place. So they all started killing every beast they had—the carcases rotted on the plains, but no new animals appeared in their place; and the people got hungry and famine-stricken.

Then came the opportunity, and they were urged to rush the white settlements again and to help themselves from the farmers' herds.

But one thing had not been foreseen; the hunger might make them eager to steal cattle, but at the same time it made them so weak that they had not the strength to fight or to make the expedition. So the rebellion collapsed almost before it had begun.

Then once more, in 1850, Sir (as he had now become) Harry Smith was at war with the Kaffirs, though this

time the rebellion lasted a good deal longer than previously before it was finally put down.

Reinforcements had been sent out from England in the ship *Birkenhead* (1852) to join his force, when that ship went down and gave the splendid example of men doing their duty in the face of death which has been described in "Scouting for Boys."

If you want to find a country where scouts have met with hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures, go to Natal.

Natal was first visited by that wonderful old Portuguese sea scout, Vasco da Gama, in 1497, and as he arrived in the landlocked bay, which is now Durban Harbour, on the Feast of the Nativity, or the Natal Day, he called the country Natal.

And it is to-day a rich and beautiful country, hot enough to grow sugar and tropical fruits, but not too hot for Europeans to live in and be healthy.

But in the early days it was a pretty rough country to live in. For one thing, it was full of big game of every description, and also of that splendid tribe of savage warriors, the Zulus.

It was the game, especially the elephants with their valuable ivory, which first attracted the white men. The Boer hunters came wandering overland into it, while the British adventurers came by sea.

The game soon began to get scarce owing to all these hunters coming with their rifles, and as the game disappeared disputes arose between the different hunting parties as to which part of the country belonged to which people.

A detachment of soldiers was sent from the Cape, overland, to keep order, but as they got near to the present site of Durban, where there was then only a camp, some Boers told them to go back as this was their country.

When the troops continued to come on, the Boers attacked them in the swamps at Congella, and had all the best of the fight, capturing their three guns and killing and wounding half of the men.

The force managed, however, to join hands with the other British in their camp and were then closely besieged by the Boers.

A Brave Despatch Rider

Their difficulty was to let the British General know of their plight, till one brave fellow volunteered to slip past the Boers and to ride the 600 miles to the nearest British troops.

So one fine night Dick King quietly got away, swimming the narrow creek that joins the harbour with the sea. He took two horses with him, and started off through a rough and difficult country, all alone, to get help.

He had to pass through places inhabited by Kaffirs who were not always friendly—at one kraal, indeed, they nearly shot him because they thought he was a Boer. He got food and rest at several mission stations, and at length after a hard ride of nine days he reached Grahamstown and gave his report to the General.

About the same time the women who were in the British camp got on board a ship which was in the harbour, and, with one man to steer, they managed to sail her out to sea.

The women remained down below, and the braces, halyards, and sheets were passed down through the skylights for them to pull as directed by the captain on deck. In this way they were safe from the fire of the Boers as they passed out through the narrow entrance, and they sailed their ship gaily away to Port Elizabeth.

The Siege of Durban

In the meantime, the little garrison besieged at Durban

were in dire straits, for they had very little food. But they killed their horses, just as we afterwards had to do in Mafeking, and dried the meat in the sun and so made biltong of it, which would keep for a long time.

Their ration had to be cut down till they were only getting six ounces of meat and four ounces of broken biscuit; but they struggled gamely on, they were not going to say die till they were dead.

They suffered a good deal from bombardment by the guns which had been their own, and the Boers' rifle fire was constant and very well aimed; and as most of them used the big-bore, muzzle-loading rifles called "roers" which were for elephant killing, the wounds that they inflicted were very severe indeed.

At last it seemed as if the garrison must surrender.

For over a month no help came, and no news of it, but, like the frog in the cream-bowl, they still struggled on; and not content with sitting still to be bombarded, they made a night attack on their enemy with the bayonet, and rushed his trenches, causing him considerable loss.

Then one night a distant rocket was seen to burst in the sky, which gave them a mighty hope.

Nor were they disappointed, for next day there sailed in two British warships with strong reinforcements. The Boers, who were outnumbered, had to retire to Pietermaritzburg, and the gallant little garrison was relieved.

The Boers had in the meantime sent home a messenger to Holland asking the Dutch King to come to their assistance, and they hoped that powerful reinforcements would be sent to them.

They did the same in the last war, but they did not realise two things:

First, that although European Powers may often appear to be very friendly on paper, they won't go out of their

way to help any of the friends unless they know that they are going to get something out of it. Secondly, that if they want to send an expedition across the seas they have first got to reckon with the British fleet, and that is not an easy thing to do so long as it remains so strong.

So, although they pretended heaps of friendship, the Dutch in Holland sent no kind of help to the Boers in South Africa.

Then, too, a number of the more far-seeing Boers thought that as both white peoples had "come to stay" in South Africa it would be much better if they made friends with each other. They had plenty of common enemies to deal with in the shape of Zulus and Kaffirs, difficult harvests, and cattle diseases, without fighting among themselves. The country was big, and there was plenty of room for both.

So in the end the Boers and British had friendly talks together and agreed that Natal should remain British while the Orange Free State and the Transvaal should be Boer country.

Consequently Natal soon became full of British settlers, and farms sprang up and became prosperous; trees, fields, and woods covered the veldt, villages and towns were built, roads and railways were made, so that now Natal is quite changed into a beautiful farming country and has won for itself the name of the "Garden Colony" of South Africa.

The Bathing at Durban

When I first came there some years ago, Durban was a small town with sandy streets through which the waggons were dragged by weary teams of oxen.

Now it is a very different place, with its splendid town hall and public buildings, fine streets, electric trams,

taxi-cabs, and all that goes to make up a fine, up-to-date, prosperous, and busy city.

The Back Beach, where we used to go and look at the surf, but where we did not dare to bathe because of the sharks, is now a delightful and popular watering place.

Railings have been set up among the breakers which effectually keep the sharks and bathers apart (not that the bathers want to get at the sharks, the boot is on the other leg), and surf bathing is now both safe and enjoyable.

Boy Scouts of Natal

And of course the Boy Scouts are there in all their glory.

When I went there on my tour they had a nice camp down among the bush and sand-hills overlooking the beach, and were having a glorious time of it bathing and playing Scout games.

They had a rally for my inspection, and showed how good they were at dealing with accidents, doing good turns, signalling, and pioneering. They built a bridge, too, but more silently than I had ever seen it done before.

Each patrol had its own share of the work, knew exactly what it had to do, and did it without any help from the Scoutmaster and without any talking, shouting, or grousing. That's what I like to see!

Bird's-eye View of Natal

Not far from the Scouts' camp was an aviator showing to thousands of astonished natives what he could do with his great, bird-like aeroplane. He flew round the race-course low down, taking the different jumps as he came to them.

Then two motor cyclists started to race round the track, and the aeroplane pursued and overtook them,

swooping down close behind them and gracefully rising again exactly as a hawk after a rabbit might do.

A lady with whom I was watching the aeroplane remembered having seen wild elephants there when she was a girl. It seemed wonderful that in so short a time as one lady's life such a vast difference could come over the country.

And as I took a fly round in the aeroplane myself a few minutes later, I could see the spot where the British had fought with the Boers, and where both parties had hunted their game.

I could see where the British women had sailed their ship out past the bluff, and where the Zulus had rushed the town and had destroyed it.

From the aeroplane one could almost see the history of the place at a glance. How different now!

But at the same time one could see from the aeroplane the distant hills of Zululand where still the Zulus live, a brave and active race.

The Cape Mounted Rifles

There have been many fine corps of mounted men in South Africa, and I have myself belonged to several, including the Rhodesian Regiment, the Protectorate Regiment, and the South African Constabulary — one of the smartest corps for its size that ever existed.

But the C.M.R. (Cape Mounted Rifles) is the oldest and best, and, indeed, is the only regular military force in South Africa. It has proved itself so valuable that it is going to be increased.

It has distinguished itself in many campaigns, best of all, I think, when on service in Basutoland some years ago.

The Basutos are a warlike tribe, all horsemen and armed with modern rifles. They live in a mountainous

country between Natal and the Orange Free State. And from time to time they have proved troublesome to white settlers living near their border, so that the Cape Government had to take them in hand and to post police and magistrates in their country to keep them in order.

At one time they refused to pay their taxes, which of course were necessary, for the wages of the police, and for making roads and so on.

One chief in particular refused to pay, and burnt the magistrate's house and took up his position at the top of a very difficult mountain called Moirosis Mountain. Here he defied the Government; so an expedition was sent against them.

The force was made up of C.M.R. and Yeomanry and volunteers. They attacked the stronghold, but there was only one path by which it could be reached, and this was strongly defended by stone breastworks held by good riflemen.

After a bold effort, the attackers were driven back with the loss of twenty-two killed.

A few weeks later another assault was made under command of the frontier soldier Colonel Brabant; but this, too, was repulsed with loss.

Then Colonel Bayly of the C.M.R. offered to make a success of it if only that corps were allowed to carry it out without assistance from volunteers. This was granted.

The stormers rushed the stone breastworks in the middle of the night. At the back of these there was a steep cliff, at the top of which was a cleft in the rocks which led on to the flat top of the mountain.

This cleft was so narrow that only one man at a time could get through it. So the job looked an almost impossible one; but the C.M.R., like Scouts, are not put

off because a job looks difficult, they meant to have a good try at it.

They had prepared for the cliff by taking scaling-ladders with them. By means of these they climbed up to the cleft, and pushing through this they were soon on the mountain-top.

There in the early dawn they formed themselves for attack, and as the astonished natives turned out hurriedly to repel them they charged with fixed bayonets and soon had the whole stronghold in their possession, and the rebellion was crushed.

The natives all over the country were then ordered to give up their rifles, and when they refused, further fighting went on in the following year.

The Basutos attacked various settlements occupied by white magistrates and others, but these were gallantly defended.

One place in particular, Mohalies Hock, was held by twelve white men under Mr. W. H. Surmon, with a few friendly natives, against thousands of the enemy. For two months the little garrison gallantly held out, and in the end they were relieved.

Even the Government post of Maseru itself was attacked by a mass of these brave Basutos. But it was held by 300 of the equally brave C.M.R., and though outnumbered at every turn they fought like heroes, and after some hot hand-to-hand struggles the white troops at length succeeded in beating off their opponents.

Such is the stuff that the C.M.R. are made of.

The Zulus

One of the things that strike a stranger in Natal is the rickshas and the ricksha-boys.

The ricksha, as you probably know, is a little carriage on two wheels which will carry two people—at a pinch,

and is drawn by a "boy," as a native is called in this country.

The "boys" in Natal are all Zulus, and when in charge of a ricksha they deck and paint themselves up till they look almost as fine as they did in the old days when they dressed as warriors in their war-paint of fur and feather.

They are splendidly built men, strong, athletic, and very cheery—they are the last of a very fine, brave race. We have had to fight them many and many a time during the last seventy years, and can only hope that such fighting is over for ever, but it does not do to be too sure.

In 1823 among the first settlers in Natal were some splendid types of scouts; a father and his three sons named Fynn, F. Farewell, James King, Allen Gadner, and various others. Three of them had been officers in the Royal Navy.

They started the town of Durban, which they named after the Governor of South Africa at that time, Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

They built their own ship out of materials got on the spot. They got a number of the Zulus to become their loyal servants, so that they became chiefs themselves and were able to take the field successfully against the hostile Zulus, and so to protect the colony and weaker tribes who came under their sway. And they were all good elephant hunters and farmers.

Chaka, the Zulu Chieftain

The Zulus were at that time a very numerous tribe living in Zululand and part of Transvaal and Natal.

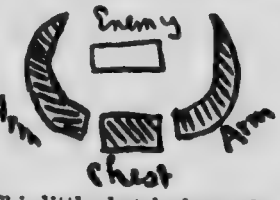
Their chief was Chaka, a wonderful man; brave, powerful, and cruel. He liked killing people, no matter whether they deserved it or not,

He had thirty regiments of a thousand men each, all highly trained to fighting. Their usual weapons were a big six-foot shield of ox-hide, three light assegais for throwing at the enemy, and a broad-bladed one for stabbing with, and a knobkerry or club.

Chaka altered their armament and only allowed the stabbing assegai with the handle broken off, so that practically his men were only armed with daggers and shields, all their fighting being done hand to hand.

Any man who showed the slightest hesitation or did not instantly obey his leader in the fighting was afterwards executed.

Those who did particularly well were allowed to wear a black ring as head-dress and were given permission to marry.



This little sketch shows the formation in which the Zulus generally attacked their enemies.

These "ring-kops," as they were called, were the veterans and formed what was termed the "chest" of the army, while the younger and more active men formed the two "arms."

The army generally attacked in the formation shown above. Sometimes it was described as the head and horns. Like a bull the head delivered the crushing blow, while the horns did the wounding.

However, Chaka, the chief, came to a violent end, for he was eventually assassinated by his own brother Dingaan in 1837.

Dingaan

And Dingaan was just as big a brute in his turn, and more treacherous.

A large party of Boers who had been friendly with him came and paid him a visit to make an agreement as to some land that they were to occupy on the Zulu border.

Dingaan received them in a very friendly way, but while they were all sitting round having a talk with him he suddenly gave the order to his warriors to kill the white men, which they at once did.

The whole party of sixty were butchered, including two Englishmen.

Then the Zulus went out, and during the night reached the Boers' camp, which they rushed, killing men, women, and children, to the number of two hundred and eighty, besides nearly as many more native servants.

The scene of the massacre was called Wienen—the Dutch for "weeping."

A small force of Dutchmen bravely went to avenge the disaster, but were themselves nearly slaughtered, and also a force of seventeen Englishmen with 1500 friendly Zulus set out from Durban to "go for" Dingaan. Though at first they succeeded pretty well, they were in the end utterly defeated, and only four of the Englishmen and about 500 of their men got away alive.

Dingaan's army followed them into Durban, and they only escaped by getting on board ship while the Zulus sacked the town and destroyed it.

Dingaan's Day

But the Boers were brave fellows, and they said that unless Dingaan were overcome the Zulus would never cease to murder white settlers, so Andrés Pretorius, the commandant, got together a commando of 500 of them and marched against Dingaan and his thousands of savage warriors.

They took their waggons full of supplies with them, and "laagered" them up at night in a square so as to form a defensive rampart, with all the oxen inside the square for safety.

The waggon tarpaulins and ox-hides were stretched

A ZULU WARRIOR IN FULL WAR-PAINT

To face page 224

over the waggons and pegged to the ground outside, so that it was very difficult for an attacker to climb over. The Boers left nothing to chance.

When the Zulus saw this handful of whites come right into their country, they eagerly swarmed out to attack, and, as they expressed it, "to eat them up."

But the Boers had made their laager on the edge of a ravine, which prevented attack on two sides, and the great numbers of the Zulus did not tell so heavily, as only a certain portion of them could attack the front at one time, there was not room for all.

As they surged forward to scale the laager, the Boers waited till they were close up and then a volley rang out from five hundred rifles, not one of which was likely to miss its mark, and the whole of the front ranks of the attackers went down.

Again their supporting lines rushed forward yelling their war cries, certain of their prey, but only to fall under the same unerring fire.

At times a few would get right up to the laager while the Boers were loading, but even then they could not scale the smooth rampart, and having nothing but their dagger assegais they could not reach the defenders after repeated repulses.

Still they went on attacking, till at last they recoiled under the heavy losses.

Then it was that Pretorius did a fine piece of tactics by suddenly dashing out of the laager with a strong party of mounted Boers, and galloping round the flank of the Zulus, he brought a heavy fire to bear on the enemy from a new direction.

Under this cross-fire the Zulus broke up and fled, the Boers pursuing and shooting all the time. Pretorius himself was at one time on the ground having a hand-to-hand fight with a Zulu.

The Zulus took refuge in the river, but this did not avail them, and the river that day gained its name as the Blood River.

Dingaan's kraal was destroyed, and he himself fled to the neighbouring country of the Swazis; but he had no friends anywhere, and the Swazis put him to death with horrid tortures.

The date of the battle was December 16, 1838, and the anniversary is still kept up of "Dingaan's Day."

But that was not the last of the Zulus.

Isandlwana

Forty years later, in 1879, they came into opposition with the British. They were a great danger both to the Boers in the Transvaal and to the British in Natal, Zululand being wedged in between the two countries.

They had been threatening for some time, when we sent to their King, Cetewayo, and told him he must disband his army as it was a menace.

When Cetewayo refused, an expedition of British troops was sent into Zululand.

The force left its camp at Isandlwana Hill to go and attack the Zulu army, leaving one battalion—the 24th—behind to protect the waggons and baggage, but the enemy dodged round behind the mountain, and while the column was looking for it in one direction it had got round behind them and was attacking their camp in the rear.

The 24th bravely defended themselves, but though they were 800 men they had warriors against them, and in the end they were all killed, with the exception of a very few who got away.

But they sold their lives dearly, since nearly 3000 dead Zulus were found on the ground next day.

The same afternoon about 4000 of the Zulus started

off to raid Natal, and crossed the boundary, the Buffalo River, at Rorke's Drift, where stood a small group of mission buildings which were used as a store for military provisions, and were guarded by 230 men of the 24th Regiment under Lieutenant Bromhead and Lieutenant Chard of the Royal Engineers.

The little garrison managed to intrench themselves and to hold off the enemy's attack all that night, so that at dawn the Zulus cleared off back into their own country, defeated, and leaving some 300 dead behind them.

For their gallantry the two officers, Chaplain Smith (who acted as ammunition carrier) and several others of the defence force were awarded the Victoria Cross.

Later on the British force again came into contact with the enemy at Kambula, where a column under Colonel (now Field-Marshal) Evelyn Wood, V.C., defeated them. And again at Ulundi, where the British received their charge in square and mowed them down with a heavy fire.

Then, as the remainder fell back to prepare another charge, the Cavalry, the 17th Lancers, or "Death or Glory Boys," dashed out and drove the enemy headlong before their terrible spears; and that was the end of the war.

Cetewayo was made a prisoner, and the Zulus were divided up into eight tribes so that they could never again rise against us as one great nation.

Dinizulu

It is well to Be Prepared, not merely for what is probable but for what is even possible. We found the value of this some ten years later—in 1888.

Our farmers were living quietly and happily on their farms, when four of the Zulu tribes banded themselves

together at the call of Dinizulu, Cetewayo's son, and rushed among them slaying right and left and driving off their cattle. The same old story!

Then came an expedition against them, quite a small one compared with the great Zulu war, but interesting to me because I was lucky enough to be in it.

I had lots of exciting times when scouting, and when working with those tribes which remained faithful to the British. They had no hesitation about fighting against their own race. So long as there was fighting to be done they did not seem particular as to which side they were on.

They were fine, brave, cheery fellows; and their chief was a white man, John Dunn, who had lived most of his life among them and was a fine type of peace Scout.

The Matabele

Another warrior tribe which caused much trouble to both Boers and ourselves was a branch of the Zulus called the Matabele.

These had opposed the Boers when they first came across the Vaal River in 1838, to occupy the country called the Transvaal.

The Boers, under Potgieter and Pretorius, did some gallant work and hard campaigning before they finally defeated Mosilikatze, the chief of the Matabele, and drove him up into the northern country beyond the Crocodile River.

Here the British had to face the Matabele in 1893 when under Cecil Rhodes' direction a force of armed pioneers made an expedition into that country.

After several encounters with the Matabele *impis* (or armies), the tribes were finally subdued and the country made habitable for white people of both races.

From this very short account you will see that the white people, both Boers and British, had a very difficult

business before them when colonising South Africa—that was in overcoming the opposition of brave and warlike native tribes.

Both races took their share in this work, and both suffered severe losses over it. On one occasion, when the Boers suffered repulse at the hands of a tribe in the Transvaal under Sekukuni, the British sent an expedition which finally suppressed him.

So each of us owes something to the other on this head.

Zulu Warriors and Working-men

I told you, when writing about the lumbermen of British Columbia, how even these men who are supposed to be such rough customers are clean and well-behaved.

People seem to think a working-man is necessarily one who is of a low class because he works with his hands and is generally dirty and rough.

Well, this need not be so. A man can work with his brains as an electrician, or an engraver, or a watchmaker, or as a clerk or writer, and be just as hard a worker as the bricklayer, or navvy, or carman. They are all "working-men," but some are cleaner than others—and people seem to call the dirtiest—"working-men."

This is all wrong, but it is partly brought about by the men themselves not keeping themselves clean, not having a proper pride in themselves.

People can't help looking down on a fellow if he is dirty, whereas whenever a man cleans himself up, no matter how low down he may be in poverty or work, people at once have a respect for him.

And it is just the same with uncivilised people.

The genuine Arabs are clean, well-washed men, and one respects and admires them, while in the same country are lower-caste tribes, living the same lives in the same

country, who are dirty and unwashed, and everybody looks down upon them and treats them like dogs.

The Zulu is very clean, and likes to appear smart in his ornaments and dress, and, especially before a battle, he oils himself over to make his skin bright and clean, just as of old our sailors on going into action used to wash themselves and do their hair.

A Zulu looks down on many of the neighbouring tribes and calls them mere "Kaffirs" because they are dirty and take no pride in themselves.

I believe, too, it is one of the points that make the Boy Scouts popular with the public, they generally appear so clean and bright—even grubby knees are scrubbed before going on parade, as well as faces and hands.

Pretoria

The railway runs through rocky gorges which are crowned with modern forts into Pretoria, a city with wide streets and handsome public buildings.

It is difficult for me to believe that when I first came here I had to come over 250 miles in a cart; there was no railway, and what is now the Central Square with its handsome House of Parliament, Government offices, and hotels, was then the market place surrounded by whitewashed cottages with thatched roofs and hedges of rose bushes.

And I used then to think what a wonderful change that was from the time when my uncle saw it some years previously, when it was only a camp with a laager or fort made of waggons for protection against the natives. He himself went elephant shooting in the neighbouring Megalisberg Hills.

Pretorius was at that time the Commandant of the Boers, and he it was who had guided them to this splendid land and who had led them successfully against their

powerful native opponents, the Matabele under Mosilikatze.

When things settled down and the town was built, it was rightly named after this leader, and was called Pretoria.

It was here that I first met Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal Republic, and I had a very great admiration for him as a man of strong character, in many ways like our Oliver Cromwell of England.

But Cromwell looked far ahead into the future and far afield in the world, outside the boundaries of his own time and country; that is where Kruger failed, and this finally led to his downfall in the war of 1899.

The Goldfields

Thirty miles to the south-west of Pretoria lies the city of Johannesburg. This is the biggest centre of gold mining in the world.

Not only is Johannesburg itself a big city bigger than the capital of the Transvaal, Pretoria, but it is the central link in a long chain of small mining towns and villages which run for over fifty miles in length. Tall chimneys, mine head-works, great white dump heaps, looking like snow mountains in the distance, mark the presence of mines for miles and miles.

And the air is full of a low murmur like distant thunder which comes from the stamp batteries, that is the steam hammers which pound up the rock brought up from below and mix it with water, so that it flows off like liquid mud over zinc tables or "plates." Here the grains of gold, being heavier than other minerals, sink and get caught on the plates from which they are collected.

To look at all these miles upon miles of mines and machinery and the thousands of men at work, one would imagine that in a week enough gold would be produced

to supply the whole world for a very long time, but that is not the case. They go on working all the year round, and yet the value of gold does not go down; a sovereign remains a sovereign, and we all want a few of them just as much as we ever did!

Johannesburg, in addition to its gold, produces another article which is even more valuable than gold, and that is good, efficient Boy Scouts. These made a fine show, and gave some very good demonstrations of their work. They also had a most cheery camp fire, at which they showed a good deal of talent.

One Scout in particular, got up as a Zulu "medicine man," gave a splendid imitation of the Zulu "imbongo" or chorus, praising the virtues of his chief with due ceremony.

Diamonds

When I was about ten years old the first diamonds were found in South Africa.

The story of it was that a farmer named O'Reilly had put up for the night with a Boer farmer living on the banks of the Vaal River some three hundred miles south-west of Pretoria. He noticed that the Boer's children had a number of little pebbles which they played with.

These pebbles were about the size of a pea, but pointed instead of round and almost transparent. So he asked for one or two, which he took with him to Capetown, and there had them examined. They were diamonds, one of them alone being worth £500.

I remember a man telling me—though I cannot remember his name—that he was about that same time near the same place. He had done something wrong in the Transvaal, and was riding hard all night to escape across the Vaal River, which was then the boundary between British and Boer country.

Just at early sunrise he crossed the river at a ford or "drift," as it is called in South Africa.

As he rode up the opposite bank, he noticed something glittering in the path, and looked at it as he passed, but it seemed to be only a little bit of glass.

He went on to the top of the bank, where there was a little inn built of wattle plastered over with dried mud. Here he dismounted and sat down, safe from further pursuit, to have some coffee.

He sat outside in the sun, and while waiting for the coffee he noticed another bit of glass sticking in the mud wall of the hut. He prised it out with his knife, and found it to be not glass, but one of these peculiar-shaped pebbles. So he walked down to the drift again and soon found the other which had attracted his attention, and it was just like the one he had.

He took these with him to an expert, and found that they were diamonds.

Well, when stones worth £500 apiece can be picked up on the ground, you may imagine there will be several people willing to go and pick them up.

In a very short time the news got about, crowds of people made their way up to the Vaal River, and soon large numbers of diamonds were collected.

They then found it still better to dig for them, as those in the river were few and far between, and had only been washed down by floods from the ground where they originally belonged. This ground was only a very small tract, and when workings regularly started here and a town sprang up, it received the name of Kimberley—Lord Kimberley being at that time the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Cecil Rhodes

Among the many men who came there and bought a plot of land or "claim" and dug in it, was a young

man named Cecil Rhodes. He had come out from England as an invalid to get the benefit of the bright, clear air of South Africa.

He worked hard and got health and also wealth, for he bought claims from other men, who, after a little digging did not find diamonds were so plentiful as they had hoped, and gave up in despair. He, like a Scout, "stuck to it," and so got on.

He made great sums of money, but he never cared about it for himself. He lived in a very simple way—out on the veldt as much as possible; but he liked to spend his money on opening up the country.

He equipped an expedition of pioneers to go up into the great territories north of the Transvaal occupied by the Matabele, Mashona, and other savage tribes.

These countries were known to be good for cattle raising, because explorers and hunters like Livingstone and Selous had already visited and reported on them.

But although these scouts had prepared the way peacefully with the natives, these became aggressive when they saw the white men wanted to settle in their country, although it was a huge tract of land six times the size of the British Isles, and with only as many people in it as are to be found in any ordinary town in England, such as Brighton.

So they sallied out in all their war-paint to slaughter the pioneers, but these men were all pretty good frontiersmen, and were quite able to stand up to the Matabele, although largely outnumbered by them.

Time after time the savage warriors attacked the whites, but were driven back on each occasion with heavy losses. At length, finding that fighting was no good, the natives gave in and made a treaty of peace with the white men, and the pioneers started to settle the country and to administer it.

But they had not succeeded without some severe losses, notably when a party under Major Wilson was pursuing the Matabele King, Lobengula, along the Shangani River and got surrounded and cut off by the enemy.

For some hours they stood on the defensive while their ammunition gradually ran out, until finally the enemy were able to rush them with their assegais, and not one lived to tell the tale.

Second Matabele Campaign

Buluwayo, which had been Lobengula's head kraal, now became the site of the new town; farms started in every direction with white settlers from England, gold and coal were discovered, and the country settled down apparently to being a peaceful and prosperous British colony.

But within three years the same thing happened which had always happened before, and for which our people never seem to be prepared, although if they only read their history books they would see the lesson told to them often enough. The natives suddenly broke out and began murdering the farmers.

Selous, the well-known hunter, had a farm about thirty miles outside Buluwayo. He was away one morning and his wife was alone in the house, when a native from the neighbouring Matabele village came and asked her to lend him as many axes as she could spare. She lent them, although she could not make out why the man wanted them.

Well, it was a rather difficult matter for him to explain, the truth being that he and his friends wanted the axes in order to batter in her head and Captain Selous' later in the day.

Fortunately her husband returned shortly after, having got wind of the native rebellion, and getting Mrs.

Selous hurriedly on to her horse, they both left hastily for Buluwayo, but before they were out of sight of their farm they saw, on looking back, that it was already in flames; the Matabele were on the war-path.

And it took us nearly a year's campaigning before we finally overcame them and peace was once more established. And now Rhodesia is a rising and prosperous country, and giving grand openings to enterprising young colonists.

Native Outbreaks

But with these warlike natives you can never tell when they may not break out. The only thing is to Be Prepared beforehand, and then you will be perfectly safe.

If every farm had its little fort or fortified building *always ready*, and its men and women and boys all trained to shoot, there would be very few of the murders and raids which have been so common in the country when the defenceless state of the farmers invited attack.

And this is one of the reasons why we encourage Scouts to learn marksmanship—just on the same principle that they learn boxing—not in order that they should go and attack everyone they see, but that they should be able to defend themselves and those who are dear to them should it ever be necessary to do so.

Some day you may want to go out to an Oversea Dominion, and it may very easily cost you your life if you don't know how to use a rifle.

Majuba Hill

In the early morning our train stops at the little town of Newcastle, the last town in Natal towards the Transvaal border.

Like Newcastle in England and Newcastle in New South Wales, this place has its coal mines, and like them

also it has its Boy Scouts. The Scouts only paraded in small numbers, as most of them were away on their holidays in camp or at the seaside, but those that were present were a nice, promising-looking lot, very clean and cheery.

Alongside them were also the Newcastle Girl Guides, equally smart, and evidently doing their work well.

To one of these I had the pleasure of presenting the medal for gallantry in life saving. Three children had got into difficulties when bathing, and were drowning when a lady dashed to their rescue, but she in her turn got swept out of her depth, and she, too, was in great danger of being drowned when the Girl Guide, Carrie Cross, sprang in to her assistance.

Although but a poor swimmer, this girl did not lose her head in the midst of the excitement where four people were drowning, but she gallantly went to their rescue without any thought of the danger to herself. She succeeded in getting hold of the lady, and in bringing her safely to shore after a plucky struggle. The children were unfortunately drowned.

For her gallant conduct the Guide received the Silver Cross for life saving.

After leaving Newcastle, the line winds and climbs up the hills to the ridge which divides Natal from the Transvaal. The pass over this ridge is called Laings Nek, and formed a strong position for defence by the Boers in both the Boer campaigns of 1881 and of 1900, and there many a gallant soldier lost his life.

In the 1881 campaign, after trying in vain to drive the Boers out of their trenches on Laings Nek, Sir George Colley, the British General, took a portion of his force by night up to the top of the Majuba mountain, which overlooks the Laings Nek position.

As you will have read in "Scouting for Boys," it was

a Boer woman who first noticed the British on the to of the mountain, and pointed it out to the Boer Com mandant.

Boers and British

You would think a fellow a pretty average rotter if after a hard match at football, he showed a nasty feelin about it, that is, if, as a winner, he swaggered over th other side as being a lot of ninnies, or if, as a loser, h bore a grudge against the fellows who had won.

The manly way is for both sides to shake hands and be the best of friends after a game—the harder the game has been the better they can admire each other, and the better friends they can be.

It is just the same after a war.

And that's what I was so glad to find in South Africa ; the Boers and British have learnt to admire each other, and have settled down together as friends, and all the better friends for the better knowledge of each other gained in a long-fought campaign. "The past is past," they say, "let us look to the future." And that is the manly way to look at it.

The troubles which have arisen from time to time between the British and Boer inhabitants of South Africa have not been due so much to ill-feeling on the part of the two peoples against each other, as to their two Governments getting at loggerheads and not understanding the question—that is, *not seeing things from the other's point of view.*

The fault lies sometimes with one Government, sometimes with the other.

The people, in both cases loyal to their own Government, had to follow suit, and so had to fight each other—thus ill-feeling naturally resulted from, though it did not begin, the fighting.

Both peoples were originally from the same stock in northern Europe before they came to South Africa.

Both have earned their rights equally in South Africa, as can be seen from the following score-sheet :—

SCORE-SHEET.

The Boers.	The British.
First colonised the Cape and Western Provinces.	First annexed the Cape and colonised Eastern Province.
Colonised the Orange Free State, Transvaal.	Colonised Natal, Rhodesia.
Defeated Dingaan, Mosilikatze.	Defeated Cetewayo, Lobengula, Sekukuni.
Cultivated the veldt, raised cattle and horses and mules, ostriches, farm produce.	Made railways, harbours, gold and diamond mines.
Produced men like Van Riebeck, Van der Stel, Pretorius, Kruger.	Produced men like Livingstone, Harry Smith, Cecil Rhodes, Bartle Frere.

Even in their quarrels the results have come out pretty equal—the British were defeated in 1881, the Boers in 1900.

So the honours are equally due to both.

Where each had such history and such rights, what was wanted was one single, broad-minded Government for both, in place of two Governments continually misunderstanding each other.

This has now come about; the two Governments are formed into one.

There is therefore no longer any need for quarrelling; the two people can now settle down together again, but as one instead of two nations, and can work together in friendship for the good of the whole land.

There may be a few old-timers on both sides who will grumble about the past till they die. Let us hope that this may be soon.

In the meantime there is a younger and more sensible

lot growing up, who can see the other fellow's point of view. They will look to the good of the country as their first duty, putting their own personal feelings on one side. In this way they will raise South Africa to be really a great State among the other nations of the world.

In this grand work the Boy Scouts—Boer and British—are already taking a step by being brothers in that great brotherhood, and in Being Prepared to do their best for their country.

Old Table Mountain

The last I saw of our Overseas lands on my tour round the world was the top point of Table Mountain.

A cloud had come over it o. of a clear blue sky just before our ship steamed out petown Docks, and as we slid out to sea with ou. pointed homewards nothing was visible of the mountain; he had completely hidden himself under a curtain of cloud.

But as we drove farther and farther away and could no longer see the shore, up above the cloud his strong, grey head appeared just as if to give us a smiling farewell before we sailed away for good.

I have seen the old mountain many, many times, but (as I wrote of him fifteen years ago) he always seems to me to have something human about him, something divine.

I have been eight times in South Africa. Each time I started out from under the shadow of the great mountain, and went far across the veldt to very distant scenes, doing the work that had to be done, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in rain; often well, sometimes ill.

Sometimes the work was difficult or unpleasant, sometimes easy and delightful—it all had to be done—and then at the end of it I returned back to the old mountain. I always looked out for his rugged old head

as I came south, and felt the trip was over only when I was back upon his shoulder again.

But it always seemed to me very much like our life. We start out from the hand of the Great Maker, and go for our trip in the world, sometimes in trouble, at other times in prosperity ; sometimes praised, sometimes found fault with ; sometimes having to tackle the greatest difficulties, and at others finding things running as smoothly as oil. But in the end we come back to our Maker, whether we have done evil or good.

Some who have done evil are afraid as they come back —they fear death—but the fellow who *has done his best* comes back with no fear upon him ; he can truthfully say to God : "I have tried to do my duty—I have done my best," and no man can do more than that ; and he can go to his rest tired and satisfied.

For a Boy Scout this is easy.

You know that your duty is *to do your best* to carry out

1st—Your Scout's promise,
2nd—The Scout Law.

Remember what both these are ; try to carry them out, then you will have done your Duty.

Europe

From South Africa we hail back, up the West Coast past Nigeria and Sierra Leone with their Boy Scouts, to Europe. We coast along past Gibraltar, Spain, Portugal and France, in all of which Boy Scouts are to be found.

After a few hours only in England, I went on for a little holiday in Norway and here, as everywhere else, I found our brother Scouts "going strong."

CHAPTER IX

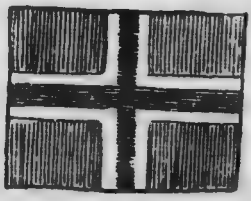
EUROPE

Norwegian Scouts

In Christiania I inspected a parade of nearly 800 Scouts; fine, strapping, big lads they were, too, just like a lot of British boys, and dressed the same as we are, and very lively and active.

I had to present Colours to some of their troops, and

Norwegian Scouts were very lively.



The Norwegian Flag, which, as you will see, is something like the Union Jack.

their national flag is in some ways a little like our Union Jack.

And I told them that they were as like English boys as their flag was like ours, and that their forefathers, the Norsemen, were mixed up with our forefathers in the old days, and I hoped that we should all be mixed together, in a friendly way, in these days—as brother Scouts.

Sweden

In England we are apt to look upon Norway and Sweden as almost one nation, but they are not so in reality. The Norwegians in the old, old days formed one nation with the Danes, but the Swedes have always been a separate nation, which has never been under the rule of any other people. And they are very proud of this. So when I got amongst the Swedes, I found a totally different people, but they were equally kind and friendly to me, and they had an equally British-looking lot of Boy Scouts.

A large number of these had collected the day before I was to review them in Stockholm, and were camped there. So I went and saw them overnight in camp, and found them round their camp fires, cooking their suppers, as jolly as sandboys. If they could do nothing else, they could, at any rate, cook their food very well.

But they could do other things, too, as they proved next day at the rally.

A Swedish Boy Scout at the rally.

This took place on a big open sports ground.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden were there to see them (the Crown Princess is our Princess Margaret, daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught). Their Royal Highnesses are tremendously interested in the Scouts, and watched all that they did most keenly.

Good Turns Done by Swedish Scouts

I heard many reports of the good work done by Swedish Scouts. Here is one :

A poorly paid working-man in Gothenburg found himself in great difficulties recently through his wife and two children being suddenly taken ill with diphtheria and removed to the hospital. He himself had to go to his work at the factory all day, but he had one of the children left on his hands, as well as the home to look after.

He got the wife of one of his neighbours to do this for one day; the next he came back home during the dinner-hour to see how things were going on, and he found his home all cleaned and tidied up, and a strange boy sitting on the floor playing with his child, while another was still finishing the cleaning-up work.

When he asked who they were, they explained that they were Boy Scouts, and, having heard that he was wanting help in his home, they had come to give it.

You can imagine how grateful he was, especially as the Scouts kept on at the work for over two weeks until the mother had got well and returned to take charge.

One of those boys was the son or a rich man, while the other, his comrade, was quite a poor lad.

The Danes

In Denmark the Boy Scouts are strong in numbers, and keen and good at their work. Those of Copenhagen gave a rally in my honour, and twenty troops paraded and gave very good shows of scoutwork, each troop doing its own in turn. They seemed very good, especially in their cooking.

There were two very smart troops of Girl Guides also present at the parade, who cooked, too.

The consequence was that when I began tasting some of their good dishes, I had to go and taste all, so that when the time came for the official dinner I had to attend in the evening I was already so "crowded" that I could not eat any of it!

When I drove away from the parade-ground after it was over, the Scouts and the Girl Guides made an avenue, crossing their staves overhead, through which I drove in my motor-car.

Avenue of crossed staves formed by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides at Copenhagen. I drove through it in a motor-car.

In Copenhagen, the Town Hall is the great thing to see. It is quite modern, only lately built, and is a magnificent building. One of the features about it is the lifts, which keep running slowly up and down. They have no attendants in them. You simply have to jump in or out fairly quickly. I saw one stout old lady come and

The lift in the Town Hall at Copenhagen is a continuous-moving one—you have to jump in or out of it pretty smartly.
Old Lady: "Shall I venture!"

look at the lift. She did not seem to like trying to jump in, but there seemed no way of getting it to stop for a minute; she looked helplessly around; then she had another look at it. The more she looked the less she liked it, and finally she gave up the idea of visiting the upper floors of the building, and went sorrowfully away.

The Accident Corps

The Scouts in Copenhagen have been trained in first-aid work by a First-Aid Corps which exists in that city, but I have never seen one anywhere else.

I am hoping soon to see some started among ourselves in some of our big towns.

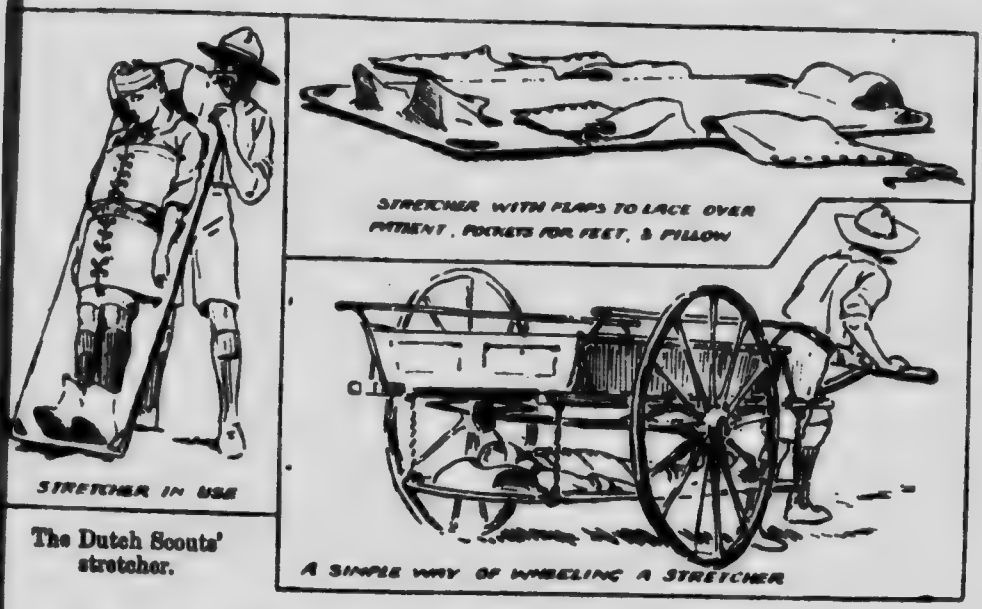
The Danish First-Aid Corps is very much like our Fire Brigade. At the First-Aid Station are motor-cars fitted up with things needed for almost every kind of accident, and they are ready to turn out any moment that their services may be required. Their office is on the telephone with every police station, and when they get a call to an accident, the motor, with all appliances, leaves the station within thirty seconds of the alarm.

When I was there the alarm came that a man had been run over by a tramcar in Market Street. In a few moments a motor lorry ran out of the station equipped with lifting jacks and levers to raise the tramcar, while a second followed it immediately with stretcher and first-aid appliances for the injured man.

In the station were kept all the things necessary for dealing with railway accidents, for rescuing people overcome with gas, for saving people in the water, and for pumping air into them when apparently drowned; there were derricks for raising fallen horses, and fire escapes of every kind. In fact, it was fitted up and manned by thirty men, all trained and prepared to deal with every kind of accident that could well happen.

Well, that's just what I should like to see done by Boy Scouts in our country towns and villages. They might make their clubroom a first-aid station, with as many appliances as they could get together in the shape of bicycles, hand-carts, ladders, jumping-sheets, stretchers, bandages, spare harness, and with every Scout trained to deal with every kind of accident, or to form fence while others rendered first-aid, and so on.

There might be some way of sending round or sound-



The Dutch Scouts' stretcher.

ing the "alarm" when an accident was reported, to bring together in a few minutes the patrol whose turn it was for duty.

In this way Scouts would do most valuable work.

Dutch Scouts

Then I went to Holland, where I saw plenty more Scouts, both at Amsterdam, Amersfoort, and The Hague, and fine, smart, clean-looking fellows they were, too.

One thing which they did especially well was throwing the lasso. They all carried light cord-lassoes on them. These came in useful for hundreds of things, like making bridges, rope-ladders, rescuing people from burning houses, and so on. But the Scouts also used them for lassoing each other, and many of them were awfully good at it.

The Dutch Scouts also had an excellent stretcher, which I think would be very useful for some of our ambulance patrols. With its help, one Scout alone could take an injured man to hospital. In the first place, it was flat on the ground, without any feet to it, so the Scout could roll or drag his patient on to it.

Most of the Amsterdam Boy Scouts carry lassoes with which they are very handy.

Then it had two pairs of canvas flaps, which could lace across the patient's chest and loins, with sort of pockets for his feet, so that after the patient had been fastened on to it he could, if necessary, be stood upright. This is sometimes useful in a narrow place like a tunnel or a mine or a passage. Then, with a short chain and hook to each corner, the stretcher was slung underneath a pair of wheels (a Scouts' hand-cart would do equally well), and the Scout was able to wheel his patient away.

Belgian Scouts

Before my visit to Belgium the Scouts there did grand work in helping the soldiers who had been sent to put out some forest fires. For several days the Scouts were camped with the soldiers.

They supplied a line of signalling posts, by which communication was kept up with the nearest telegraph offices. They rendered first-aid to a good number of soldiers who got slight injuries from burning or other accidents in fighting the flames. And also the Scouts did good work in keeping the soldiers supplied with water when it was most difficult to get.

When the campaign with the bush fires was over, the

Belgian Boy Scouts' hut. The framework of the hut.

military commanding officer published his very sincere thanks and praise for the good work done by the Scouts.

The Belgian Scouts made a very good kind of hut for themselves. In the sketch above you see the framework of one hut, as well as the hut completed by being covered with turf sods, and a wickerwork door.

I was very glad to see so many Scouts all doing well, and all looking very like British Scouts, in so many different countries—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland,

and Belgium. I hope that next year a number of our Scouts will be able to go over and see them, too; and also that many of our brother Scouts from abroad will come over and see what England is like. I am sure they would receive a hearty welcome from all of us.

Brother Scouts of all the World

So you see that foreign Scouts are doing the same work and are dressed in the same uniform as yourselves. We are all one large brotherhood.

It began by being British, and extended to Britons beyond the seas in all our great dominions as well as in the smaller colonies. Then Scouting began to be taken up by the boys of other nations, until now practically every country has its part of our brotherhood. And it is our business to try to make that brotherhood a real one, so that all the nations may be on friendly terms together in future years.

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